

The Iron Fist character is depicted in a dynamic, action-oriented pose. He is wearing his signature yellow mask and a brown trench coat. He is holding a silver handgun in his right hand and has his left arm extended forward, palm facing down. The background is a dark, textured green with swirling, ethereal yellow-green energy or smoke. Several yellow bullet casings are visible in the air around him. At the top center, there is a large, stylized yellow Chinese character, likely '鐵' (Iron).

THE IMMORTAL
IRON FIST[®]
THE BOOK OF THE IRON FIST

MARVEL VOL. 3

FRACTION • BRUBAKER • AJA • FOREMAN

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"The Ed Brubaker-Matt Fraction brain trust drums up a skillful script that jauntily grants a peripheral Marvel character some hard-earned days of glory."

— *Entertainment Weekly*

DANNY RAND IS THE IRON FIST.
BUT DANNY RAND IS NOT
THE *ONLY* IRON FIST!

There have been sixty-six men and women to carry the mantle of the Immortal Iron Fist. Men and women of great courage, valor, skill and sacrifice. They are weapons wielded against the wicked in the name of the heavenly city of K'un-Lun. They have loved to live as an Iron Fist, and loved to die as an Iron Fist.

The Book of the Iron Fist tells their story. It is a story of epic adventure that takes place a millenium ago, in the here and now and at all stops between. It is the story of the Immortal Iron Fists and the timeless chain that binds them together in honor.

Collecting *Immortal Iron Fist* #7 and #15-16, *Immortal Iron Fist: Orson Randall* and the *Green Mist of Death* and *Immortal Iron Fist: The Origin of Danny Rand*.

T+

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THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST[®]

**BRUBAKER
FRACTION
FOREMAN
FERNANDEZ
EVANS
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There have been sixty-six men and women to carry the mantle of THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST throughout the ages, men and women of great courage, valor, skill, and sacrifice. Sixty-six men and women have stood between man and the unstoppable forces of evil, willing to give all they have to hold back the hordes.

This is the story of one of them, as told in THE BOOK OF THE IRON FIST.

The Story of the Iron Fist Wu Ao-Shi



The Pirate Queen of Pinghai Bay

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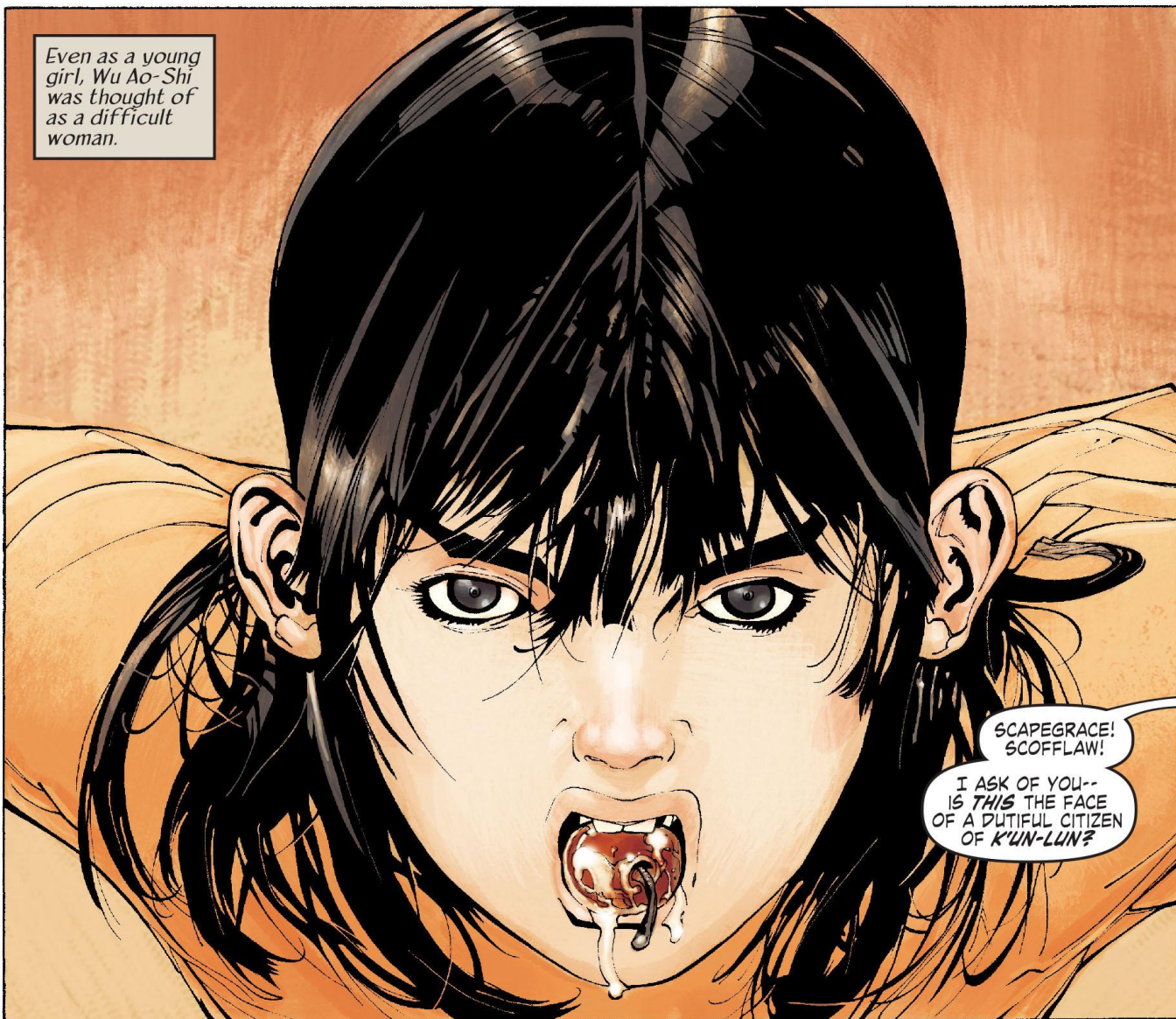
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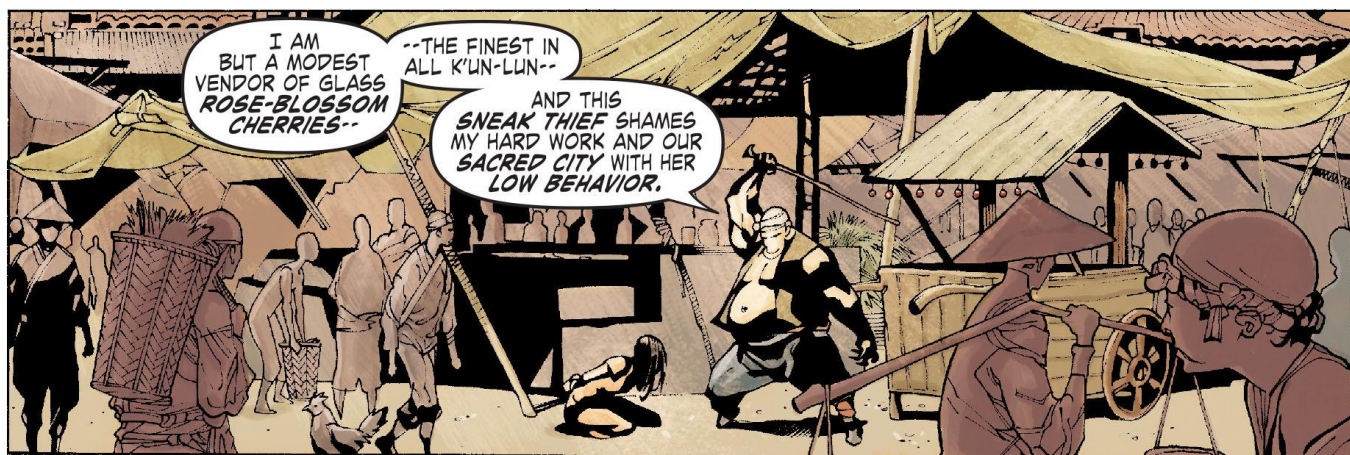
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Even as a young girl, Wu Ao-Shi was thought of as a difficult woman.



SCAPEGRACE!
SCOFFLAW!

I ASK OF YOU--
IS *THIS* THE FACE
OF A DUTIFUL CITIZEN
OF K'UN-LUN?



I AM
BUT A MODEST
VENDOR OF GLASS
ROSE-BLOSSOM
CHERRIES--

--THE FINEST IN
ALL K'UN-LUN--

AND THIS
SNEAK THIEF SHAMES
MY HARD WORK AND OUR
SACRED CITY WITH HER
LOW BEHAVIOR.

WHERE
SHALL WE FIND
JUSTICE FOR THE
WORKING MAN?

WHERE
SHALL HE FIND
HIS HARD-EARNED
RECOMPENSE?



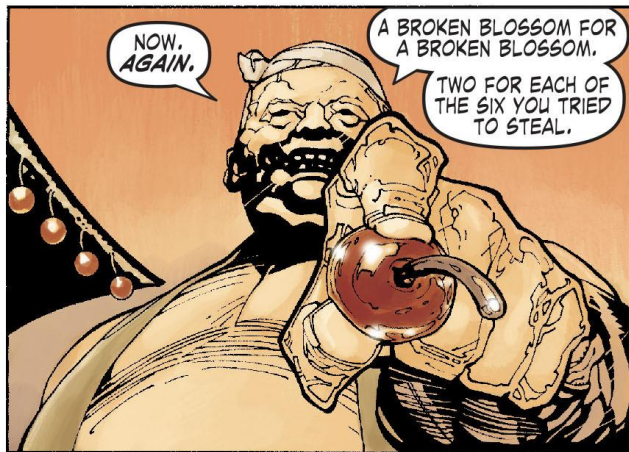
I SAY, LET
IT *COME* FROM
THE WORKING MAN!
LET IT COME FROM
THE *STREETS*!

KKFFWWHACK

She never let it
get her *down*.



Now, maybe **Lei Kung the Thunderer** had a soft spot in his warrior's heart for **difficult women**, or maybe he just saw the spark of greatness in Wu-Ao Shi's eyes...



NOW.
AGAIN.

A BROKEN BLOSSOM FOR
A BROKEN BLOSSOM.
TWO FOR EACH OF
THE SIX YOU TRIED
TO STEAL.



WHAT DO
YOU HAVE TO SAY
ABOUT *THAT*?

NOT SO
CUNNING *NOW*,
ARE YOU?

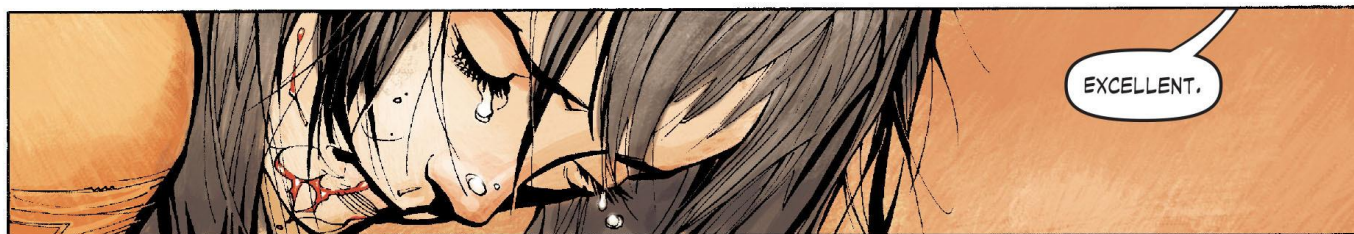


KKFFITCH!



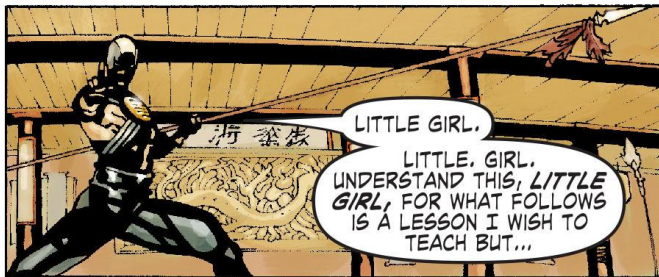
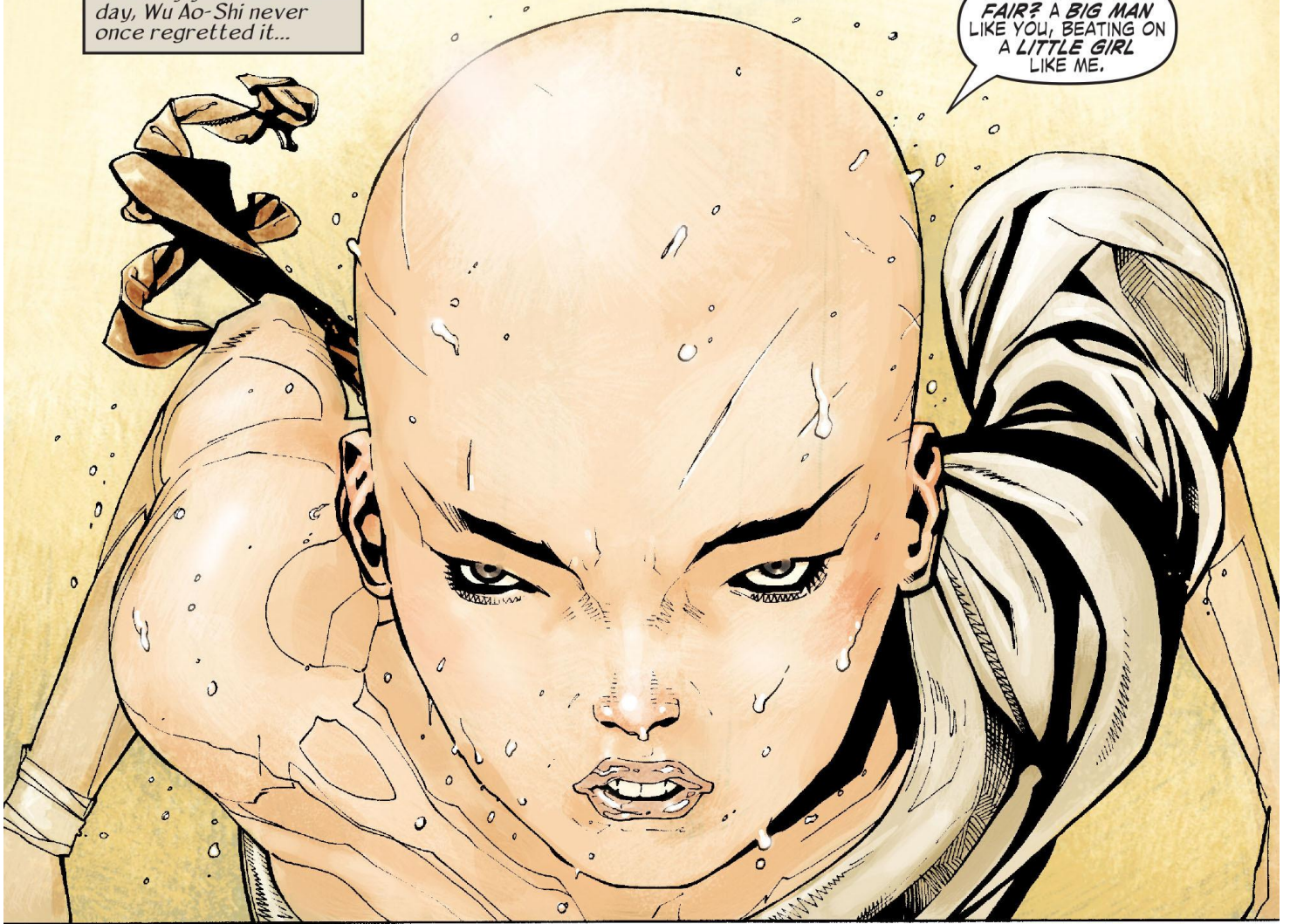
DURR--

It would take a braver soul than your humble narrator to ask the Thunderer why he did what he did that day. Until he decides otherwise, his motives must remain his own...



And in spite of the many beatings she took over the many years after that day, Wu Ao-Shi never once regretted it...

HOW IS THIS **FAIR?** A **BIG MAN** LIKE YOU, BEATING ON A **LITTLE GIRL** LIKE ME.



LITTLE GIRL.
LITTLE GIRL.
UNDERSTAND THIS, **LITTLE GIRL**, FOR WHAT FOLLOWS IS A LESSON I WISH TO TEACH BUT...



...ONCE!

FWHAM



NOTHING WILL BE GIVEN TO YOU IN THIS LIFE!



EVERY COMFORT AND PRIVILEGE YOU MAY KNOW...



...YOU WILL HAVE TO **EARN**.





I MYSELF AM HUNGRY ALMOST EVERY SINGLE DAY.

It was the first thing she had ever been given.



And a fine start to their lives together.



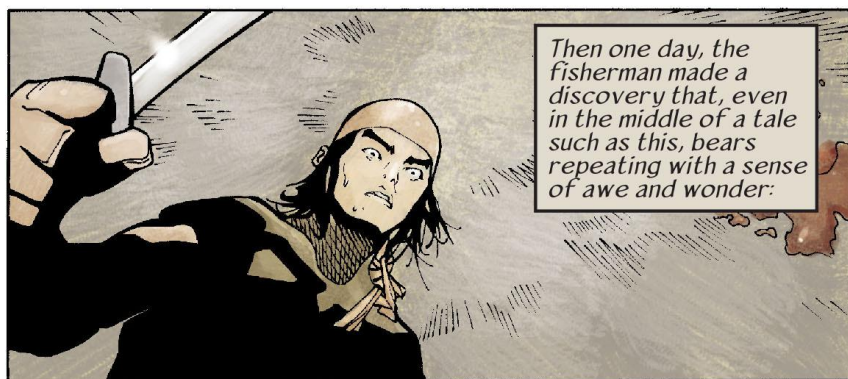
I DON'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME A MAN TOUCHED ME AND WASN'T PUNCHING ME.

They were in love.



It was cute.

Not cloying, but cute. They were a nice couple.



Then one day, the fisherman made a discovery that, even in the middle of a tale such as this, bears repeating with a sense of awe and wonder:



Two perfect rings made of the purest silver.

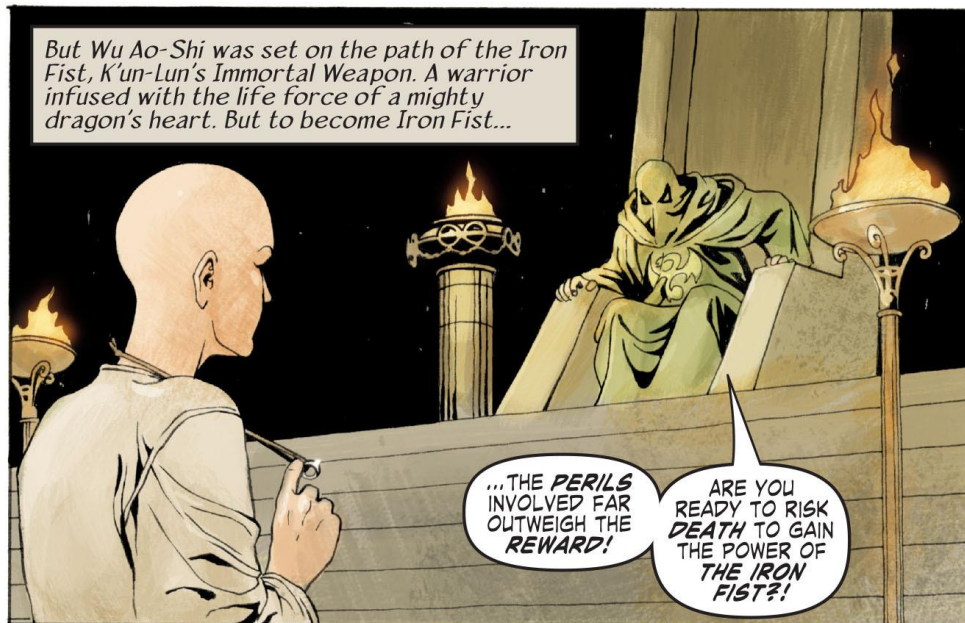
Now, **who** those rings belonged to and **how** they got **inside a fish** is a tale for another time, but in the here and now, our young fisherman knew what to do:



I LOVE YOU BECAUSE WHILE YOU WERE WADING THROUGH FISH GUTS, YOU WERE THINKING OF ME.

OF COURSE I WILL BE YOUR BRIDE.

But Wu Ao-Shi was set on the path of the Iron Fist, K'un-Lun's Immortal Weapon. A warrior infused with the life force of a mighty dragon's heart. But to become Iron Fist...



...THE PERILS INVOLVED FAR OUTWEIGH THE REWARD!

ARE YOU READY TO RISK DEATH TO GAIN THE POWER OF THE IRON FIST?!

...you must **take** that life force.

YES, I AM READY.



Many that came before Wu Ao-Shi have thought that they were ready, too.

But they weren't. Just as she wasn't.



Neither was he.



And that, dear reader, was the contradiction at the heart of these two:

She was a **weapon** waiting to be wielded upon the wicked in the name of the heavenly city of K'un-Lun.



He caught fish.



HO, ARCHAIC ONE! I COME TO **TAKE** THAT WHICH ONLY I MAY OWN!

How could he live knowing his love was destined to be the first woman who dared face the ancient menace of...

...Shou-Lao,
the Undying!

The ancient and
venerated beast that
protects K'un-Lun in
between the eras of
its Immortal Weapon.

Many of K'un-
Lun's finest
citizenry were
there at Wu Ao-
Shi's challenge.

Some of them wanted to
witness the next Iron Fist's
birth. Others wished to
witness Wu Ao-Shi's **death**.

But all of them--
save **one**--actually
watched.

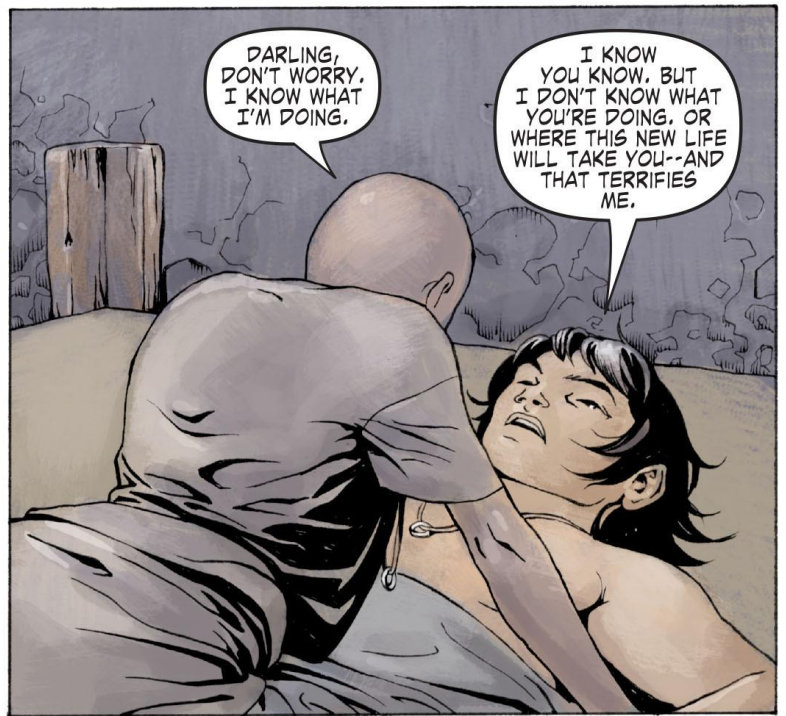
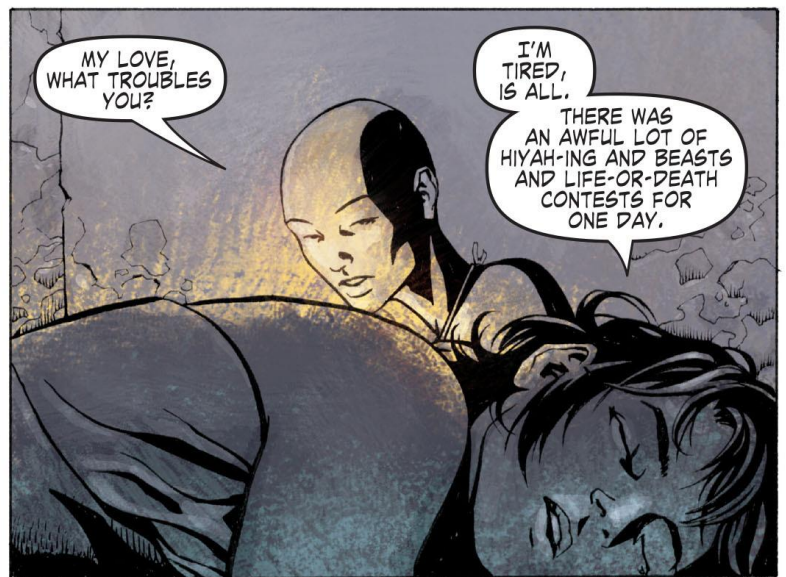
K'un-Lun is a
place without
many clocks...

And with few
people interested
in watching them...

But if it
wasn't...

And if
they
were...





But the fisherman was still just a fisherman, thinking fisherman thoughts and dreaming dragon-less fisherman dreams.

He would **always** be a fisherman, and she would always be the **Immortal Weapon** of K'un-Lun.



Same **planet**, different **worlds**.

He would never ask her not to be who she was, but he knew in his heart he could not **take** watching her risk her life time and time again.



On that magic day that K'un-Lun intersected with the world of men, the fisherman decided to **leave**.

He could never stand between his true love and her destiny, so he would go fish elsewhere--far away from dragons and kung fu and dying of slow, sick worry.

Wu Ao-Shi found this choice **unacceptable**.



AS YOU KNOW, K'UN-LUN APPEARS IN THE WORLD OF MEN ONCE A DECADE, AND--

I WISH TO **LEAVE**.

Destiny has a way of not really caring **what** you think.



It was well within her rights to leave. It was law; it was allowed; it was her **choice**. But Yu-Ti knew in his old, bitter bones **why** she was leaving:

DO YOU WISH TO TELL ME... THAT YOU WOULD **LEAVE** THE HEAVENLY CITY AND CHOOSE **LOVE** OVER **DUTY**?

And it infuriated him.



But to Wu Ao-Shi, love and duty were one and the same.

Old, bitter men with old, bitter bones have trouble remembering that sometimes.



...WOMEN ARE INFURIATING.





Wu's first mistake was assuming everyone left K'un-Lun the same way, but no road out of the Heavenly City follows the same path.



So while her beloved fisherman found himself almost immediately on water-lapped shores prime for fishing...



Wu Ao-Shi's path was considerably more unpleasant. She always suspected this was a parting gift from Yu-Ti.

Regardless, a little snow would not stop her.



Nothing would stop her.

Lost in the world of men for the first time in her life, lost in a world where people needed **money** to **eat** and if they didn't eat, they starved...

Wu decided that, while she searched for her true love, she would do what she knew best.



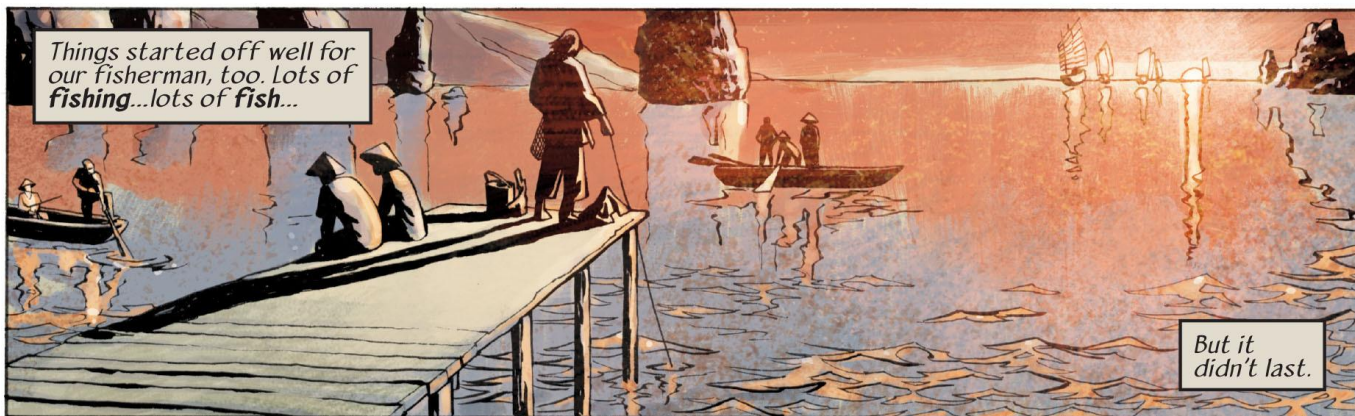
She beat people up.

For money.



These were the good times.

The glory days when her legend was seeded and spread from village to village.



Things started off well for our fisherman, too. Lots of **fishing...lots of fish...**

But it didn't last.



Our time in Heaven is always fleeting.



Hell always stalks on its heels.

So hold onto the good times, precious ones. Hold onto those golden days.



Because you never know when **Wokou** pirates will show up, steal or burn all your earthly belongings, and **enslave you** and all of your **friends**.

Try as they might, the pirates couldn't kill **everybody**.



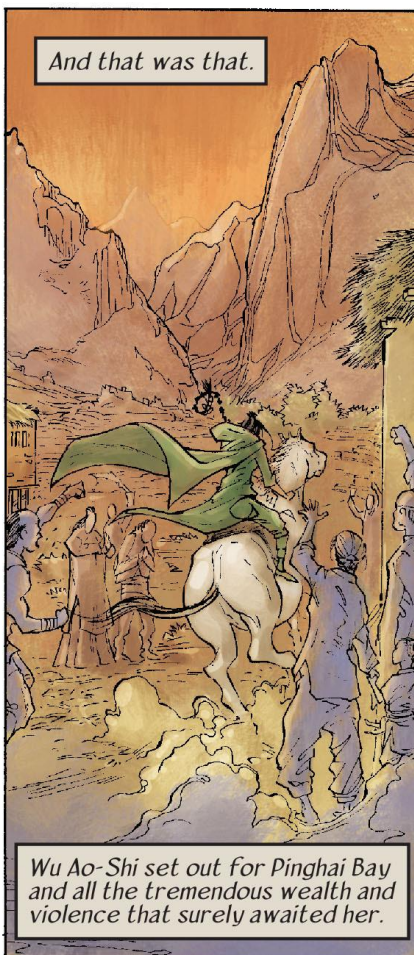
Eventually the news that Pinghai Bay was now in the grip of tyrant pirates spread from village to village.

And eventually it spread to the great **avenger** of the **oppressed**...

The Immortal Iron Fist. And the Immortal Iron Fist, who was now quite well-paid to beat people up, thought to herself:



And that was that.



Wu Ao-Shi set out for Pinghai Bay and all the tremendous wealth and violence that surely awaited her.

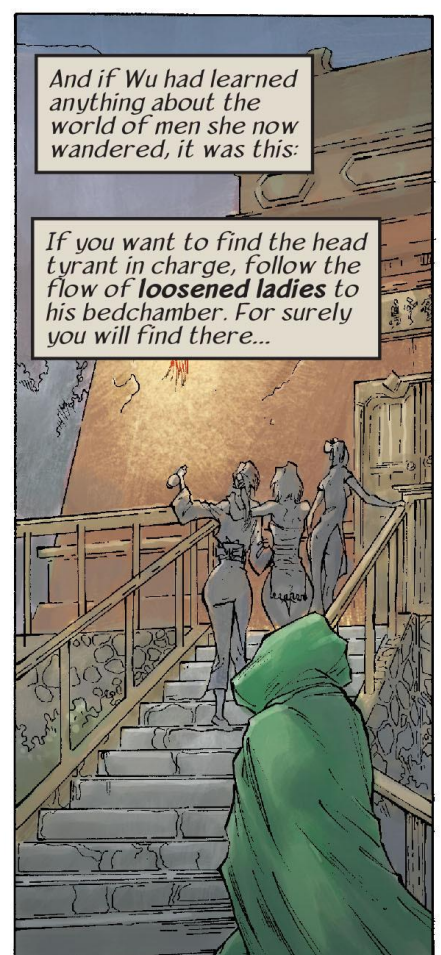
Arriving in Pinghai, she found it remarkably easy to enter the town undetected.



See?

And if Wu had learned anything about the world of men she now wandered, it was this:

If you want to find the head tyrant in charge, follow the flow of **loosened ladies** to his bedchamber. For surely you will find there...



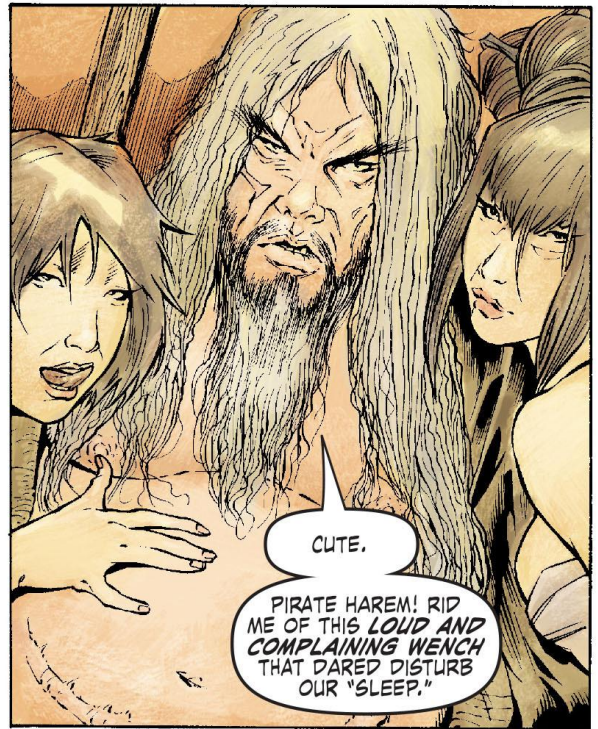
The Pirate King!

Felled by golden slumbers and soiled doves of easy virtue!



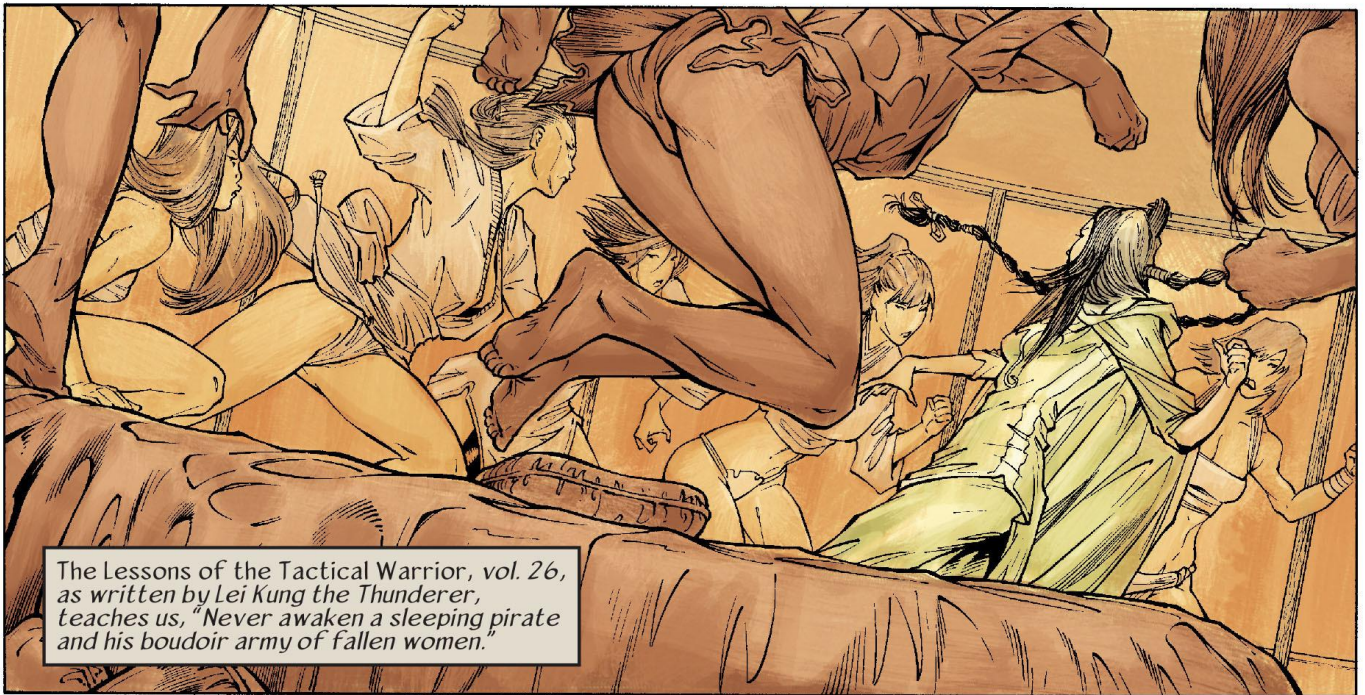
PIRATE KING!
PINGHAI BAY
IS NOW UNDER
MY RULE.

YOU AND YOUR
FLUNKIES HAVE UNTIL
SUNRISE TO FLEE--LEST YOU
FACE PUNISHMENT AT THE
HANDS OF THE IMMORTAL
IRON FIST.



CUTE.

PIRATE HAREM! RID
ME OF THIS LOUD AND
COMPLAINING WENCH
THAT DARED DISTURB
OUR "SLEEP."



The Lessons of the Tactical Warrior, vol. 26,
as written by Lei Kung the Thunderer,
teaches us, "Never awaken a sleeping pirate
and his boudoir army of fallen women."



But our Wu
was never one
for reading.

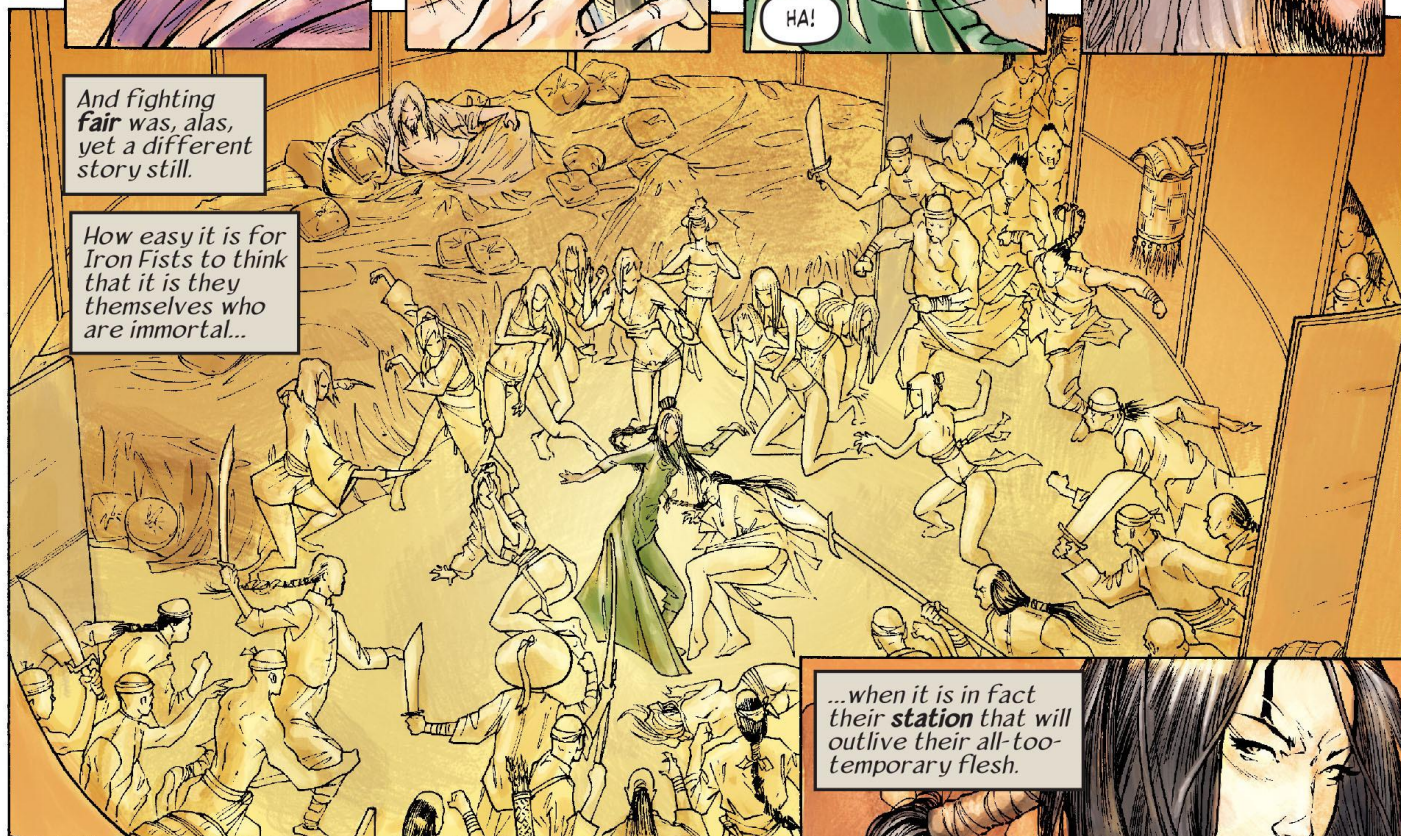


Fighting was a wholly different story.



And fighting **fair** was, alas, yet a different story still.

How easy it is for Iron Fists to think that it is they themselves who are immortal...



...when it is in fact their **station** that will outlive their all-too-temporary flesh.





Fair is **fair** and this fight was woefully **unfair**.

Even for an Iron Fist.



Meanwhile, our fisherman wasn't doing so well either...

THIS IS SO UNFAIR!



OH MY LORD.



His love was being led through the streets, a prisoner.

The Pirate King would chain her to the cliffs as his fleet set sail for more plunder, leaving her vulture-eaten bones as a warning to others.



And, theoretically, that would pretty much be the end of Wu Ao-Shi.



Theoretically...

WHO GOES THERE?

AHOY-HOY!
I AM BUT A HUMBLE FISHERMAN HERE WITH A DINNER PREPARED FOR YOU BY THE KING'S OWN IMPRISONED CHEFS.

Hearing his voice again, Wu wondered:

AM I DEAD?



GOORRRRRKK

HHUUURRRGG

BELOVED!

IMPOSSIBLE-- I LIVE?



POISONED FISH! HA HA!

UNCHAIN ME.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CAME ALL THE WAY TO PINGHAI TO--

I NEED A BOAT.

He released her on the condition that she would take his modest junker and sail it far away from Pinghai Bay, never to return.

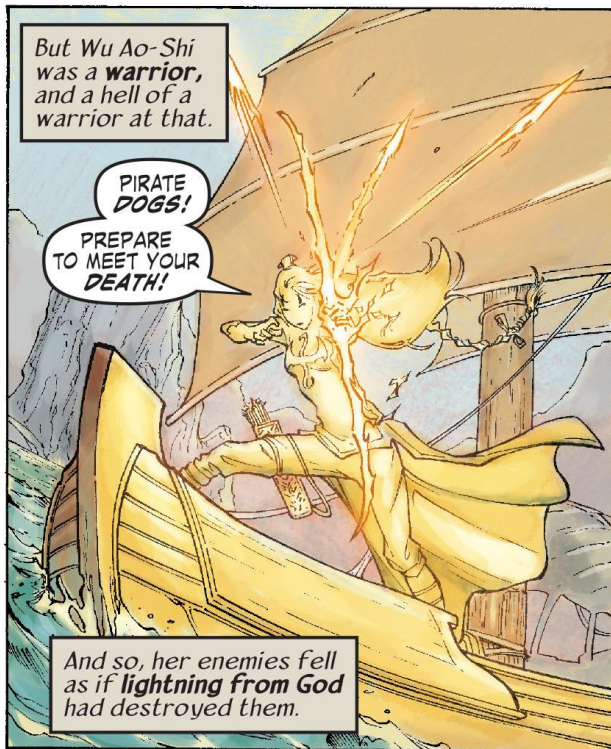
He made her swear on their own sacred love that she would **not seek revenge on the pirates.**

Figuring that they were in love and, as such, she would never lie to him, when Wu **made** the promise, he believed her.

This lasted about fifteen minutes.

I BET SHE LIED TO ME.

He was just a fisherman, after all, and not much of a **thinker.**

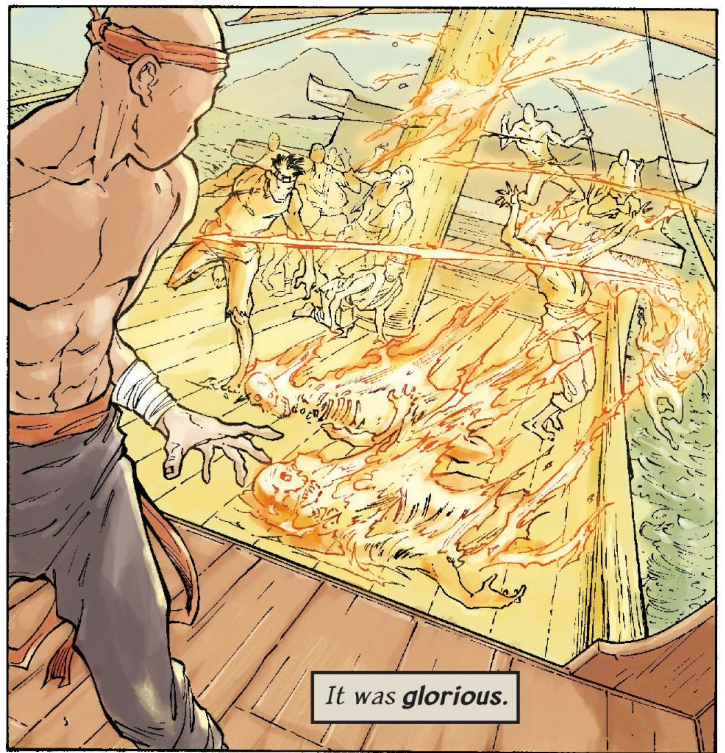


But Wu Ao-Shi was a **warrior**, and a hell of a warrior at that.

PIRATE DOGS!

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DEATH!

And so, her enemies fell as if **lightning from God** had destroyed them.



It was **glorious**.



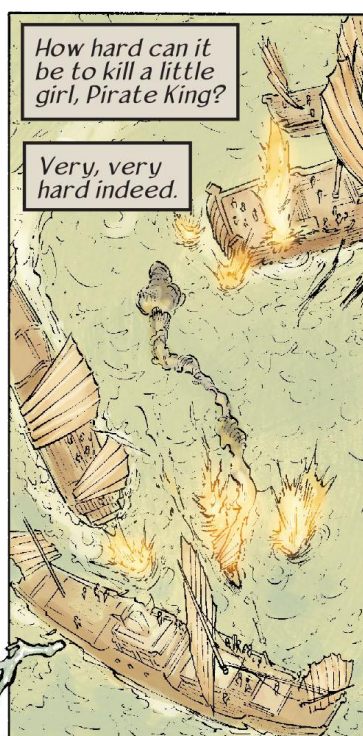
KILL HER!

KILL HER RIGHT NOW!

SHE'S ONLY A LITTLE GIRL! HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO KILL A LITTLE GIRL?!

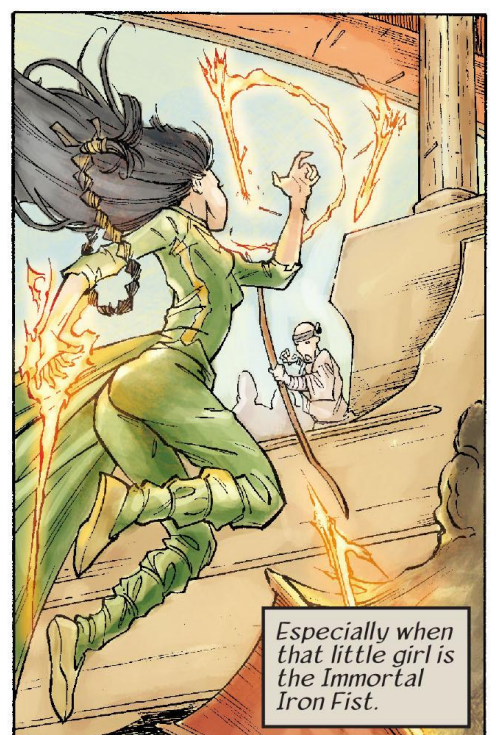


Pirates aren't much for **irony**, but Wu would later insist that be the Pirate King's **epitaph**.



How hard can it be to kill a little girl, Pirate King?

Very, very hard indeed.

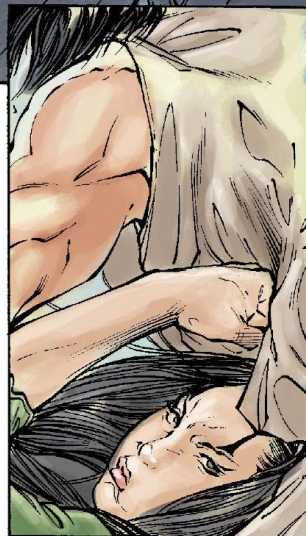


Especially when that little girl is the Immortal Iron Fist.



It continued this way for hours.

Wu would leap from her ship to one of theirs...



...beat the hell out of some pirates, **destroy** that ship, and then head **back** to her ship and lead the fleet back to land.

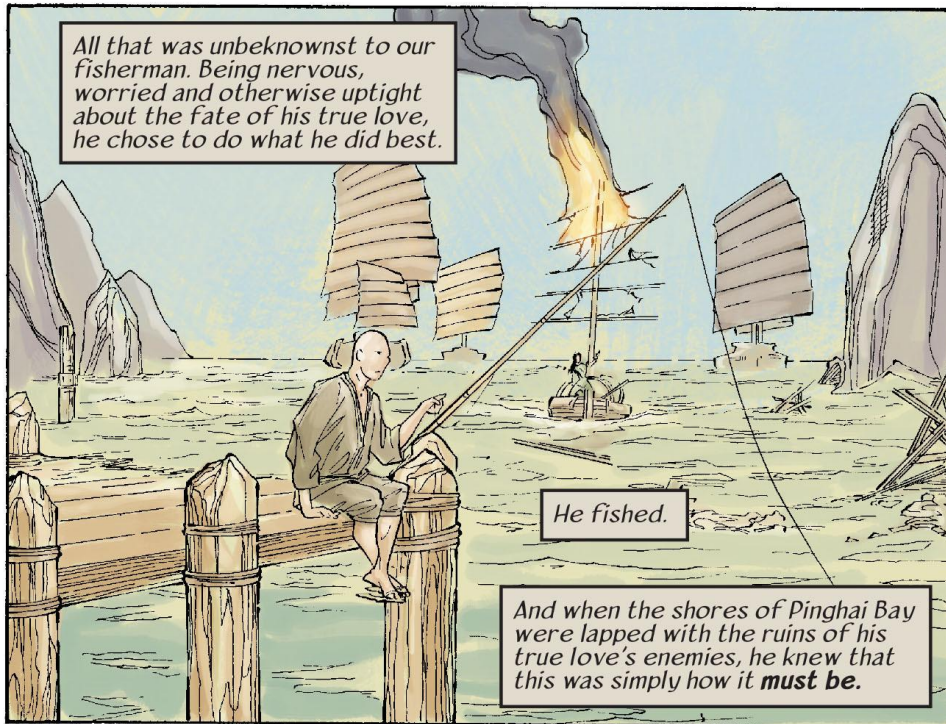


By the time they managed to set her junker on fire, it was too late.

She had led them too far inland and escape was impossible.

Pinghai Bay was now truly under her rule.

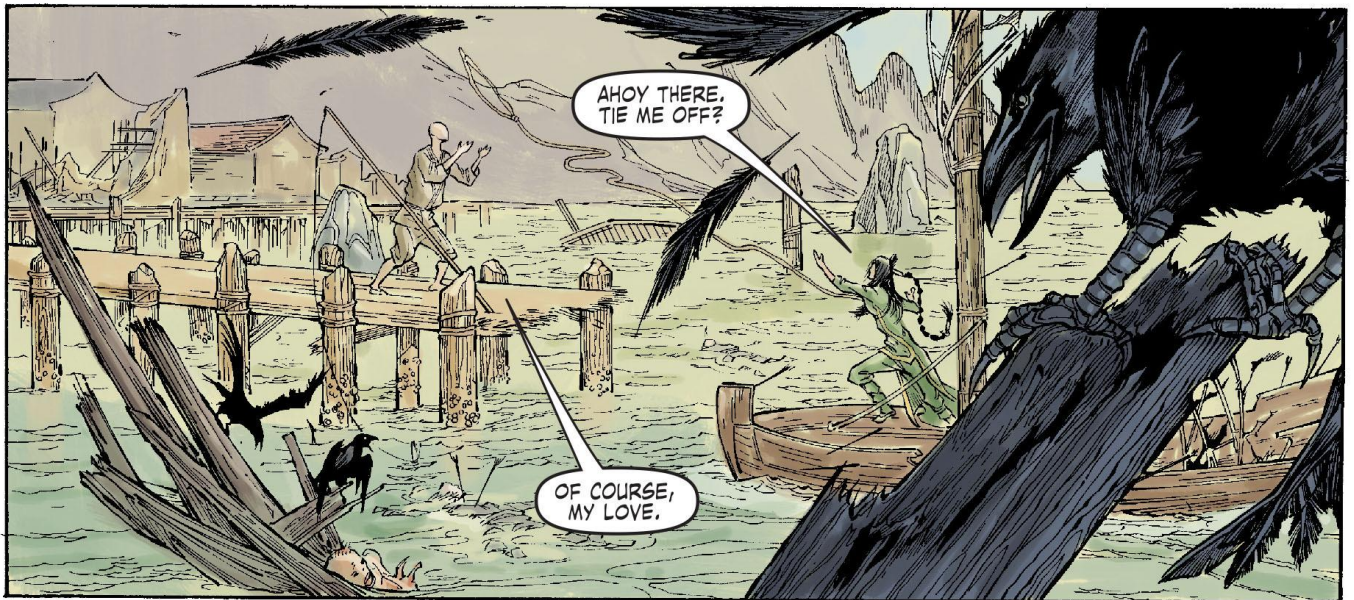
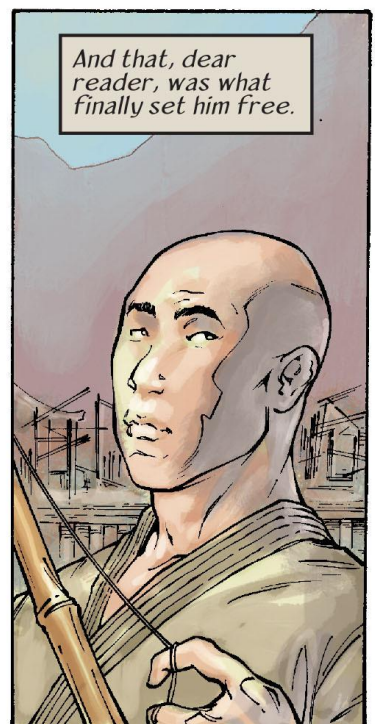
All that was unbeknownst to our fisherman. Being nervous, worried and otherwise uptight about the fate of his true love, he chose to do what he did best.



He fished.

And when the shores of Pinghai Bay were lapped with the ruins of his true love's enemies, he knew that this was simply how it **must** be.

And that, dear reader, was what finally set him free.



AHOY THERE, TIE ME OFF?

OF COURSE, MY LOVE.

"MY LOVE"? SO YOU FORGIVE ME MY **TRANSGRESSION**?



OF COURSE. I REALIZED THAT **YOU** COULD JUST AS SOON **STOP FIGHTING** AS I COULD **STOP PLUCKING FISH FROM THE SEA.**

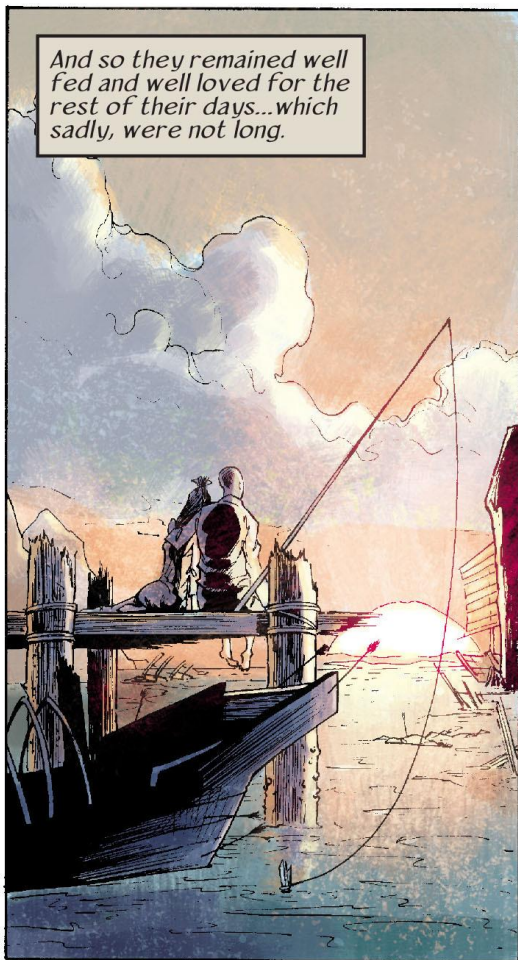
AND WHAT TRUTH DID THIS REALIZATION BRING YOU?



WE ARE HUNGRY ALMOST EVERY SINGLE DAY.

AND IF WE ARE TO BE HUNGRY, WE SHOULD AT LEAST BE **HAPPY.**





And so they remained well fed and well loved for the rest of their days...which sadly, were not long.



But while she lived, she was Wu Ao-Shi, the Pirate Queen of Pinghai Bay.

She ruled with benevolence, protecting **her people** from tyranny and oppression.



And she was the **last woman** ever to carry the mantle of the Iron Fist.

But the whys and the wherefores of **that** tale...



...are a story for **another** day.

THE END.

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MOUNTS
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THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST



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KEVIC
matt

There have been sixty-six men and women to carry the mantle of THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST throughout the ages, men and women of great courage, valor, skill, and sacrifice. Sixty-six men and women have stood between man and the unstoppable forces of evil, willing to give all they have to hold back the hordes.

This is the story of one of them, as told in THE BOOK OF THE IRON FIST.

The Story of the Iron Fist Bei Bang-Wen (1827-1860)



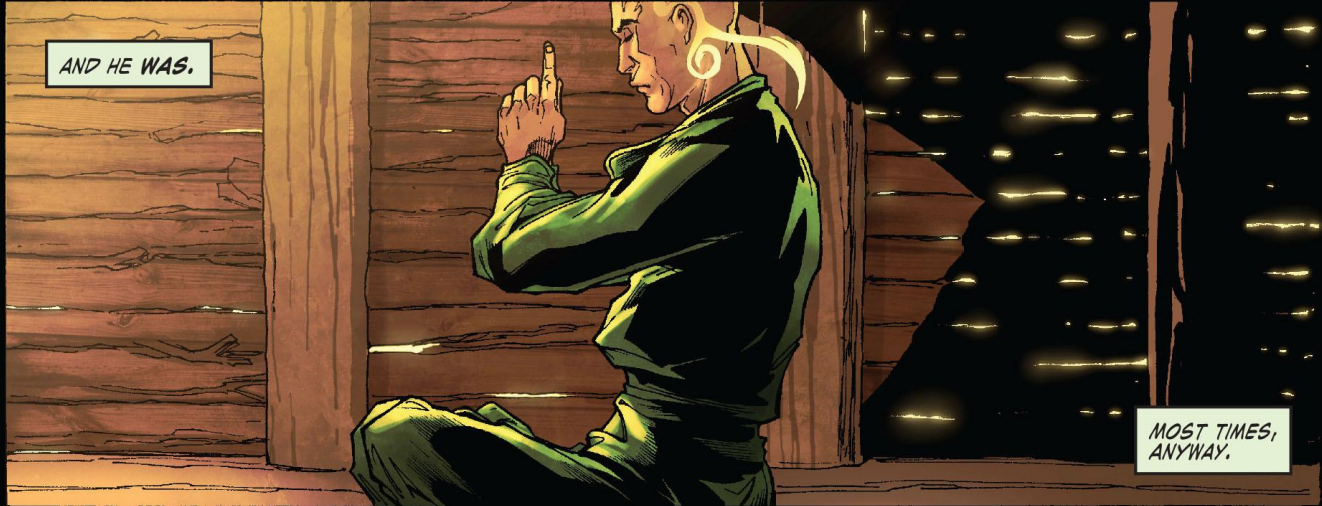
**The Perfect Strategy Mind and his Miraculous Travels to the Dark Continent,
and what Mysteries of the World and of the Self that He Learned There.**

**MATT FRACTION - WRITER
KHARI EVANS - PENCILER
VICTOR OLAZABA - INKER
JELENA KEVIC DJURDJEVIC &
PAUL MOUNTS - COLOR ART
DAVE LANPHEAR - LETTERER
IRENE LEE - PRODUCTION
ALEJANDRO ARBONA - ASSISTANT EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS - EDITOR
JOE QUESADA - EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY - PUBLISHER**

EVEN IN HIS YOUTH, BEI BANG-WEN WAS USUALLY CONSIDERED THE SMARTEST PERSON IN THE ROOM.

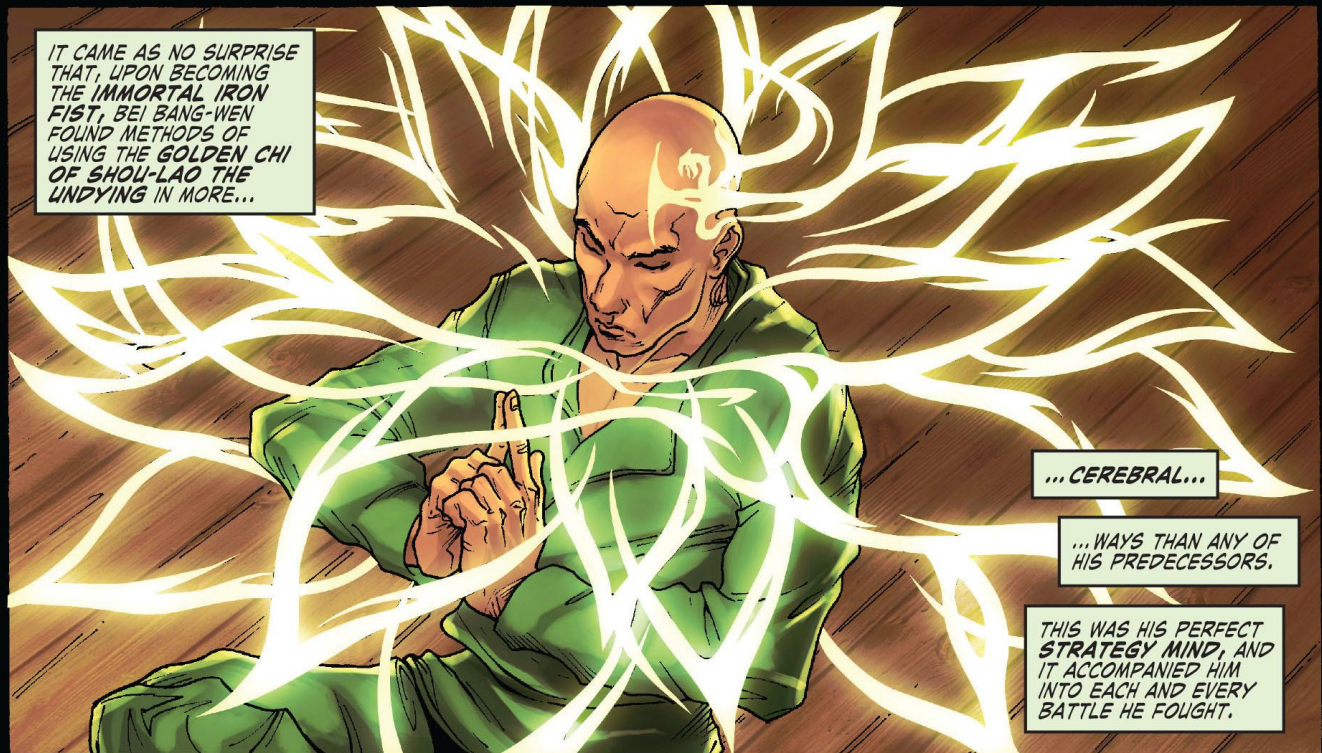


AND HE WAS.



MOST TIMES, ANYWAY.

IT CAME AS NO SURPRISE THAT, UPON BECOMING THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST, BEI BANG-WEN FOUND METHODS OF USING THE GOLDEN CHI OF SHOU-LAO THE LUNYING IN MORE...



... CEREBRAL...

... WAYS THAN ANY OF HIS PREDECESSORS.

THIS WAS HIS PERFECT STRATEGY MIND, AND IT ACCOMPANIED HIM INTO EACH AND EVERY BATTLE HE FOUGHT.

AT LAST IT HAS COME TO ME!



BATTLES ARE NOT HARD FOR HIM TO FIND. IT IS 1860, AND THE ENGLISH WANT THE CHINESE TO HONOR THE TRADING TREATIES OF 1858.

IT'S NOT GOING WELL.

THE RESULT WAS WHAT WOULD EVENTUALLY BE CALLED THE SECOND OPIUM WAR.



THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH NAVIES HAVE CAPTURED THE PORTS OF YANTAI AND DALIAN. THE BOHAI GULF IS SEALED OFF.

THIS WILL END BADLY FOR THE CHINESE, AND THAT ENDING BEGINS HERE...

Taku Forts. 21 August 1860.

THE PERFECT STRATEGY MIND HAS ORCHESTRATED AN ASSAULT OF 10,000 PIECES MOVING AT ONCE IN FLAWLESS HARMONY.

EVERY MAN ON THE FORT HAS BEEN CHOREOGRAPHED WITH PRECISION.



EVERY SOLDIER KNOWS DOWN TO THE HEARTBEAT WHEN TO FIRE, WHEN TO MOVE, AND WHEN TO RUN.

BEI BANG-WEN BELIEVES IN THE PERFECT STRATEGY MIND.

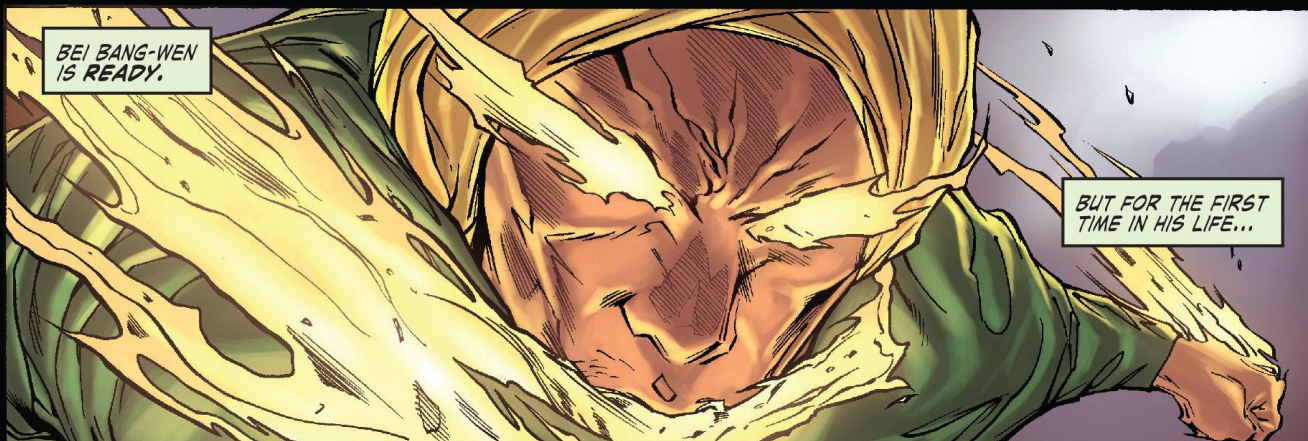
BEI BANG-WEN BELIEVES IN THE PERFECT DEATH.



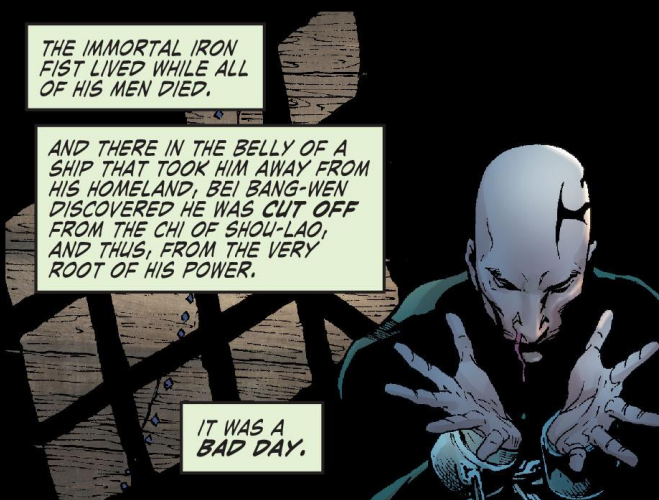
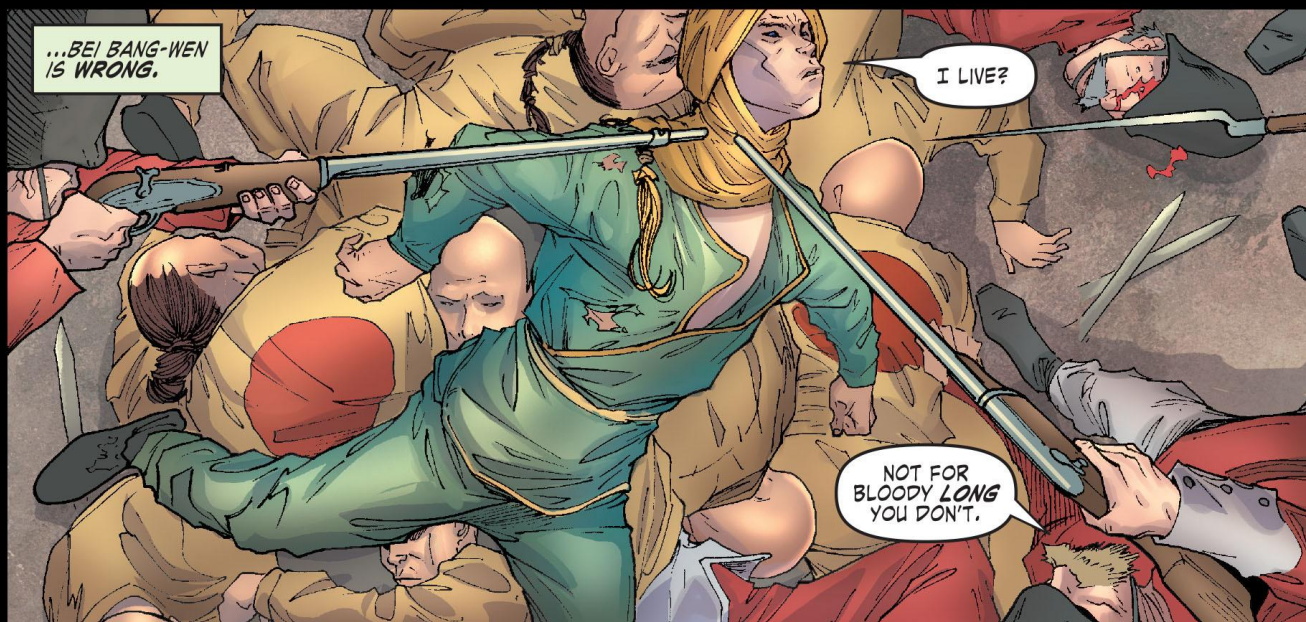
ONE WITHOUT FEAR. ONE THAT STANDS AS AN IMMORTAL TRIBUTE TO A LIFE WELL-LIVED.

BEI BANG-WEN BELIEVES THAT THIS MOMENT--HERE ABOVE THE BLOOD AND MUCK THE TAKU FORTS ARE BUILT UPON-- IS THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH.

BEI BANG-WEN IS READY.

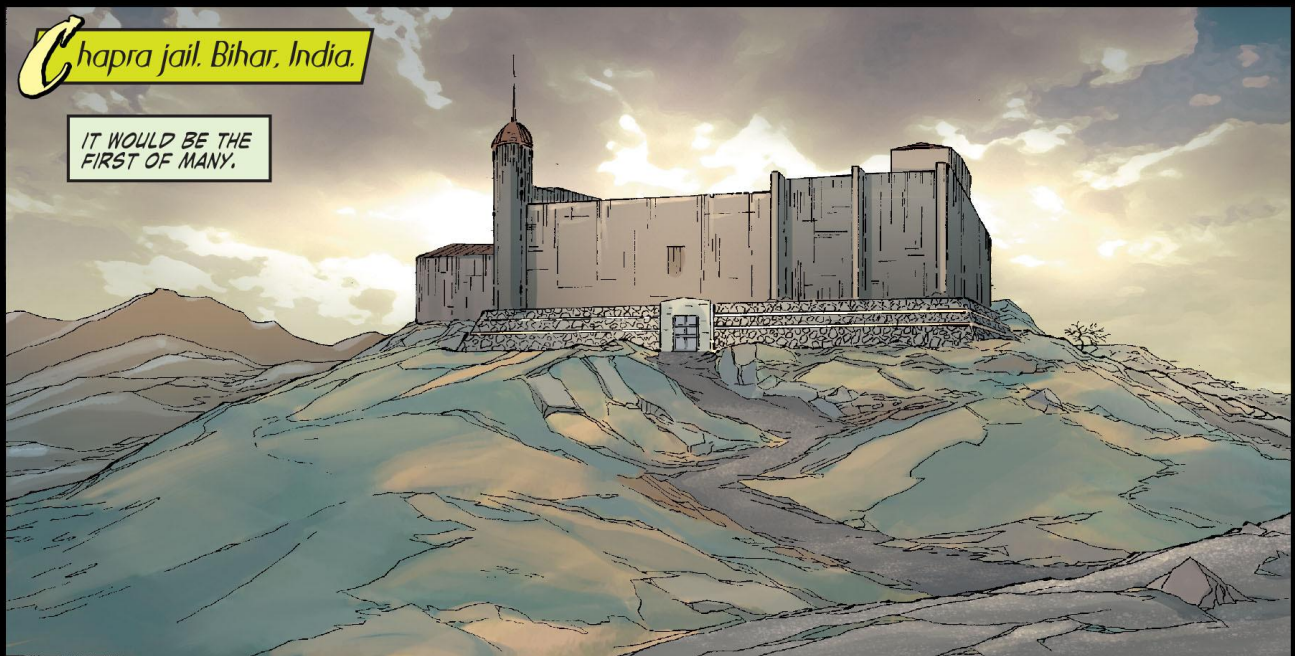


BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE...



Chapra jail. Bihar, India.

IT WOULD BE THE
FIRST OF MANY.



BEI BANG-WEN WAS
STRIPPED OF HIS NAME
AND HIS NATIONALITY.



HE WAS STRIPPED
OF HIS FREEDOMS
AND HIS
INDIVIDUALITY.

HE WAS BEATEN.



PROFOUNDLY AND
REGULARLY, HE
WAS BEATEN.

HE NEVER ONCE CURSED
HIS LUCK, HIS JAILERS,
OR HIS GOD.



HE NEVER ONCE
ASKED "WHY ME?"
HE NEVER PRAYED
FOR DELIVERANCE,
REVENGE, OR
FORGIVENESS.

HE REPEATED TO
HIMSELF, TIME
AND TIME AGAIN,
LIKE A MANTRA:

"I DESERVE
WORSE."

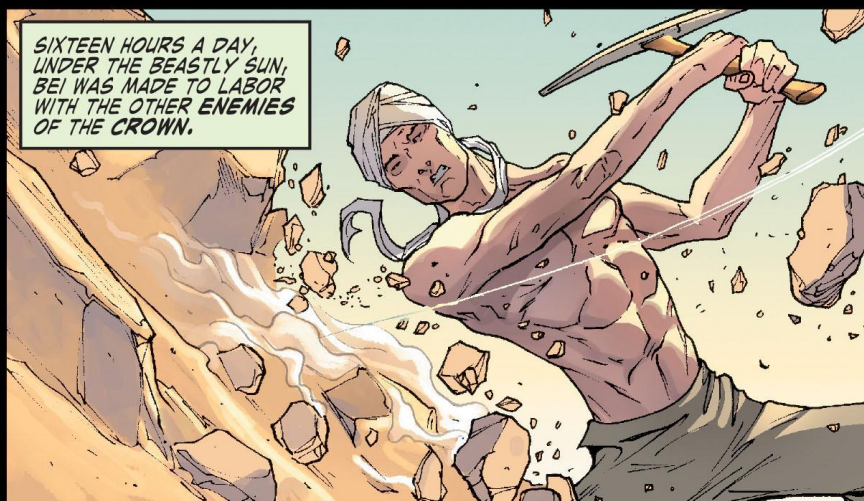


OI, ON
YOUR FEET,
PRISONER.

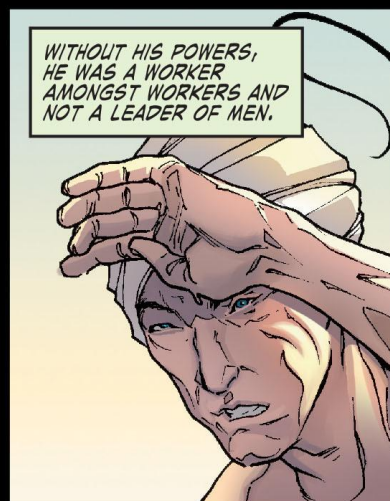


"WORSE" WAS
YET TO COME.

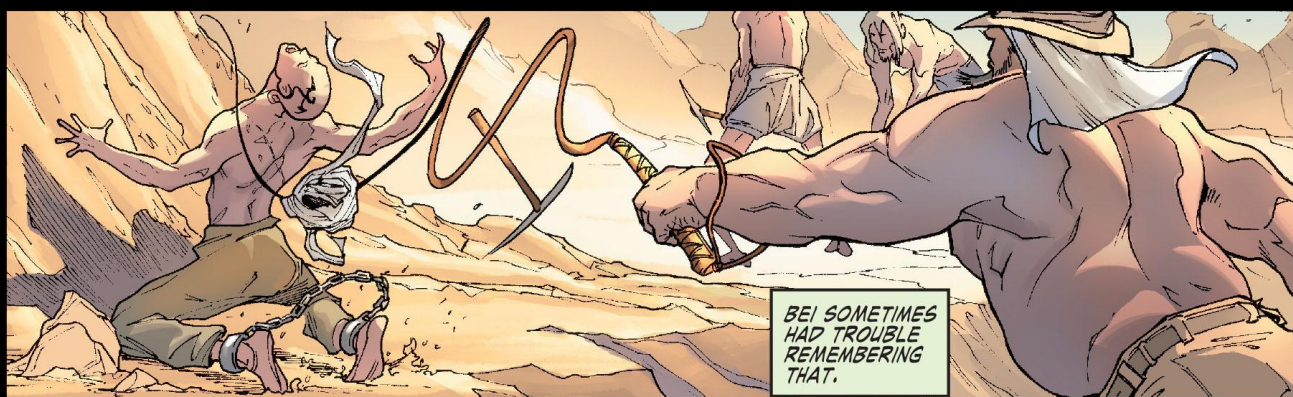
THIS WAS THE DAY BEI
WAS INTRODUCED INTO
THE LABOR GANG.



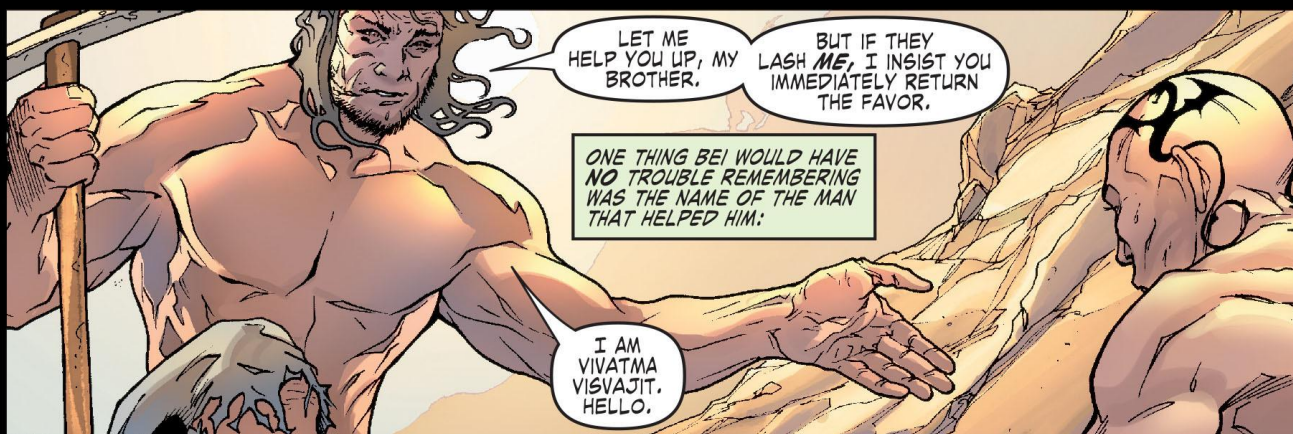
SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY,
UNDER THE BEASTLY SUN,
BEI WAS MADE TO LABOR
WITH THE OTHER ENEMIES
OF THE CROWN.



WITHOUT HIS POWERS,
HE WAS A WORKER
AMONGST WORKERS AND
NOT A LEADER OF MEN.



BEI SOMETIMES
HAD TROUBLE
REMEMBERING
THAT.

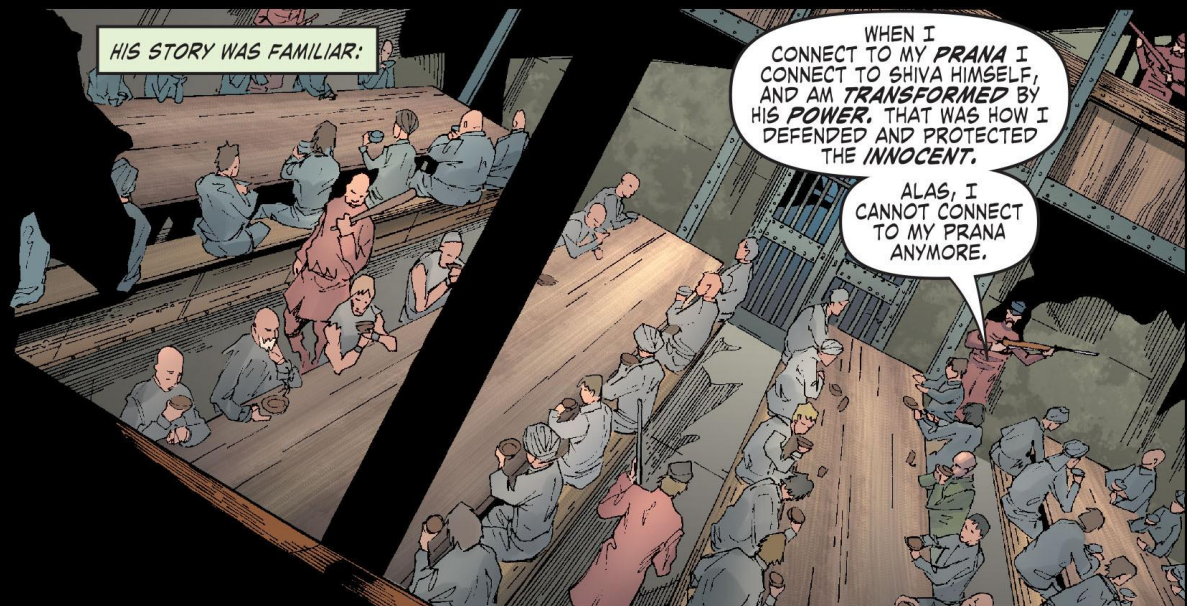


LET ME
HELP YOU UP, MY
BROTHER.

BUT IF THEY
LASH *ME*, I INSIST YOU
IMMEDIATELY RETURN
THE FAVOR.

ONE THING BEI WOULD HAVE
NO TROUBLE REMEMBERING
WAS THE NAME OF THE MAN
THAT HELPED HIM:

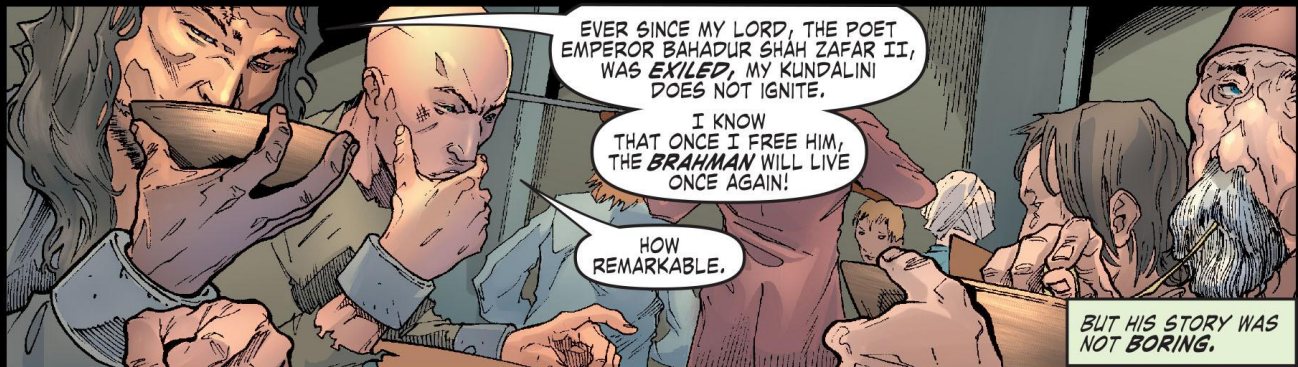
I AM
VIVATMA
VISVAJIT.
HELLO.



HIS STORY WAS FAMILIAR:

WHEN I
CONNECT TO MY **PRANA** I
CONNECT TO SHIVA HIMSELF,
AND AM **TRANSFORMED** BY
HIS **POWER**. THAT WAS HOW I
DEFENDED AND PROTECTED
THE **INNOCENT**.

ALAS, I
CANNOT CONNECT
TO MY **PRANA**
ANYMORE.



EVER SINCE MY LORD, THE POET
EMPEROR BAHADUR SHAH ZAFAR II,
WAS **EXILED**, MY KUNDALINI
DOES NOT IGNITE.

I KNOW
THAT ONCE I FREE HIM,
THE **BRAHMAN** WILL LIVE
ONCE AGAIN!

HOW
REMARKABLE.

BUT HIS STORY WAS
NOT **BORING**.



BEI TOLD HIS STORY AND THE
TWO MEN WERE STARTLED AT
THE SIMILARITIES.

TWO CHAMPIONS, EACH CUT
OFF FROM THE SOURCE OF
THEIR HOLY POWERS.

AND NOW BOTH
PRISONERS HAUNTED
BY DREAMS OF WHAT
ONCE WAS AND WHAT
MIGHT YET BE.

BEING THE SMARTEST PERSON IN
THE ROOM CAN BE A REAL **BURDEN**.
BEI WAS LIKE THAT SOMETIMES:
GRIM, OVERLY SERIOUS.

THE COINCIDENCE
CONVINCED THE GRIM
AND OVERLY SERIOUS
BEI OF MANY THINGS,
BUT LIGHTENING THAT
BURDEN WAS NOT
ONE OF THEM:

TAP
TAP

HE WOULD HELP VIVATMA LEAD
A REBELLION IN THE PRISON.

HE WOULD HELP
VIVATMA FLEE TO HIS
EXILED EMPEROR.

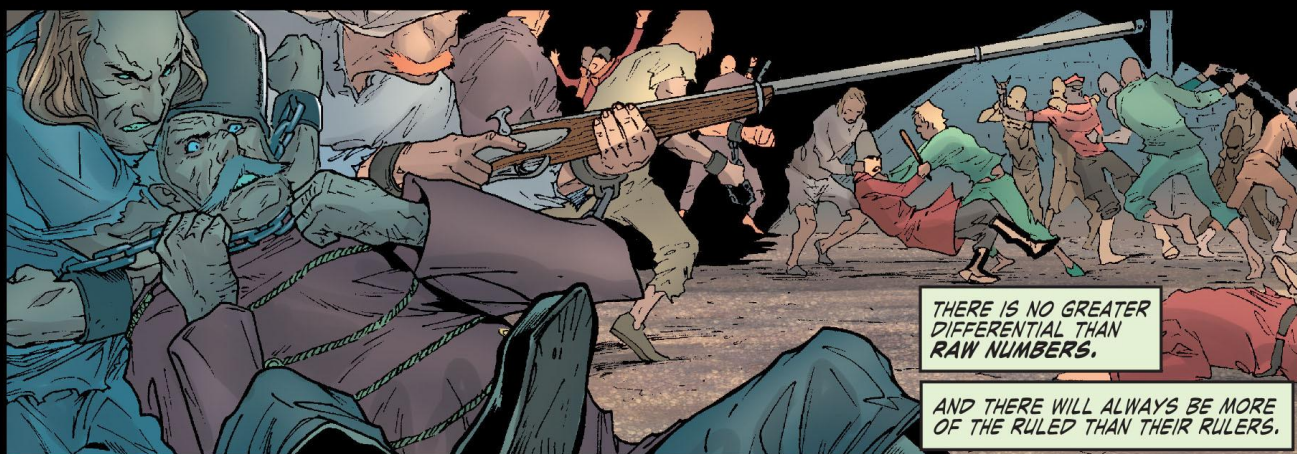
AND HE WOULD
FINALLY DIE.

BOTH BEI AND VIVATMA KNEW
SOMETHING FROM ALL THEIR YEARS
FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE
OPPRESSED AND THE DEFENSELESS:



THAT, NO MATTER WHAT THE
POWER DIFFERENTIAL IS BETWEEN
RULERS AND THE RULED--

NO MATTER WHAT KIND
OF GUNS ARE USED
AGAINST PEASANTS--



THERE IS NO GREATER
DIFFERENTIAL THAN
RAW NUMBERS.

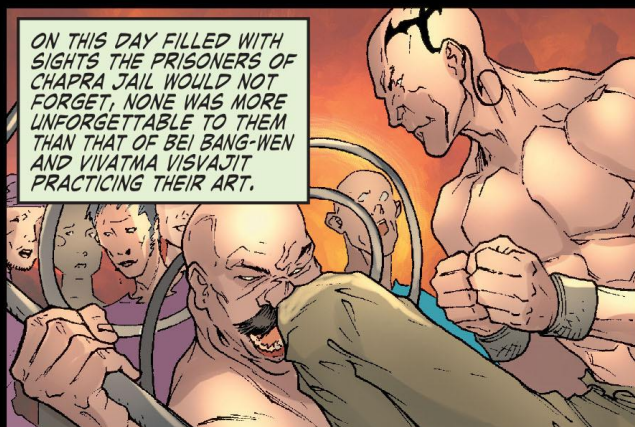
AND THERE WILL ALWAYS BE MORE
OF THE RULED THAN THEIR RULERS.



BEI AND
VIVATMA
FOUGHT.

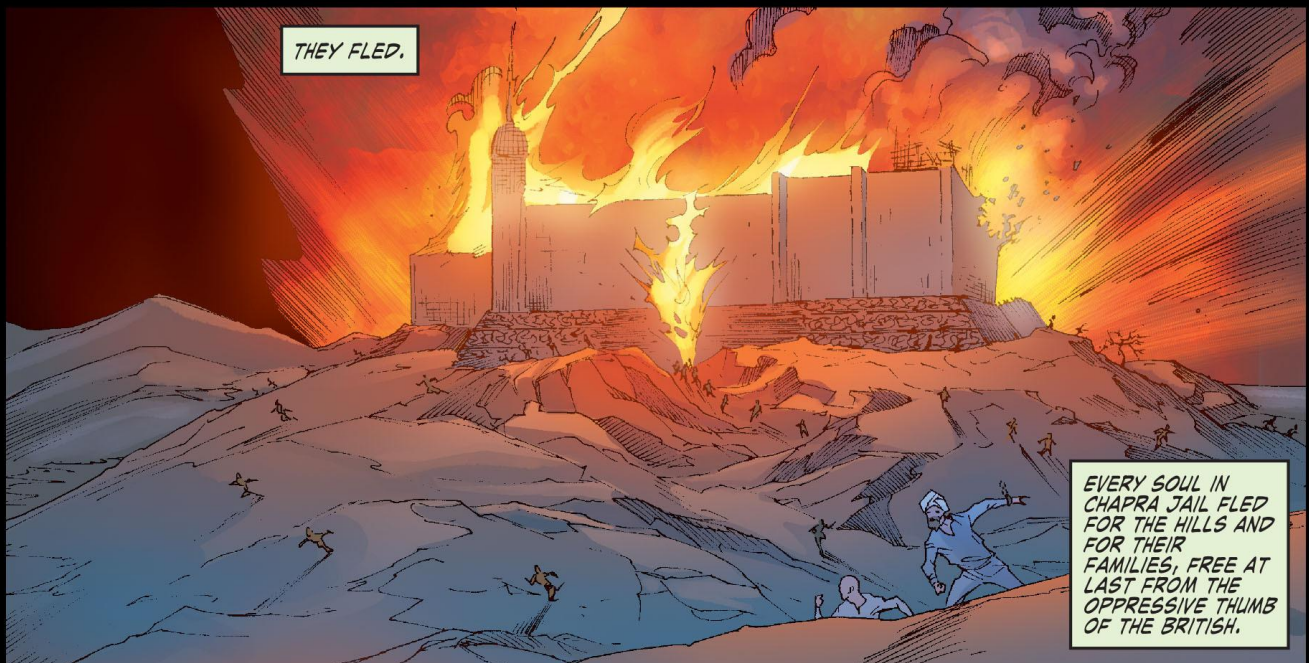
EVEN WITHOUT THEIR
MYSTICAL POWERS.

ON THIS DAY FILLED WITH
SIGHTS THE PRISONERS OF
CHAPRA JAIL WOULD NOT
FORGET, NONE WAS MORE
UNFORGETTABLE TO THEM
THAN THAT OF BEI BANG-WEN
AND VIVATMA VISVAJIT
PRACTICING THEIR ART.



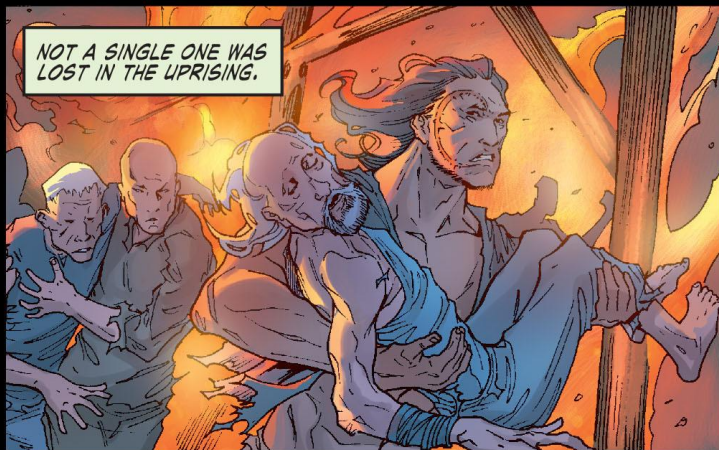
AND, BELIEVE ME, THEY
WERE BOTH ARTISTS
OF VIOLENCE.





THEY FLED.

EVERY SOUL IN CHAPRA JAIL FLED FOR THE HILLS AND FOR THEIR FAMILIES, FREE AT LAST FROM THE OPPRESSIVE THUMB OF THE BRITISH.



NOT A SINGLE ONE WAS LOST IN THE UPRISING.



AND THE TWO CHAMPIONS FLED, TOO, BUT RATHER THAN RUN TO THE HILLS OR TOWARD WHATEVER FAMILIES THEY MAY HAVE HAD--



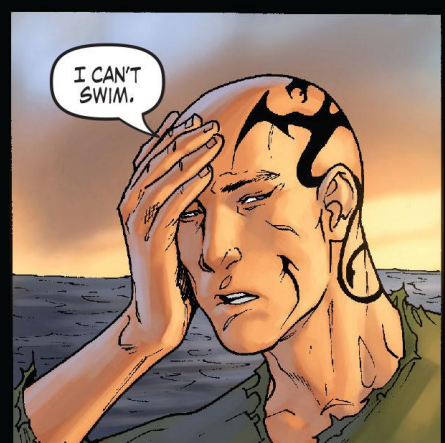
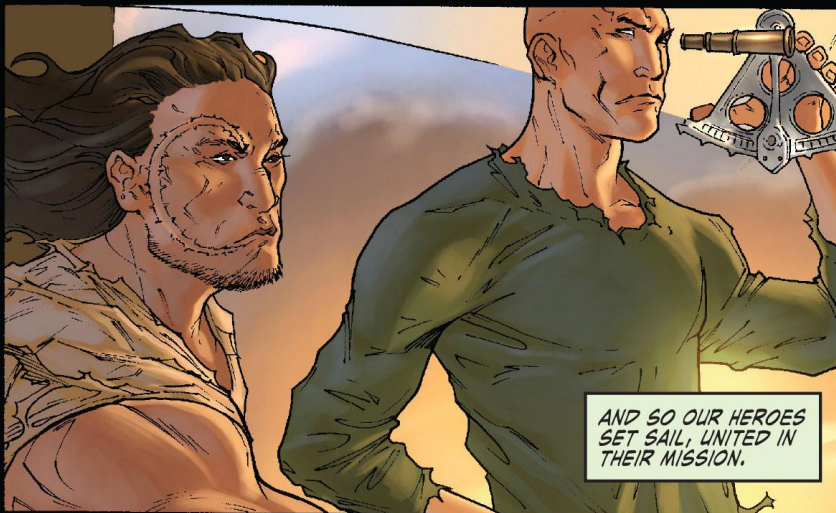
--THEY RAN TO THE EASTERN SHORES, IN SEARCH OF A BOAT.



ONLY A BOAT COULD TAKE THEM TO BURMA.

AND BURMA WAS WHERE THE POET EMPEROR BAHADUR SHAH ZAFAR II ROTTED IN WAIT.

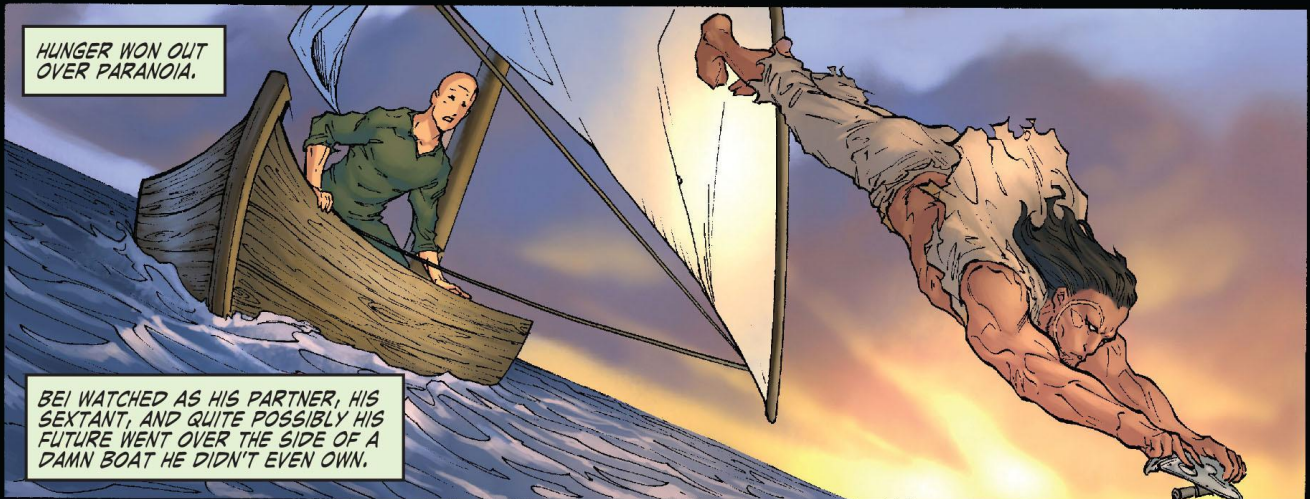
THE POET EMPEROR HAD MANY FANS--
INCLUDING TWO OLD FISHERMEN
MORE THAN HAPPY TO LOAN THEIR
BOAT TO THE CAUSE OF HIS FREEDOM.





BEI'S ARGUMENT WAS SIMPLE--
I CAN'T SWIM, AND IF YOU TAKE
THE SEXTANT OVER THE SIDE
OF THE BOAT AND DON'T COME
BACK, THEN I'M DOOMED.

VIVATMA'S WAS EVEN MORE
SIMPLE--WE MUST EAT.



HUNGER WON OUT
OVER PARANOIA.

BEI WATCHED AS HIS PARTNER, HIS
SEXTANT, AND QUITE POSSIBLY HIS
FUTURE WENT OVER THE SIDE OF A
DAMN BOAT HE DIDN'T EVEN OWN.

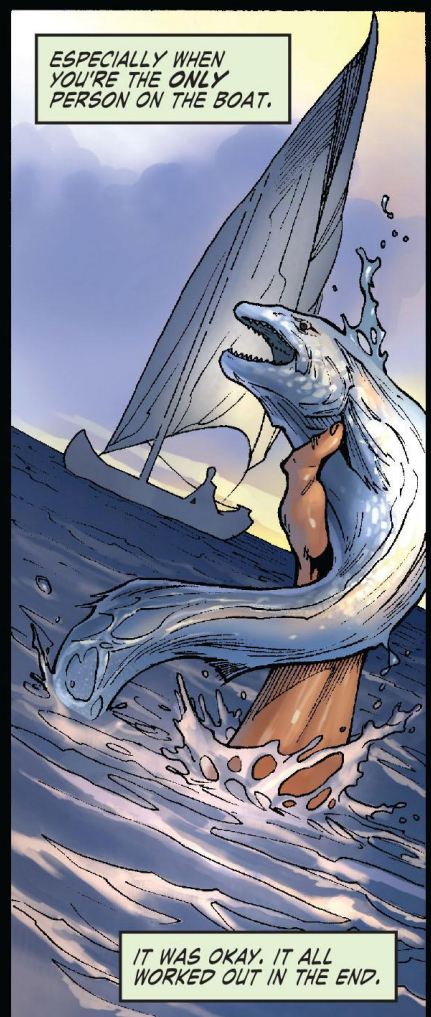


BEI REALIZED THEN THAT THESE
WERE THE WORRIES OF A MAN
CONCERNED WITH SURVIVAL.

A-HA! A CONTRADICTION!
A POINT OF ILLOGIC!
WHAT DID IT MEAN? WHAT
COULD IT MEAN? DID HE
ACTUALLY WANT TO LIVE?



IT MEANT THE ONLY
THING WORSE THAN
BEING THE SMARTEST
PERSON IN THE ROOM IS
BEING THE SMARTEST
PERSON ON A BOAT.



ESPECIALLY WHEN
YOU'RE THE ONLY
PERSON ON THE BOAT.

IT WAS OKAY. IT ALL
WORKED OUT IN THE END.



AND SLOWLY THEY
REACHED BURMA.

WASTING NO TIME, THEY
WENT RACING TO FIND
THEIR DESTINIES.



BEI FOLLOWED
VIVATMA.

VIVATMA FOLLOWED
HIS INSTINCT.



AND HIS INSTINCT
WAS TRUE.



IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE
BEEN FROM OUTER SPACE.

I REALLY
WISH I WAS STILL IN
COMMUNION WITH THE
BRAHMAN.

SURELY
ONLY THE BRAHMAN
COULD PENETRATE
SUCH A TREMENDOUS
FORTRESS.



BEHOLD! THE GLORY
TIMES OF THE BRAHMAN!
SUPREME INFINITE OF ALL
TRANSCENDENT REALITY!

UNFURLING FROM
INFINITUDE WITHIN,
REVERBERATING
THROUGHOUT ALL
COSMIC EXISTENCE!

THE WORLDSOUL!

ALL MEN MUST KNOW
THE BRAHMAN! FOR THE
BRAHMAN IS ALL MEN!

MY WORD.

OH, I
PROMISE YOU, IT WAS
QUITE SOMETHING
TO SEE.

TOO
BAD HIS SPIRIT HAS
MISPLACED ME.
LET'S GO.



AND SO THEY WENT.

INCH BY INCH THEY STORMED
THE PALACE PRISON.

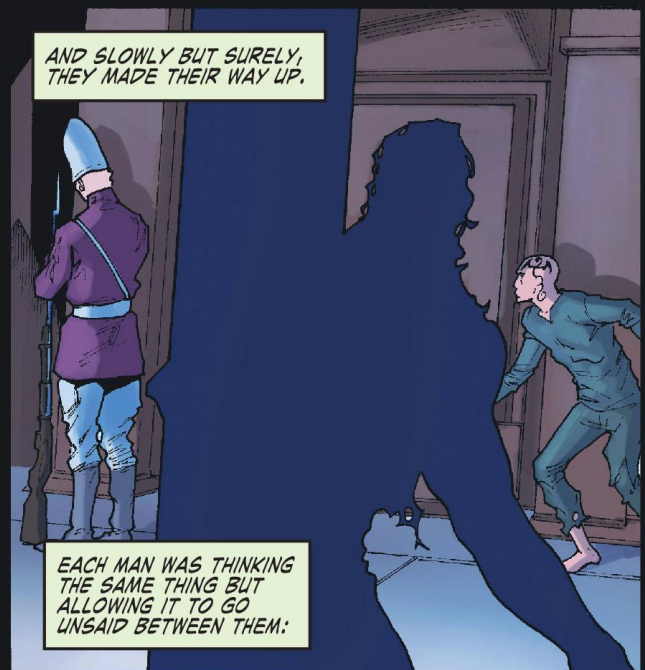


WELL.

"STORMED" MAYBE
OVERSTATES THINGS.



ALL THE SAME, THEY
MADE THEIR WAY INSIDE.



AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY,
THEY MADE THEIR WAY UP.

EACH MAN WAS THINKING
THE SAME THING BUT
ALLOWING IT TO GO
UNSAID BETWEEN THEM:



THIS SHOULD BE
HARDER.

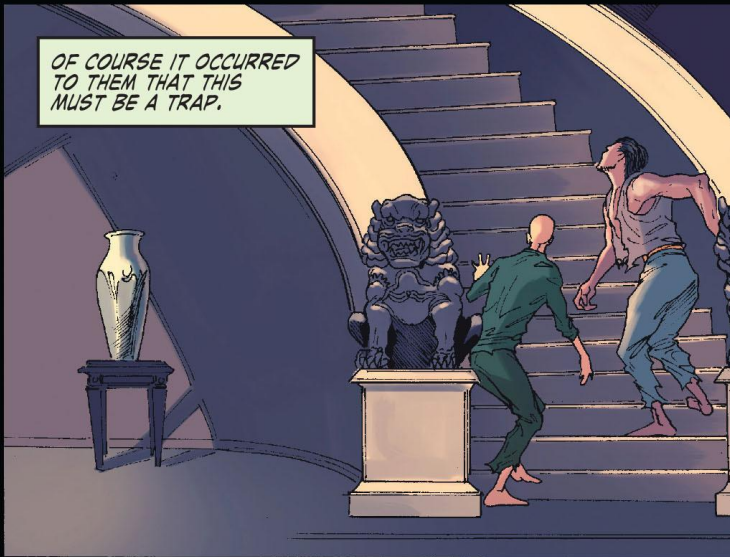


THERE SHOULD BE
MORE GUARDS.

MORE FIGHTING.

MORE VIOLENCE.

OF COURSE IT OCCURRED
TO THEM THAT THIS
MUST BE A TRAP.



VIVATMA VISVAJIT BELIEVED THAT,
IF IT WAS A TRAP, THEN AT LEAST HIS
LORD AND MASTER WOULD BE THE BAIT.



AND BEI BANG-WEN
BELIEVED THAT, IN
EITHER INSTANCE, HE
WOULD SOON BE DEAD.

FINALLY.

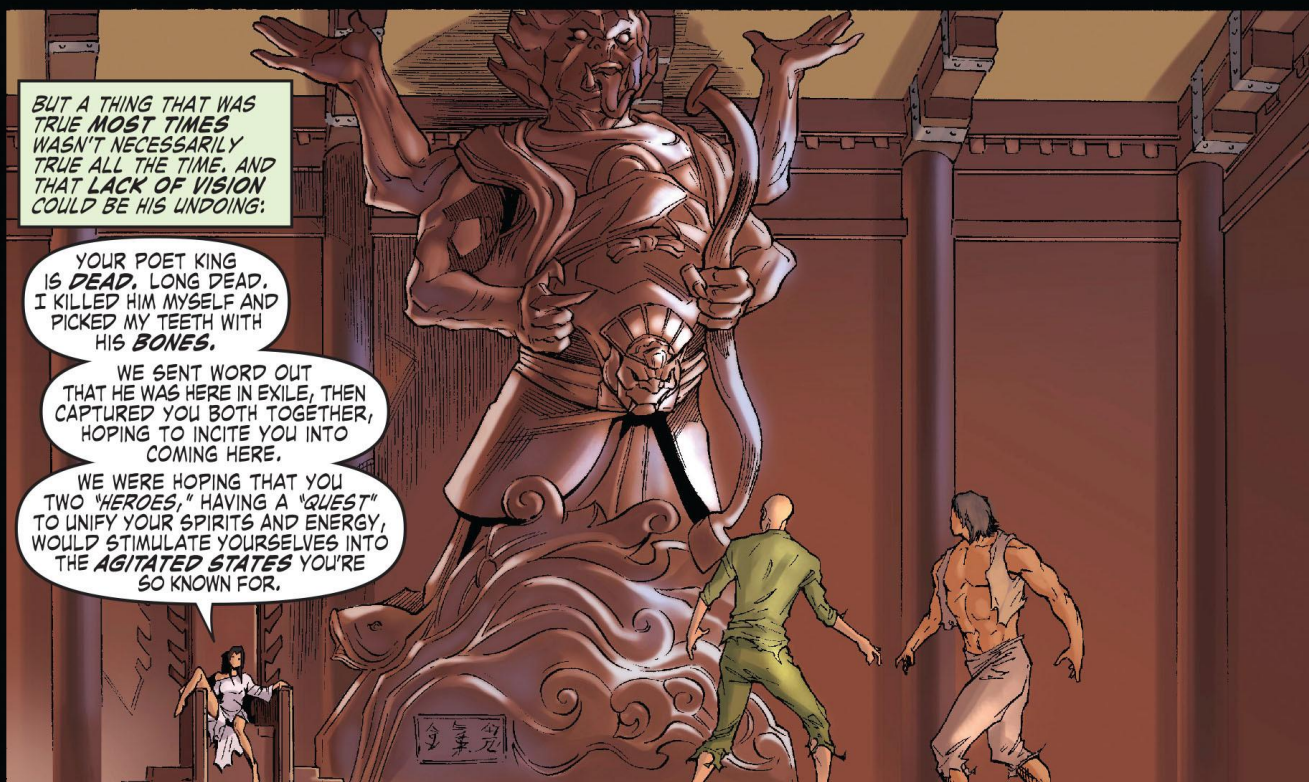
FINALLY,
FINALLY,
FINALLY.



WRONG
AGAIN.



HUMBLING TO ONE SUCH AS BEI
BANG-WEN, WHO HAD ALWAYS
BELIEVED HIMSELF TO BE THE
SMARTEST PERSON IN THE ROOM.



BUT A THING THAT WAS TRUE **MOST TIMES** WASN'T NECESSARILY TRUE ALL THE TIME. AND THAT **LACK OF VISION** COULD BE HIS UNDOING:

YOUR POET KING IS **DEAD**. LONG DEAD. I KILLED HIM MYSELF AND PICKED MY TEETH WITH HIS **BONES**.

WE SENT WORD OUT THAT HE WAS HERE IN EXILE, THEN CAPTURED YOU BOTH TOGETHER, HOPING TO INCITE YOU INTO COMING HERE.

WE WERE HOPING THAT YOU TWO '**HEROES**,' HAVING A '**QUEST**' TO UNIFY YOUR SPIRITS AND ENERGY, WOULD STIMULATE YOURSELVES INTO THE **AGITATED STATES** YOU'RE SO KNOWN FOR.

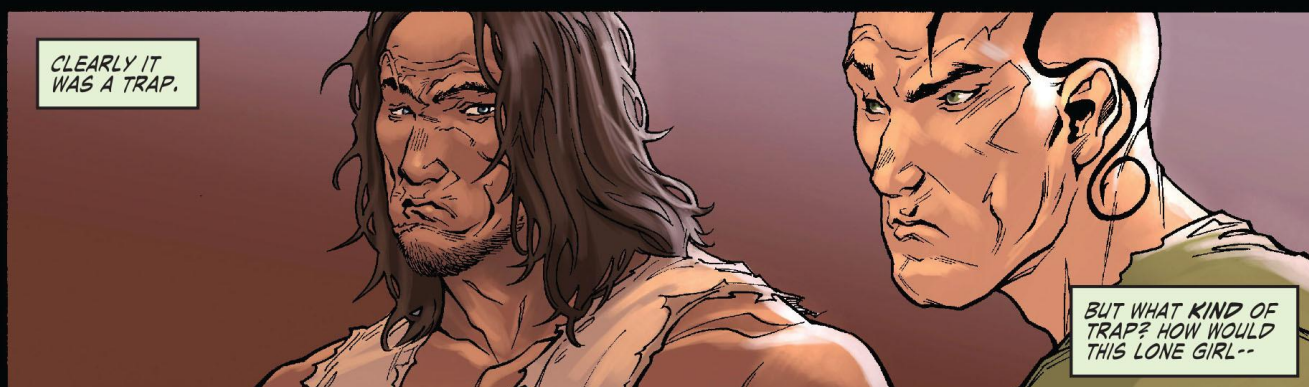


AND YET HERE YOU BOTH ARE: SO DREADFULLY **NORMAL**.

PITY.

FOR I AM SO VERY **HUNGRY**. AND YOU TWO...

...YOU BARELY LOOK LIKE A **SNACK**.



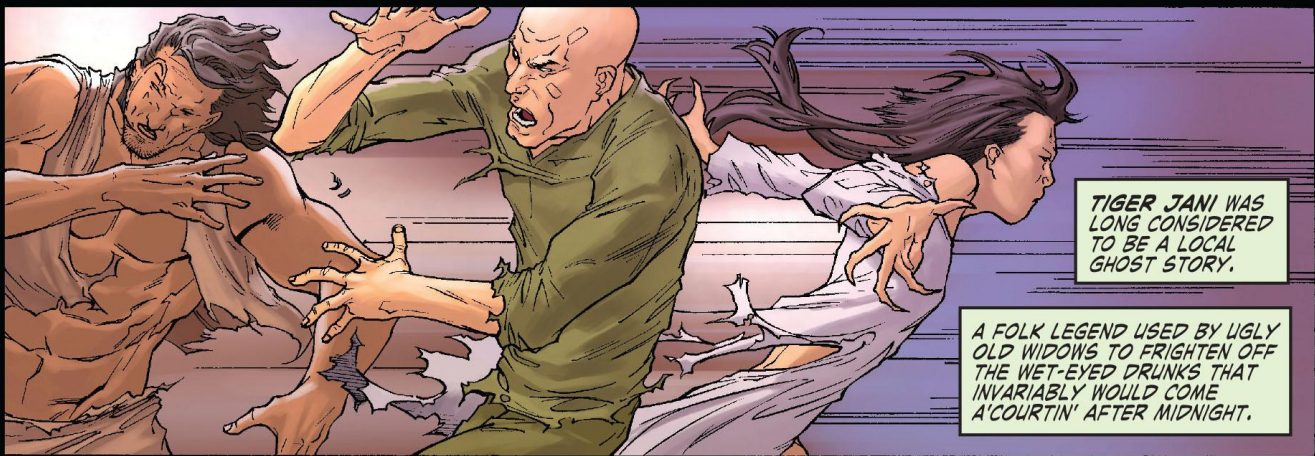
CLEARLY IT WAS A TRAP.

BUT WHAT KIND OF TRAP? HOW WOULD THIS LONE GIRL--



AHH.

OF COURSE. SHE WAS ONE OF THEM.



TIGER JANI WAS LONG CONSIDERED TO BE A LOCAL GHOST STORY.

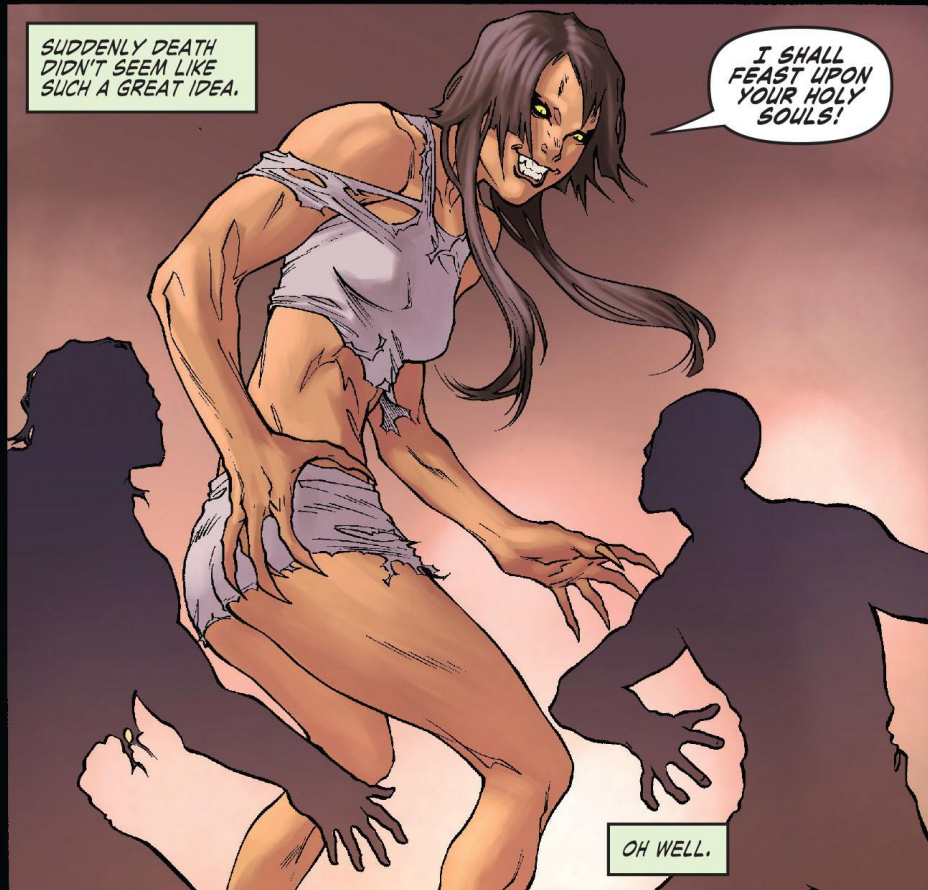
A FOLK LEGEND USED BY UGLY OLD WIDOWS TO FRIGHTEEN OFF THE WET-EYED DRUNKS THAT INVARIABLY WOULD COME A'COURTIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT.



TIGER JANI IS REAL?

BEI HAD FORGOTTEN WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO NOT KNOW EVERYTHING ALL THE TIME.

THAT, AND THE SUDDEN BLOOD LOSS, CREATED IN HIM A FEELING LIKE UNTO EUPHORIA.



SUDDENLY DEATH DIDN'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A GREAT IDEA.

I SHALL FEAST UPON YOUR HOLY SOULS!

OH WELL.



VIVATMA WAS STUNNED. NOT BY THE GIRL'S TRANSFORMATION--

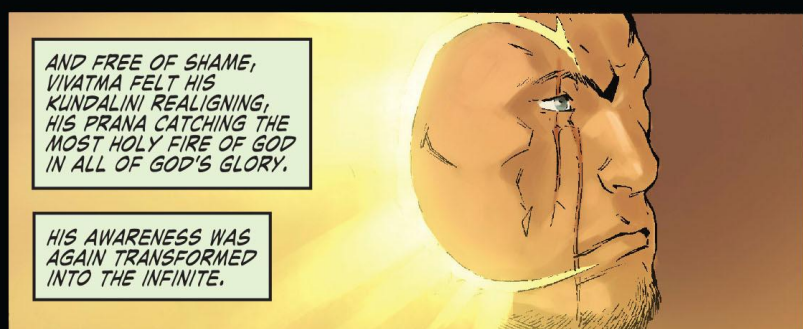
ALTHOUGH IT WAS STUNNING--

BUT BY FINDING HIMSELF QUITE SUDDENLY WITHOUT A DIRECTION.



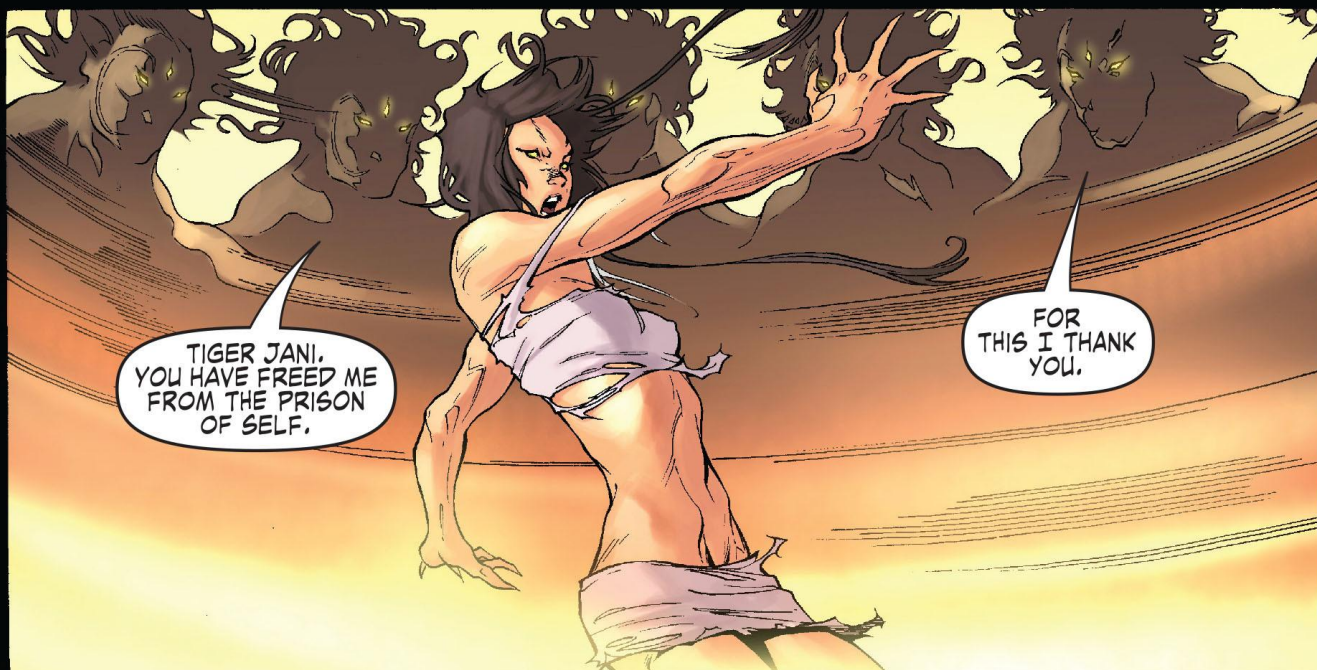
WITHOUT A POET EMPEROR TO SAVE, VIVATMA HAD NO PURPOSE.

WITHOUT A GREAT SIN TO ATONE FOR, VIVATMA HAD NO MORE SHAME.



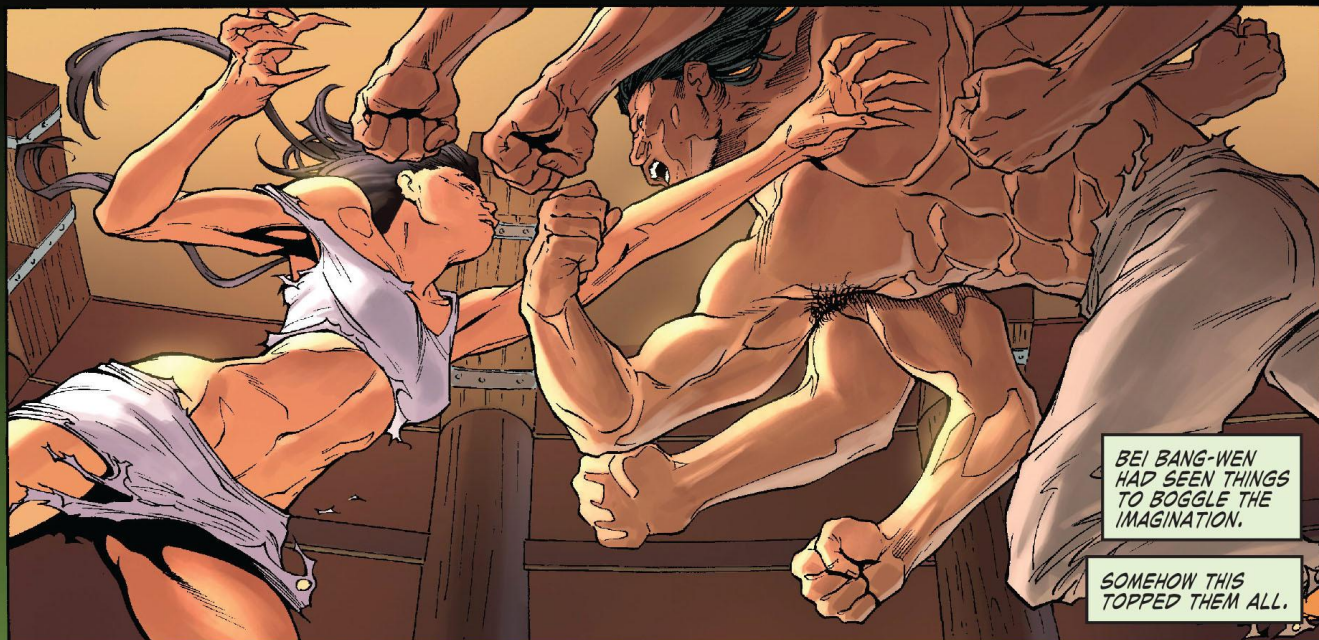
AND FREE OF SHAME, VIVATMA FELT HIS KUNDALINI REALIGNING, HIS PRANA CATCHING THE MOST HOLY FIRE OF GOD IN ALL OF GOD'S GLORY.

HIS AWARENESS WAS AGAIN TRANSFORMED INTO THE INFINITE.



TIGER JANI,
YOU HAVE FREED ME
FROM THE PRISON
OF SELF.

FOR
THIS I THANK
YOU.



BEI BANG-WEN
HAD SEEN THINGS
TO BOGGLE THE
IMAGINATION.

SOMEHOW THIS
TOPPED THEM ALL.



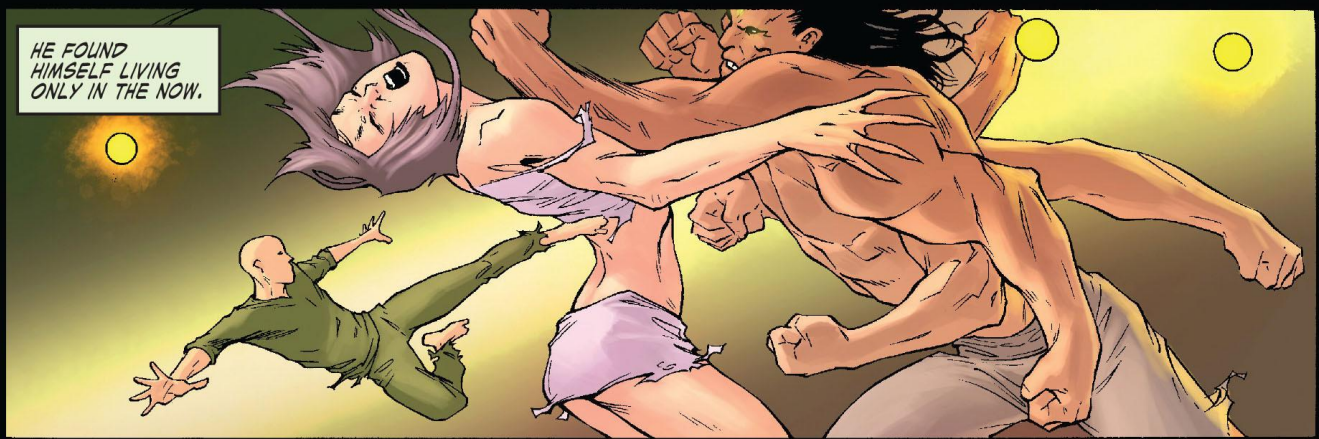
THE DAY'S EVENTS
PRODUCED A KIND OF
REVERIE WITHIN HIM.

TO BE TOUCHED AGAIN
BY THE UNKNOWN.



THE PAST AND THE FUTURE NO
LONGER EXISTING. BEI AWOKE
TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE EVER-
PRESENT GLORY OF THE NOW.

IT WAS WITH THIS BLISS
WITHIN HIS HEART THAT
HE LEAPT INTO BATTLE.



HE FOUND
HIMSELF LIVING
ONLY IN THE NOW.



OF FIGHTING ONLY
IN THE NOW.

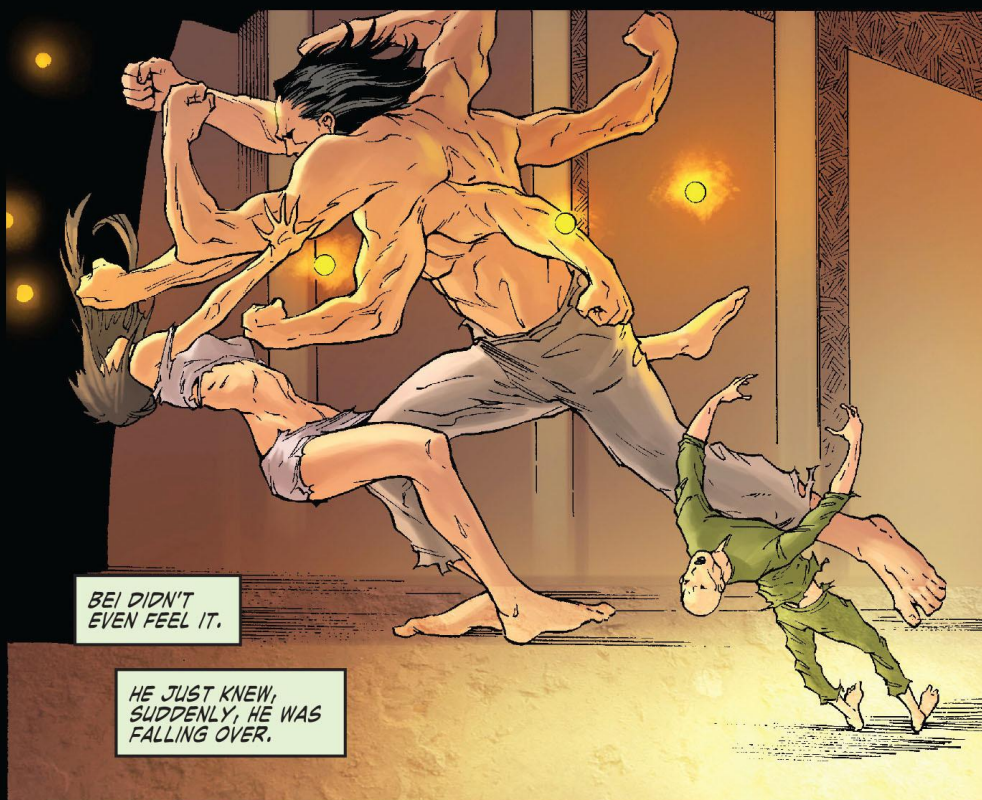
FREE OF THE
THOUSANDS OF
DEATHS HE
BLAMED
HIMSELF FOR,
FREE OF HIS
LEGACY, FREE
OF HIS MISSION.



FREE.



NO--!



BEI DIDN'T
EVEN FEEL IT.

HE JUST KNEW,
SUDDENLY, HE WAS
FALLING OVER.

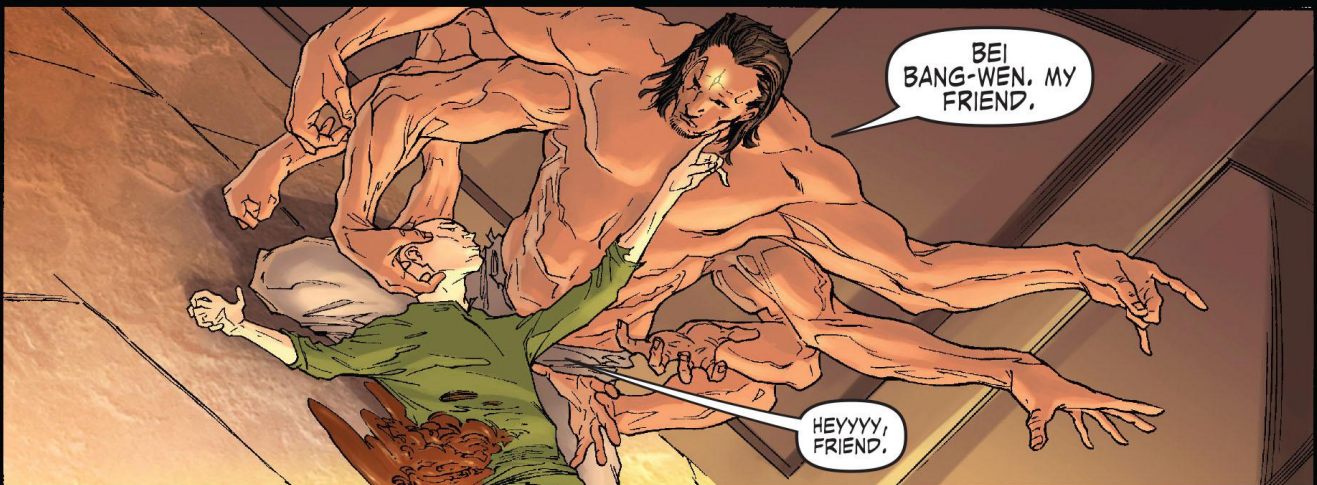


AND THEN HE
WAS DOWN.



THE SILENCE STARTLED THE
BRAHMAN IN ITS EMPTINESS
AND ENTIRE-NESS.

HIS GREAT FOE AND GREAT
FRIEND WERE FELLED.



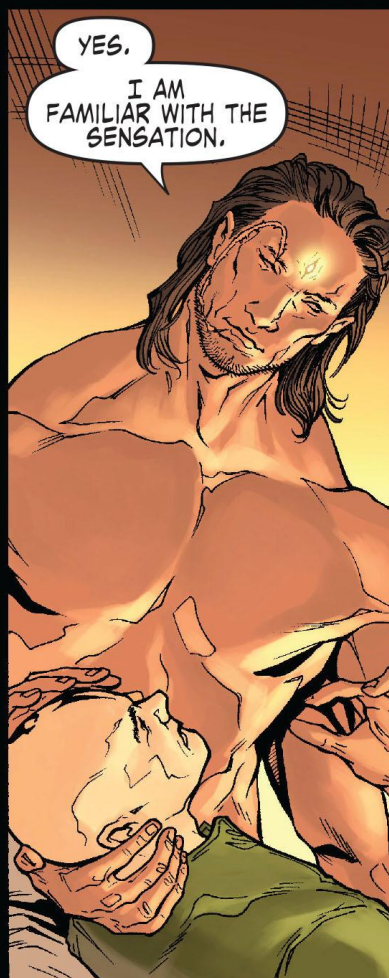
BEI
BANG-WEN. MY
FRIEND.

HEYYYY,
FRIEND.



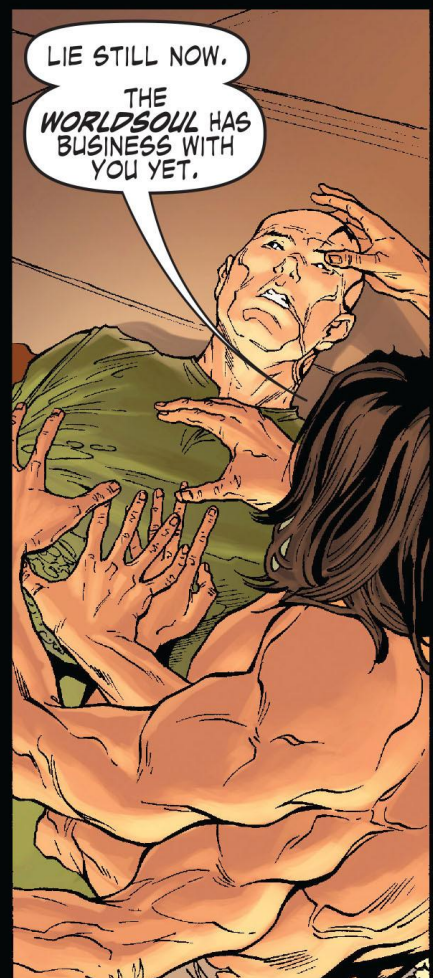
IT
FEEELS--

IT FEELS LIKE
I'M...*FLOATING*
AWAY.



YES.

I AM
FAMILIAR WITH THE
SENSATION.



LIE STILL NOW.

THE
*WORLD**SOUL* HAS
BUSINESS WITH
YOU YET.

FINALLY, IN THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH, BEI BANG-WEN HAD STOPPED WONDERING ABOUT THE FUTURE.



AND HE FELT FREED FROM THE PAST.

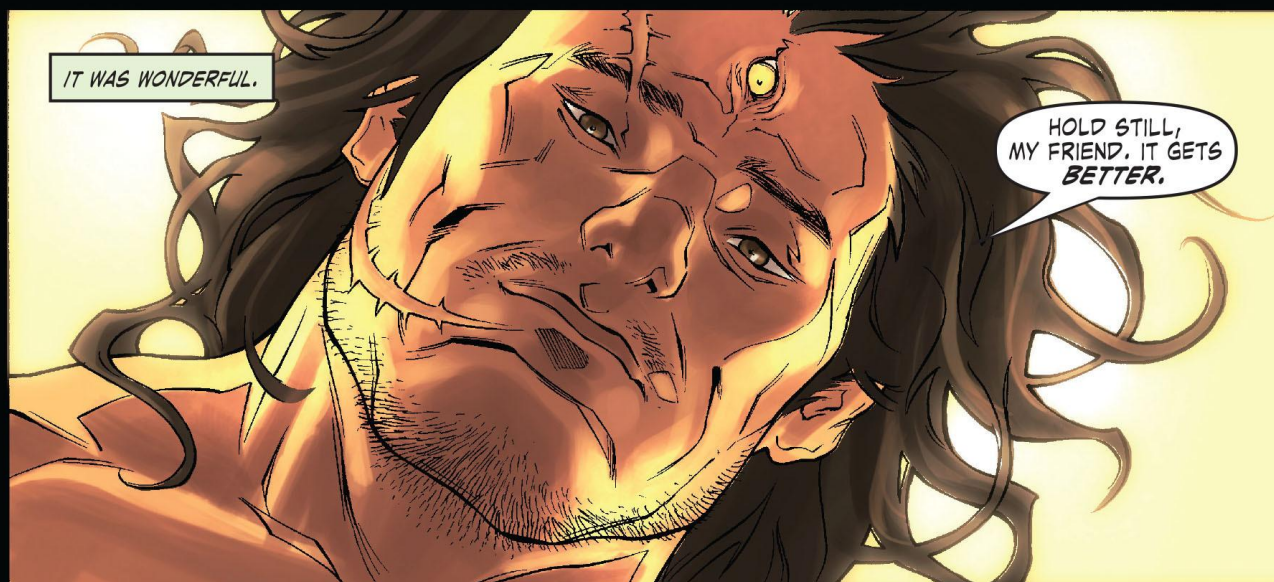


IN FACT...



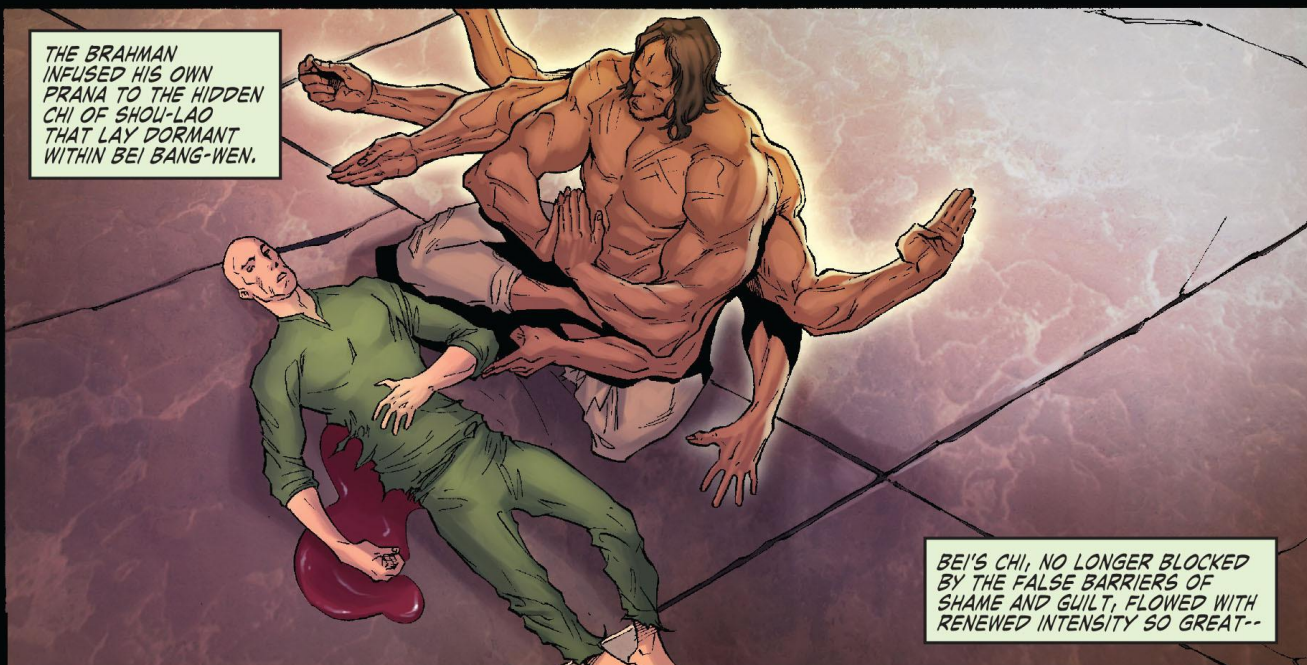
HE WAS FREED FROM LIFE ITSELF.

IT WAS WONDERFUL.



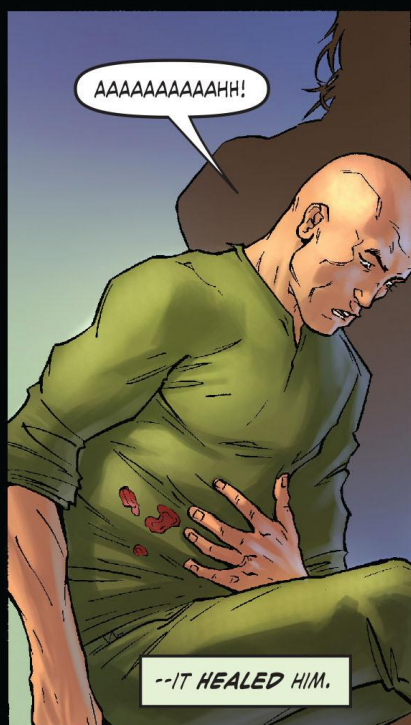
HOLD STILL, MY FRIEND. IT GETS BETTER.

THE BRAHMAN
INFUSED HIS OWN
PRANA TO THE HIDDEN
CHI OF SHOU-LAO
THAT LAY DORMANT
WITHIN BEI BANG-WEN.



BEI'S CHI, NO LONGER BLOCKED
BY THE FALSE BARRIERS OF
SHAME AND GUILT, FLOWED WITH
RENEWED INTENSITY SO GREAT--

AAAAAAAHHH!



--IT HEALED HIM.

THANK YOU.



UNBELIEVABLE!

MIRACULOUS!



I ONLY
FREED WHAT WAS
ALWAYS WITHIN YOU,
MY BROTHER.



AND THUS DID
TWO HOLY WAR
DEITIES SURVIVE
THEIR SELF-
IMPOSED EXILE
AND BETRAYAL
BY TIGER JANI.

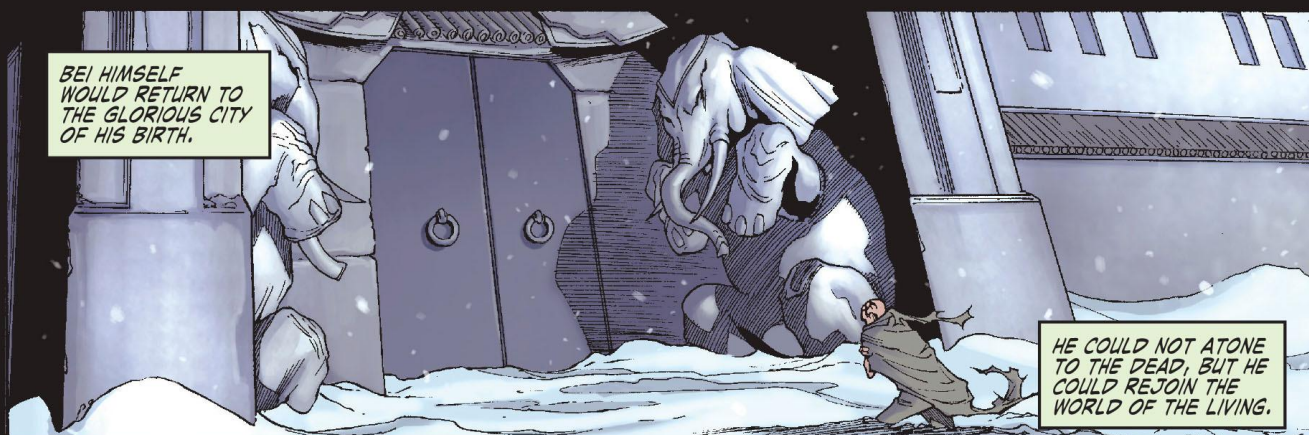
USING HIS PERFECT STRATEGY MIND ONCE MORE, BEI BANG-WEN DETERMINED THE WAY TO VICTORY.



VIVATMA VISVAJIT WOULD ADOPT THE ROLE OF HIS BELOVED EMPEROR, BAHADUR SHAH ZAFAR II, AND THUS WOULD HIS SUBJECTS HAVE A THING TO BELIEVE IN.

A HERO TO FIGHT FOR.

BEI HIMSELF WOULD RETURN TO THE GLORIOUS CITY OF HIS BIRTH.



HE COULD NOT ATONE TO THE DEAD, BUT HE COULD REJOIN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.

HE RELINQUISHED HIS POWERS--THE CHI OF SHOU-LAO, THE MYSTICAL FORCE THAT MADE HIM THE IRON FIST--BACK UNTO K'UN-LUN.



AND SO THE CYCLE OF THE IRON FIST COULD BEGIN AGAIN.

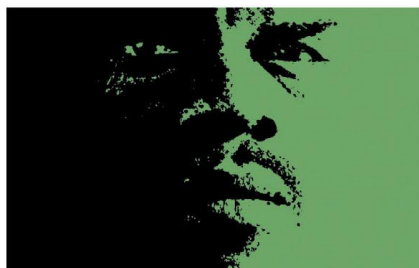
HE HAD A WIFE, AND TOGETHER THEY HAD A FAMILY OF THIRTEEN SONS.

THAT HE DIED IN THE MUD AND THE BLOOD AT THE FORTS OF TAKU REMAINS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF HIS IMMORTAL LEGEND.



THE END

NEXT ISSUE



THE PARTNER

THE FRIEND

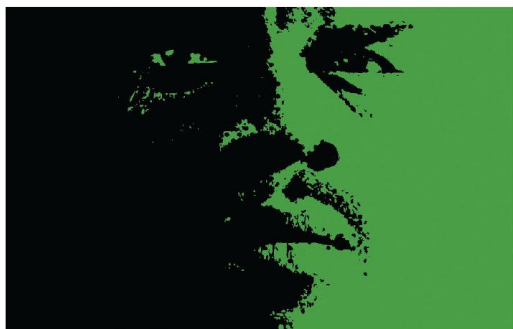


THE LOVER



THE
IMMORTAL
IRON
FIST

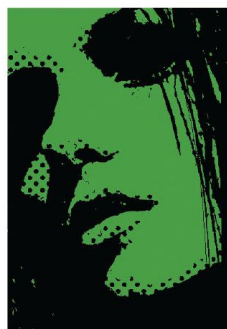




THE PARTNER



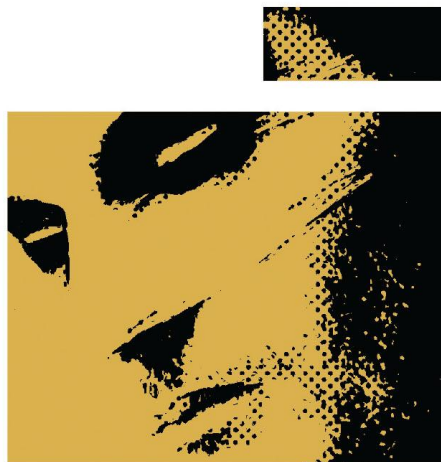
THE FRIEND



THE LOVER



THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST





*The Thunder Dojo teaches
its students no less.*

*I couldn't be
prouder of them.*

"Happy Birthday Danny"

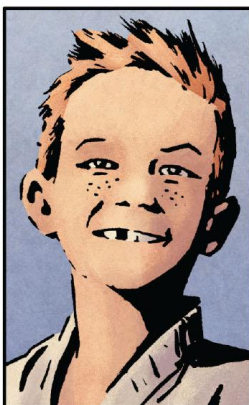
Matt Fraction David Aja Matt Hollingsworth Dave Lanphear
Writer Art Color Art Letterer
Alejandro Arbona Warren Simons Joe Quesada Dan Buckley
Assistant Editor Editor Editor in Chief Publisher



*The space was apparently
an old furniture warehouse
that **Rand International**
had acquired somewhere
along the line, up in **Harlem**.*

*It's in the heart of a neighborhood
that's seen better days.*

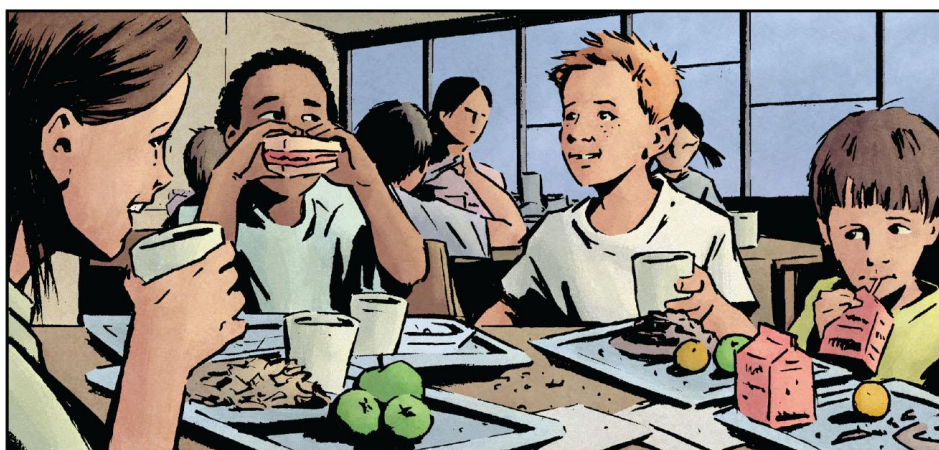
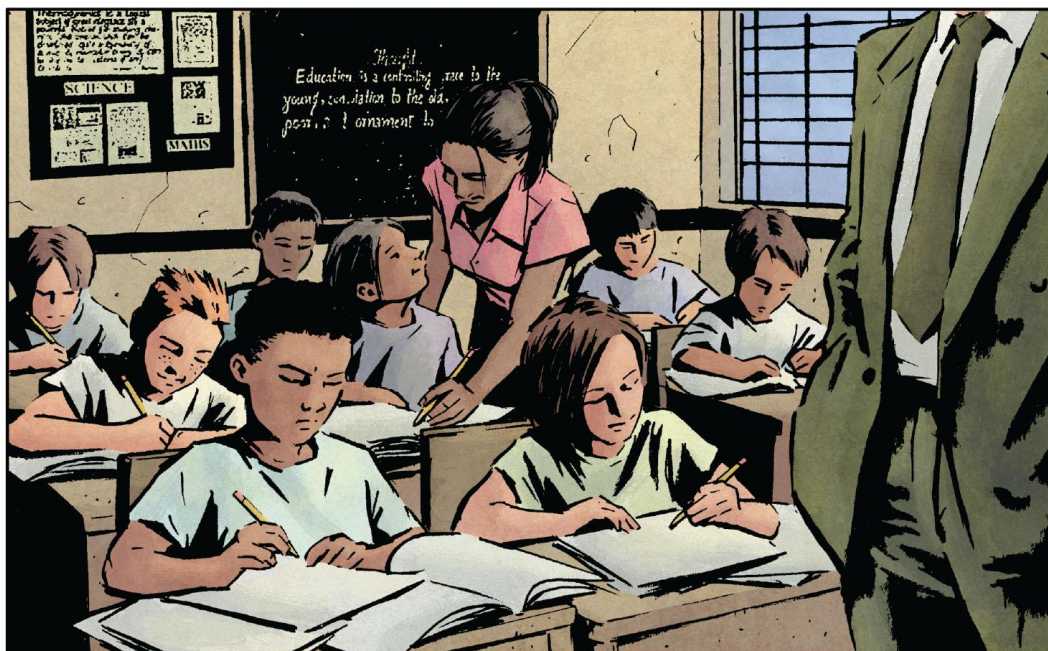
And it's a neighborhood full of kids...



*...almost all of 'em needing a place like the **Dojo** to come after school.*

We have tutors,
too, to help 'em
with schoolwork.

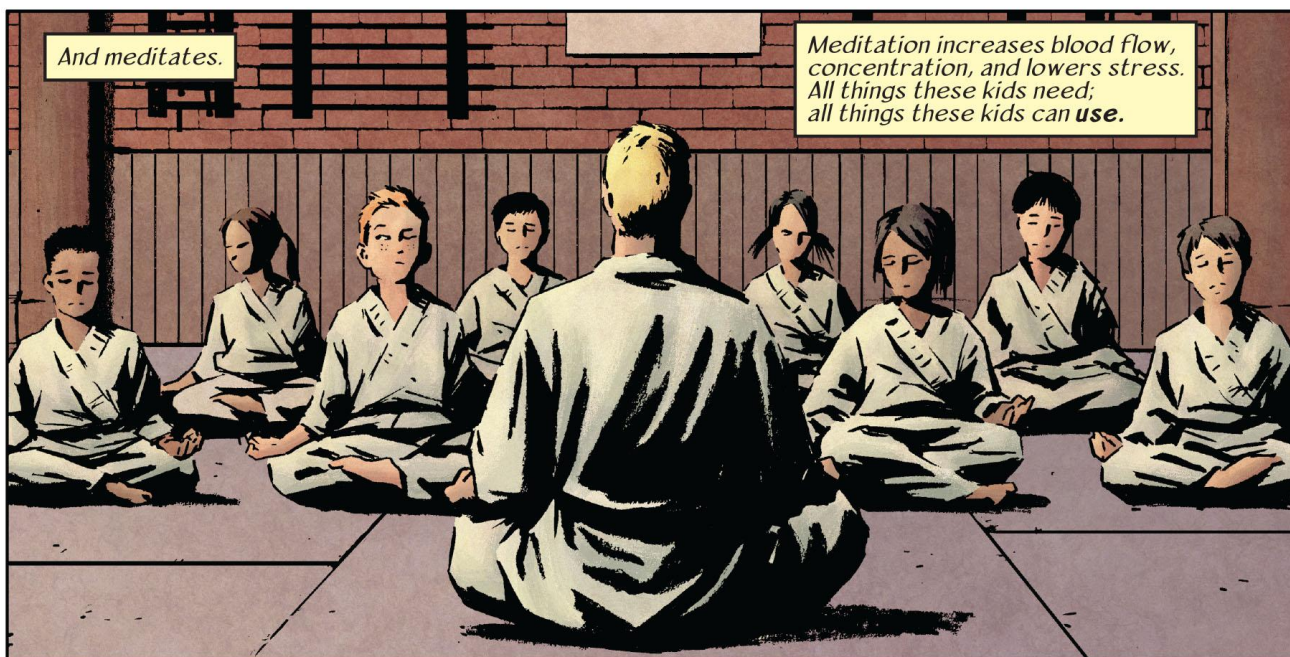
The better the
grades, the more
privileges they get.



Thirteen million-some
hungry kids in this country.
Although the government
doesn't call it "hungry."
The government calls it
being "food insecure."

Being "food insecure" ruins
health, raises infection rates,
creates **psychosocial** issues,
causes problems with
aggression, and absolutely
runs riot over academic
performance.

So here, everybody eats.



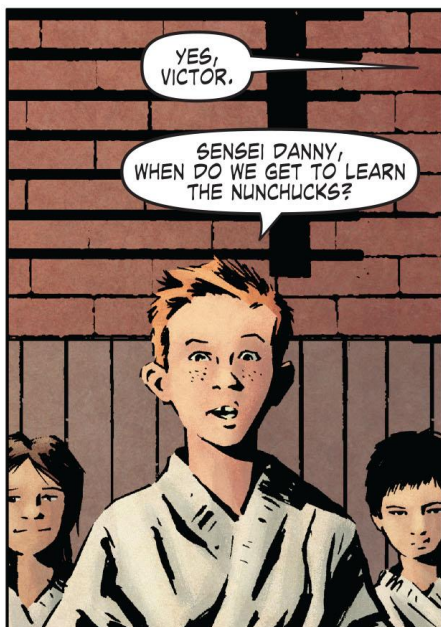
And meditates.

Meditation increases blood flow,
concentration, and lowers stress.
All things these kids need;
all things these kids can **use**.

Hell, after the
last few months,
I can use it, too.



SENSEI
DANNY...?

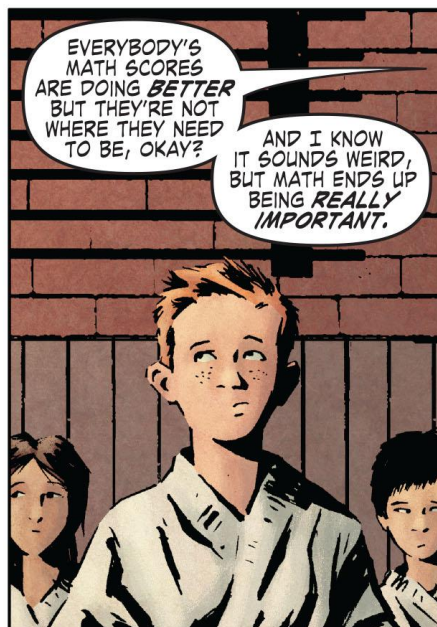


YES,
VICTOR.

SENSEI DANNY,
WHEN DO WE GET TO LEARN
THE NUNCHUCKS?



WELL, WHEN
ARE YOUR MATH
GRADES GOING
TO HIT A
B AVERAGE?



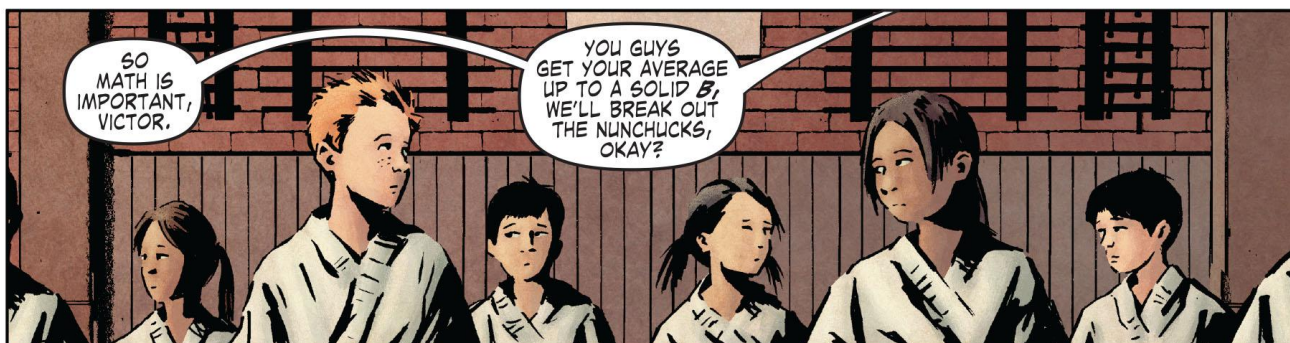
EVERYBODY'S
MATH SCORES
ARE DOING *BETTER*
BUT THEY'RE NOT
WHERE THEY NEED
TO BE, OKAY?

AND I KNOW
IT SOUNDS WEIRD,
BUT MATH ENDS UP
BEING *REALLY*
IMPORTANT.

3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197169399375105820974944592307816
406286213534211706798214808651328230664709384460955058223172
53594102701938521105559644622948954109756
6593167831652712019091456485669231648213
39361870066063155881748815209209636789
259030466521384146951941511609433030921
8611738111854807446237996274956735188583011
94912983367336244065664308602139494639522473719070253921
71762931767523846748184676694051320005681271452635607577896
09173637178721468440901224953430146549585371050792279689256923542019956

YOU THINK
TO YOURSELF, OH, IT'S
JUST MATH, HOW IMPORTANT
CAN IT BE, I'M NOT GONNA BE
A *BANKER*, I'LL JUST USE
A CALCULATOR WHEN I'M A
GROWN-UP, RIGHT?

THEN ONE
DAY SOMEONE
GIVES YOU A FOLDER
FULL OF NUMBERS THAT
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO
ADD UP AND IT TURNS OUT
A CRAZY SUPER-VILLAIN IS
TRYING TO TAKE OVER
YOUR COMPANY.



SO
MATH IS
IMPORTANT,
VICTOR.

YOU GUYS
GET YOUR AVERAGE
UP TO A SOLID *B*;
WE'LL BREAK OUT
THE NUNCHUCKS,
OKAY?



NUNCHUCKS!

MATH!

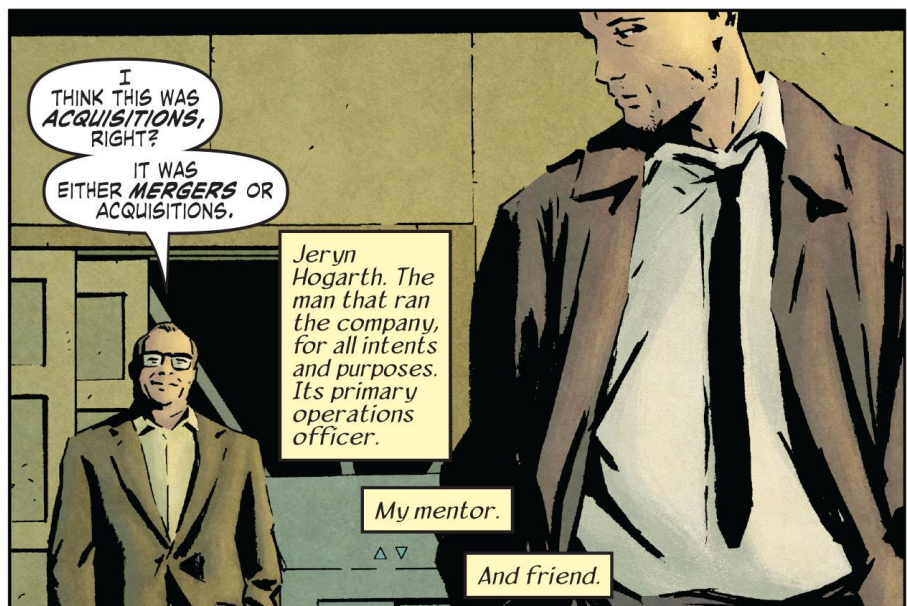
ELBOW
STRIKES NEXT, GUYS--
HARD TO BLOCK AND
DEVASTATING WHEN THEY
CONNECT--!

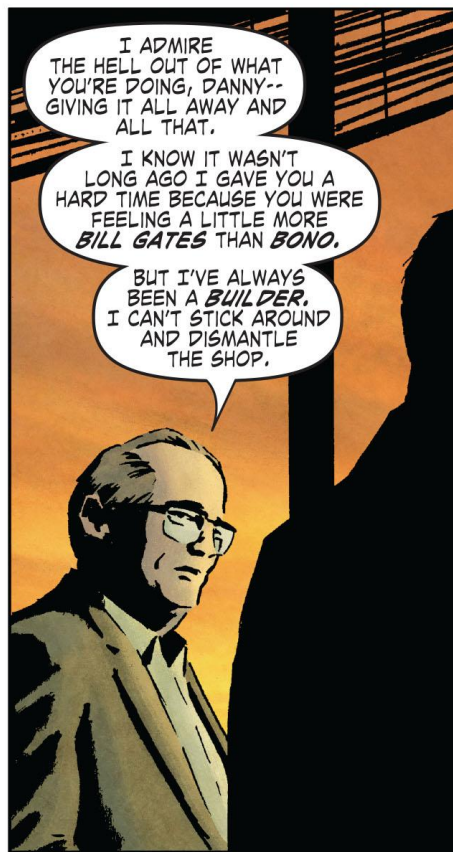
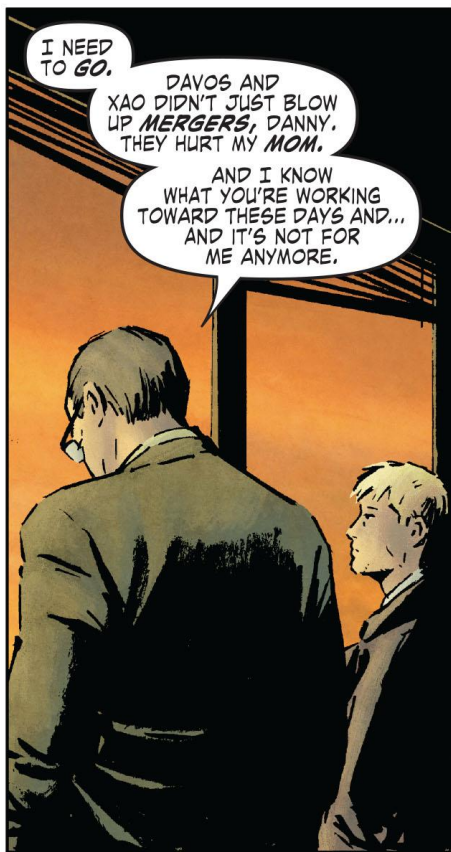
I spend a few hours
here most weekdays.

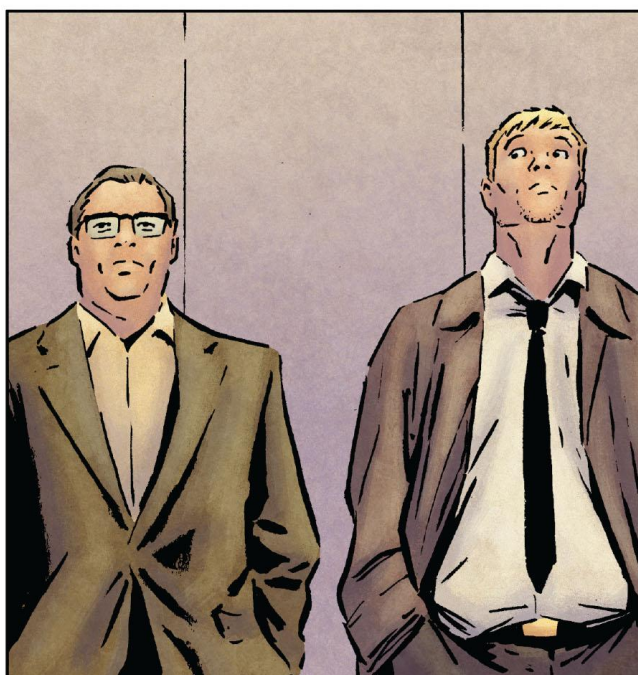
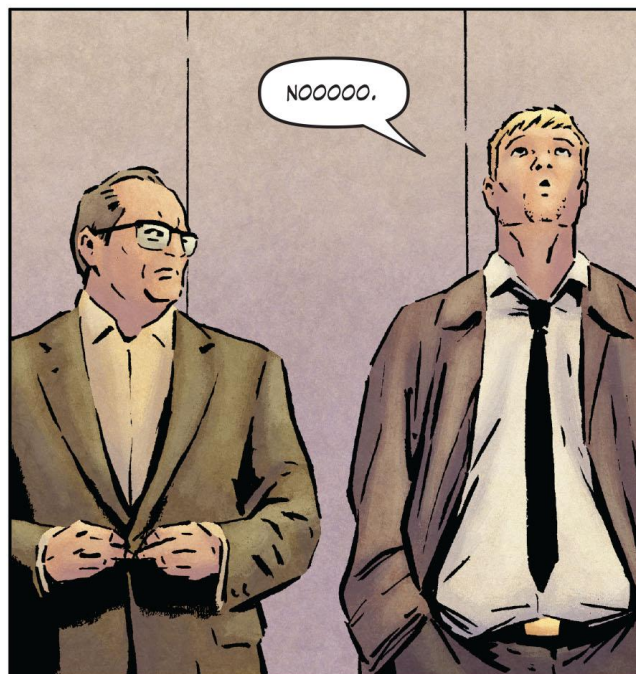
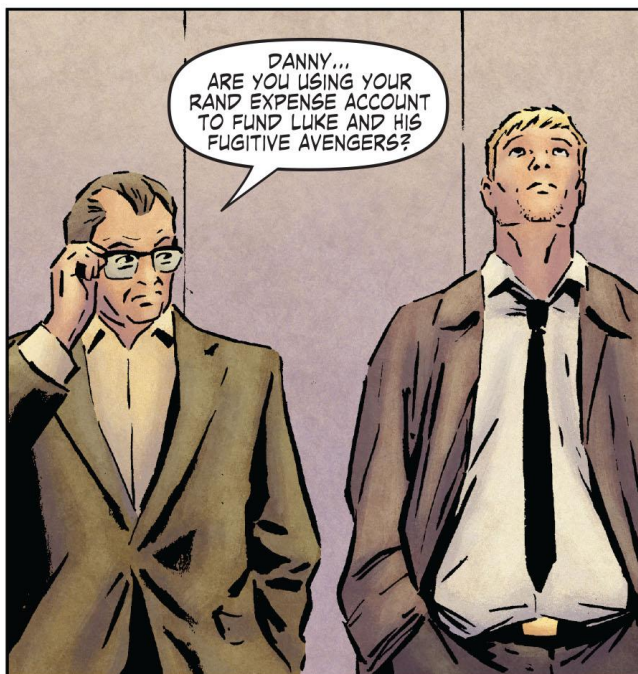
It's as often as I can manage with
all the changes I've been making
to *Rand International* lately...



Transforming us from this into that, though...
...means there's a whole lot of **changes** happening on every level.









YEAH? HAVE YOU FOUND THE EIGHTH CITY?

The Iron Fist is the **Immortal Weapon** of the mystical city of K'un-Lun...one of **seven weapons**, from one of **seven cities**, that each appear on Earth in an arcane celestial sequence.

John Aman--
the Prince
of Orphans.

Me.

Fat Cobra.

Bride of
Nine Spiders.

Tiger's
beautiful
daughter.

Dog Brother #1.

We Weapons were made to combat each other in a dimension-spanning kung fu tournament.

A madman named Xao tried to destroy K'un-Lun, and the other cities, until we joined together and fought him back.

WE
CANNOT PROVE
IT A *LIE*.

Before he died...Xao
spoke of an *eighth* city.

THAT'S
YOUR NEWS?
WE CAN'T PROVE
IT *DON'T*
EXIST?

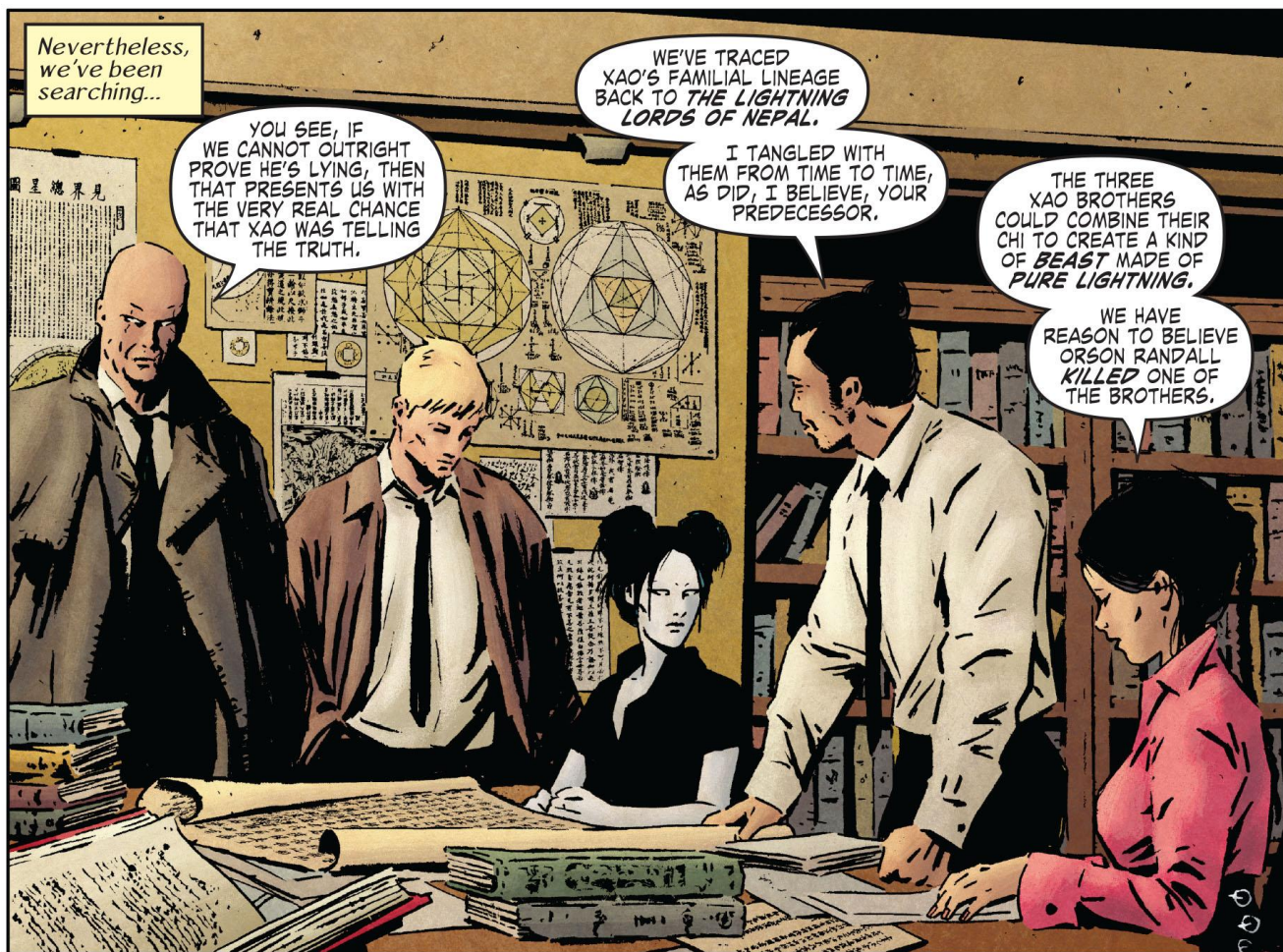
It has...*vexed*
us...to put it mildly.

Some of the Weapons left
their homes and returned
to New York, with me, to
seek the city out...

...although I suspect some of them just wanted to spend a little time here.

DANNY RAND!
JOIN US IN THE
SCOURING OF THESE
MANY SCROLLS!

ALREADY I HAVE
LEARNED SEVERAL LOST
LANGUAGES AND OF
SEVERAL FASCINATING
MYTH CYCLES!



Nevertheless,
we've been
searching...

YOU SEE, IF
WE CANNOT OUTRIGHT
PROVE HE'S LYING, THEN
THAT PRESENTS US WITH
THE VERY REAL CHANCE
THAT XAO WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH.

WE'VE TRACED
XAO'S FAMILIAL LINEAGE
BACK TO *THE LIGHTNING
LORDS OF NEPAL*.

I TANGLED WITH
THEM FROM TIME TO TIME,
AS DID, I BELIEVE, YOUR
PREDECESSOR.

THE THREE
XAO BROTHERS
COULD COMBINE THEIR
CHI TO CREATE A KIND
OF *BEAST* MADE OF
PURE LIGHTNING.

WE HAVE
REASON TO BELIEVE
ORSON RANDALL
KILLED ONE OF
THE BROTHERS.



IT LOOKS
LIKE *YOUR
PREDECESSOR*
EMPLOYED XAO, IF I'M
READING THIS RIGHT.
USED HIM AS A BOUNTY
HUNTER TO HUNT
DOWN ORSON.



DID THE
PREVIOUS *BRIDE* EVER
MENTION--

AAH--

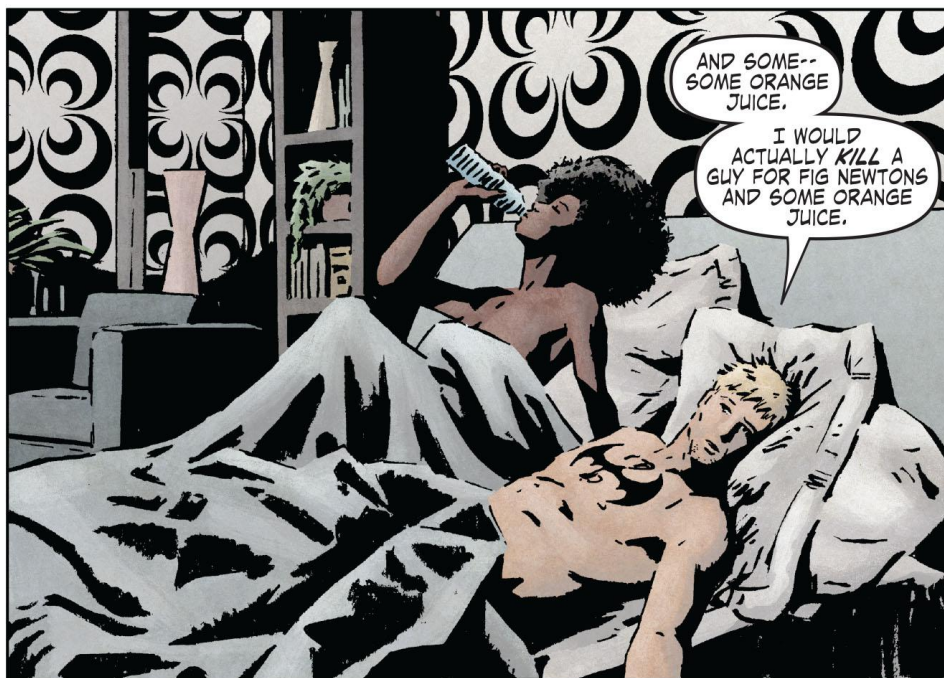
III KNOW WHAAAT
DAY ITTT ISSS,
DANNIEL RANNND.



OHOOHHH-KAY.
THAT WAS
CREEPY.

KEEP
DIGGING.
I'LL BE BACK
SOON.

I HAVE
A MEETING ACROSS
TOWN I HAVE TO GET TO.
BIG MEETING. *CRAZY*
IMPORTANT.





WE'RE COMPLICATED.



MAYBE I DON'T WANT TO BE COMPLICATED ANYMORE.

OR MAYBE I JUST CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE COMPLICATIONS, I DON'T KNOW.



LOOK, THIS THING-- THE IRON FIST--IT'S NOT A **JOB**, IT'S NOT A HOBBY. IT'S NOT FANTASY BASEBALL AND IT'S NOT A THING I DO WITH MY PALS ON WEEKENDS--



IT'S AS MUCH WHO I AM AS BEING... **BEING YOU** IS A PART OF YOU.



IT GETS IN THE WAY, OF THE HUMAN STUFF. I KNOW THAT, YOU KNOW THAT, OKAY.

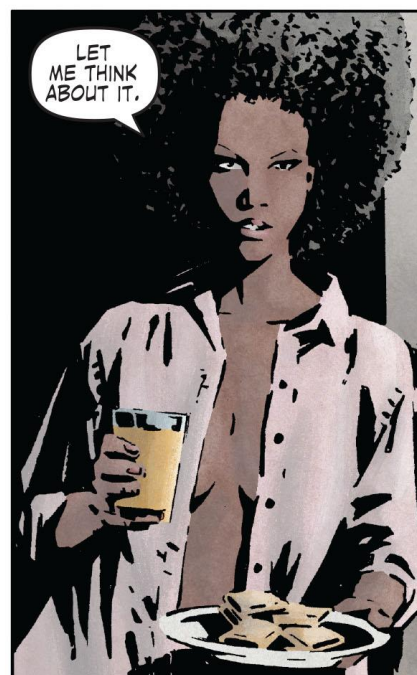
WHAT I'M SAYING IS--IF WE KNOW THAT, ISN'T THAT AS BAD AS IT GETS? ISN'T THAT AS **COMPLICATED**?



I'M TIRED OF BEING WITH YOU BETWEEN THE MOMENTS OF MY LIFE.

SO WHAT **ARE** WE, MISTY? WHAT ARE WE **DOING**? WE'RE EITHER YOU AND ME, OR--OR WE'RE NOT.

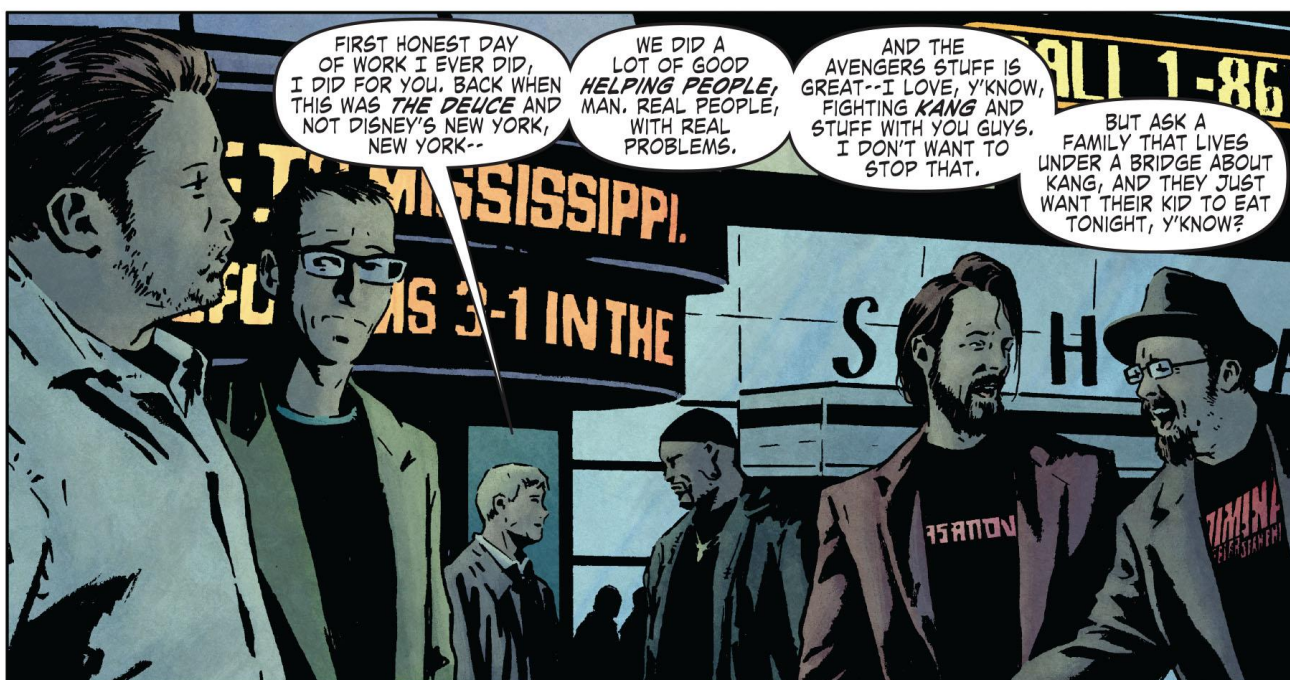
YOU TELL ME.



LET ME THINK ABOUT IT.







I never get around to telling him that I don't sleep much at all anymore.

I've got too much to do these days...



It started off as a veterans' outreach.

But then you get down to the homeless camps and--well, how do you tell one guy he gets some food because he served, and another guy he doesn't because he didn't?

Surviving everything--the attack on Rand, Xiao, the kung fu tournament... all of it just brought the rest of my life into focus.

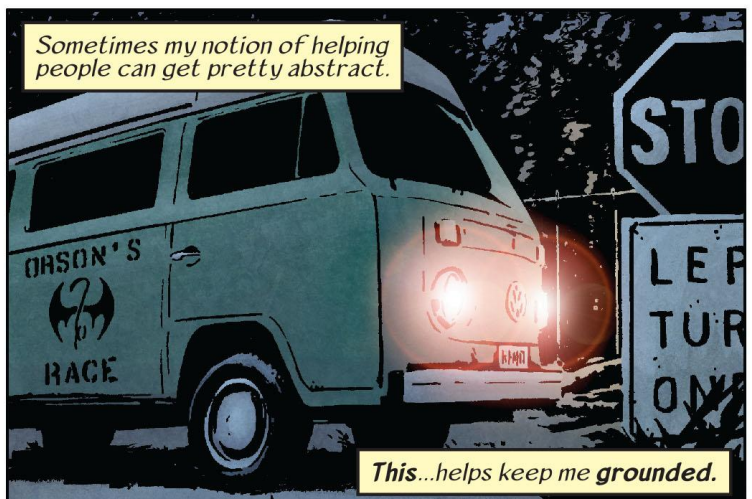


So a few times a week we load up the van and go around to the homeless camps.

It seems, quite literally some nights, like the absolute least I can do.



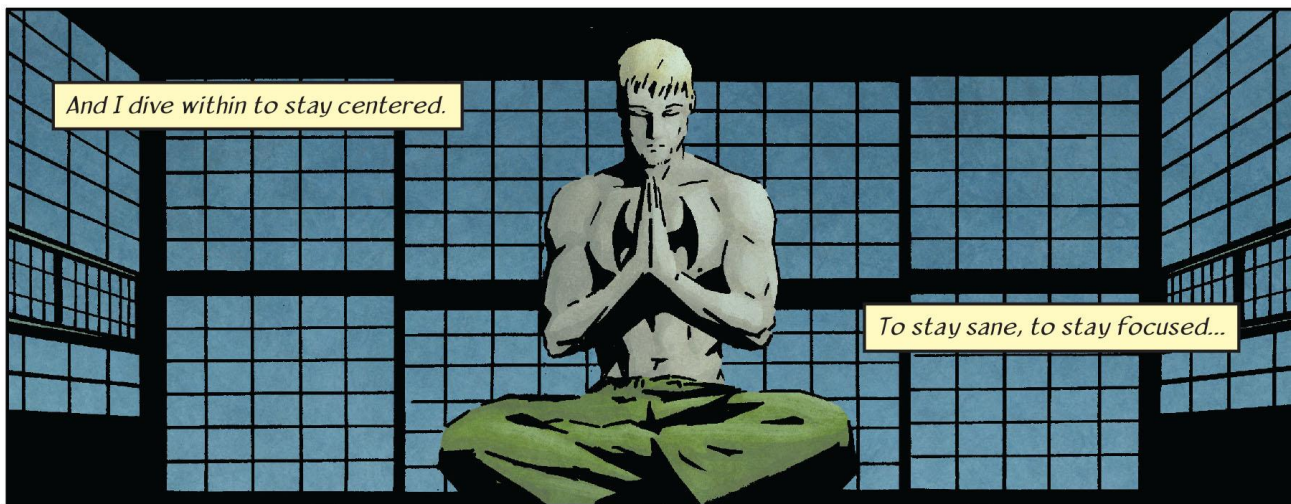
Sometimes my notion of helping people can get pretty abstract.



I'm the scion of a centuries-spanning kung fu dynasty and a billionaire.



This...helps keep me grounded.



And I dive within to stay centered.

To stay sane, to stay focused...



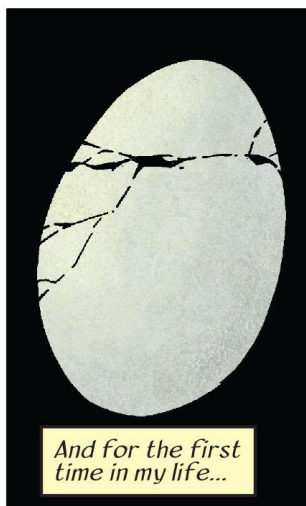
...I dive into the chi of Shou-Lao...



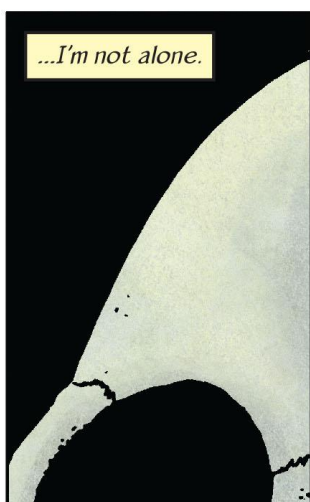
...into myself, into my...



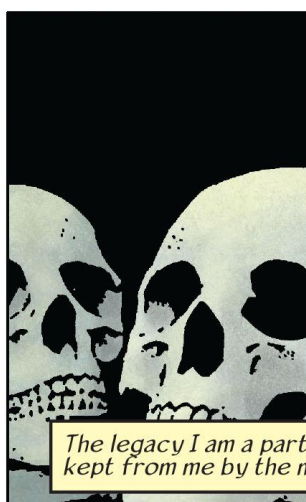
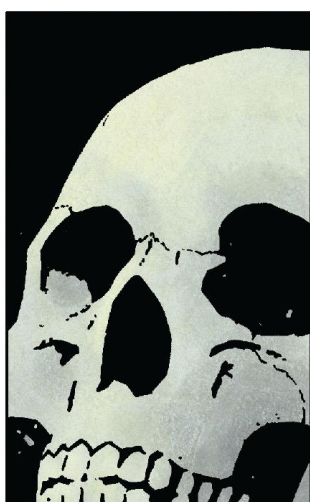
...into my soul.



And for the first time in my life...



...I'm not alone.



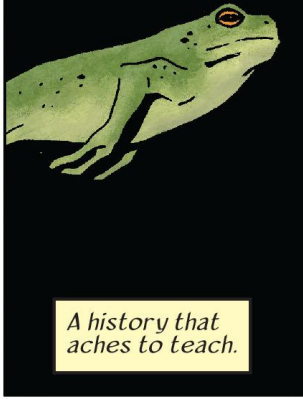
The legacy I am a part of is no longer a secret kept from me by the mysterious and powerful...



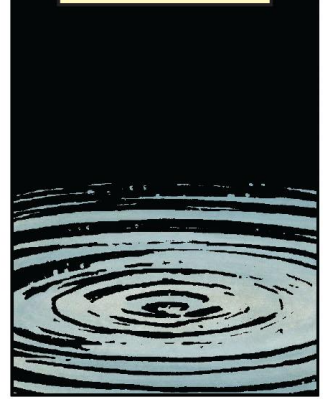
...but a **family** that welcomes me if I just reach out to them.



A history that aches to teach.



And I am its most eager student.



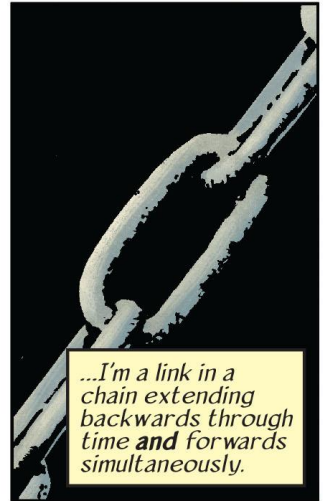
I barely remember a time when I didn't feel like an orphan, an **outworlder**, a tourist, or an impostor.



But now...



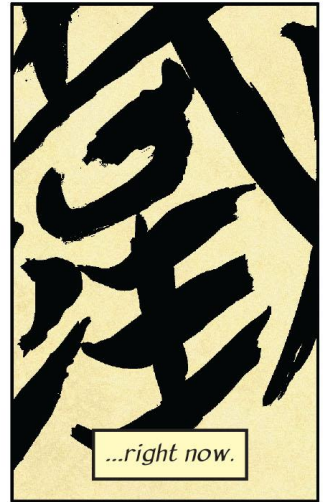
...I'm a link in a chain extending backwards through time **and** forwards simultaneously.



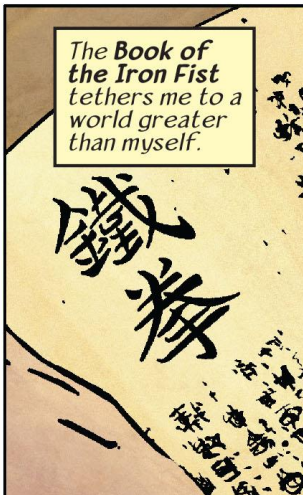
I have never been **more** of who and what I am than I am...



...right now.



The **Book of the Iron Fist** tethers me to a world greater than myself.



And in its pages, I am **home**. I am **safe**--





WHOA.

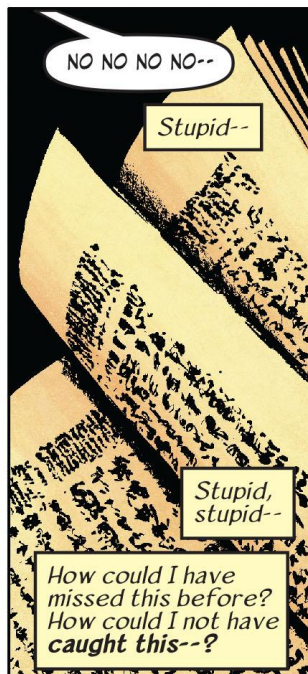


WAIT.

C'MON
C'MON
C'MON--



--DAMMIT. NO.



NO NO NO NO--

Stupid--

Stupid,
stupid--

How could I have
missed this before?
How could I not have
caught this--?

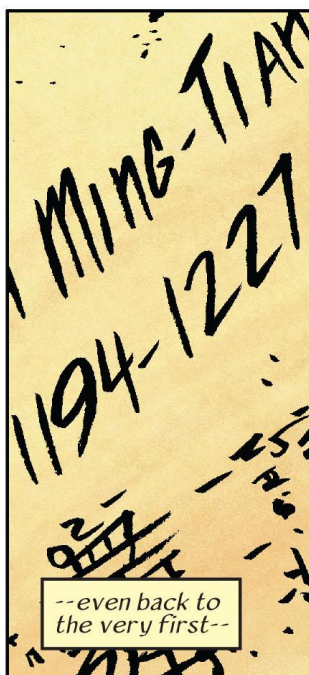


Every Iron Fist--

BANG-WEN
1827-1860



--every single one--



MING-TIAN
1194-1227

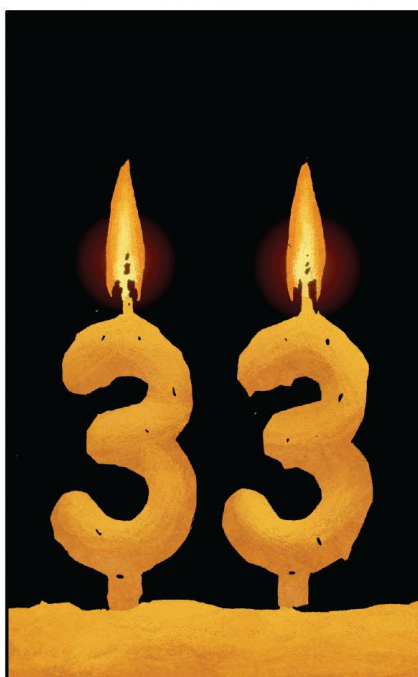
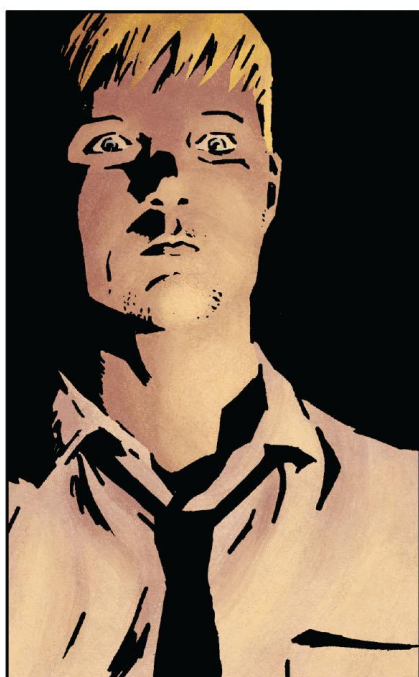
--even back to
the very first--



They've all died
at thirty-three.

The same age Orson was
when he went missing.

DANNY...?





NEXT ISSUE



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MARVEL

ONE-SHOT

1

THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST®

ORSON RANDALL AND THE GREEN MIST OF DEATH



FRACTION
DRAGOTTA
ALLRED
HEATH
LAROSA
GAUDIANO
HOLLINGSWORTH

Haare
andrews
.com

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Orson Randall! Hero, adventurer, dashing rogue! Born and raised in the mystical city of K'un-Lun, Orson defeated the dragon Shou-Lao the undying and gained extraordinary powers. With superhuman strength, speed, and fighting prowess, he became the city's Immortal Weapon! But after traveling to Earth and enduring the horrors of World War I, Orson refused to take part in the deadly tournament held every 88 years between K'un-Lun and the six other mystical cities. Resisting his fellow Immortal Weapons' use of force, Orson accidentally killed the Crane Champion of K'un-Zi, and fled.

For the next several decades – long before Danny Rand would travel to K'un-Lun and become successor to the title of the Immortal Iron Fist – Orson roamed the Earth, a bounty on his head. In the company of his makeshift family, the Confederates of the Curious – including Danny's father, Wendell Rand – Orson has evaded the pursuits of the Immortal Weapons and quested around the globe for justice and adventure as...

THE GOLDEN AGE IRON FIST!



Previously:

Danny Rand – the Iron Fist and present-day Immortal Weapon of K'un-Lun – fights a war on many fronts. As the Tournament of Heavenly Cities unfolds, Danny must secure victory for K'un-Lun in order to return to Earth...and he's already lost his first match. But while the round robin elimination moves on, Danny's trainer and master, Lei Kung the Thunderer, has enlisted his aid in revolution. Lei Kung is raising an army by training the women of K'un-Lun in the martial arts, and means to bring down the city's corrupt lord. They face overwhelming odds, and defeat is all but assured.

During the tournament, Danny attempted to befriend the Prince of Orphans – the oldest, most powerful and most venerated of the seven Immortal Weapons – and the least known and most mysterious. But Danny was rebuffed by the enigmatic warrior.

At first, anyway. As Lei Kung and Danny steeled themselves to launch their rebellion at dawn and rewrite the destiny of the Heavenly Cities, Danny was paid a private visit in his quarters. It was the Prince of Orphans – a.k.a. John Aman. He came to Danny bearing the mark of the Thunderer tattooed on his chest, announcing his allegiance to their cause...and asked how Danny knew to trust him. Danny revealed that he'd learned of Aman by reading of the life and adventures of the Iron Fist Orson Randall, where Aman made several appearances...

THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST: ORSON RANDALL AND THE GREEN MIST OF DEATH

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FROM THE MAGICAL MEMOIRS
OF SHADU THE SHADY:
The 53rd Card is an occult
speakeasy where I have
performed my fabulous feats
countless times...



I know every inch of the
theatre, every stitch in the
stage curtain, and yet
tonight, something dreadfully
ominous happened during my
second showing of the night:

LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN.
A PLEASURE TO
SEE YOU ALL.



BE NOT AFRAID
OF THE STRANGE
AND WONDROUS SIGHTS
UNFOLDING BEFORE
YOUR EYES.

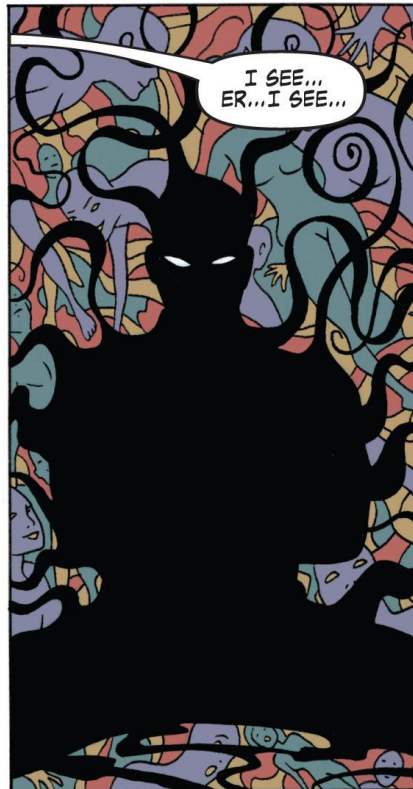
I AM
SHADU THE SHADY,
NOTED MYSTIC AND MAGICAL
TRAVELER TO UNSEEN LANDS,
AND I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU
OF THE MIRACLES I HAVE
WITNESSED.

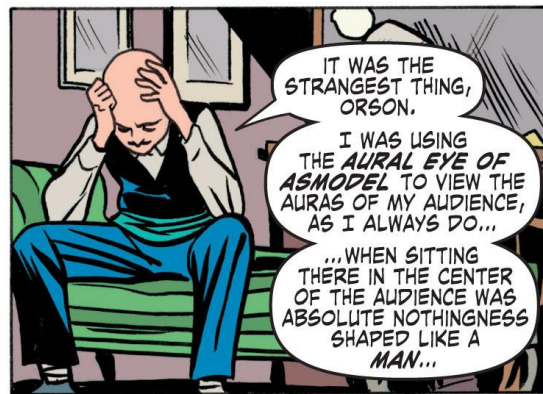


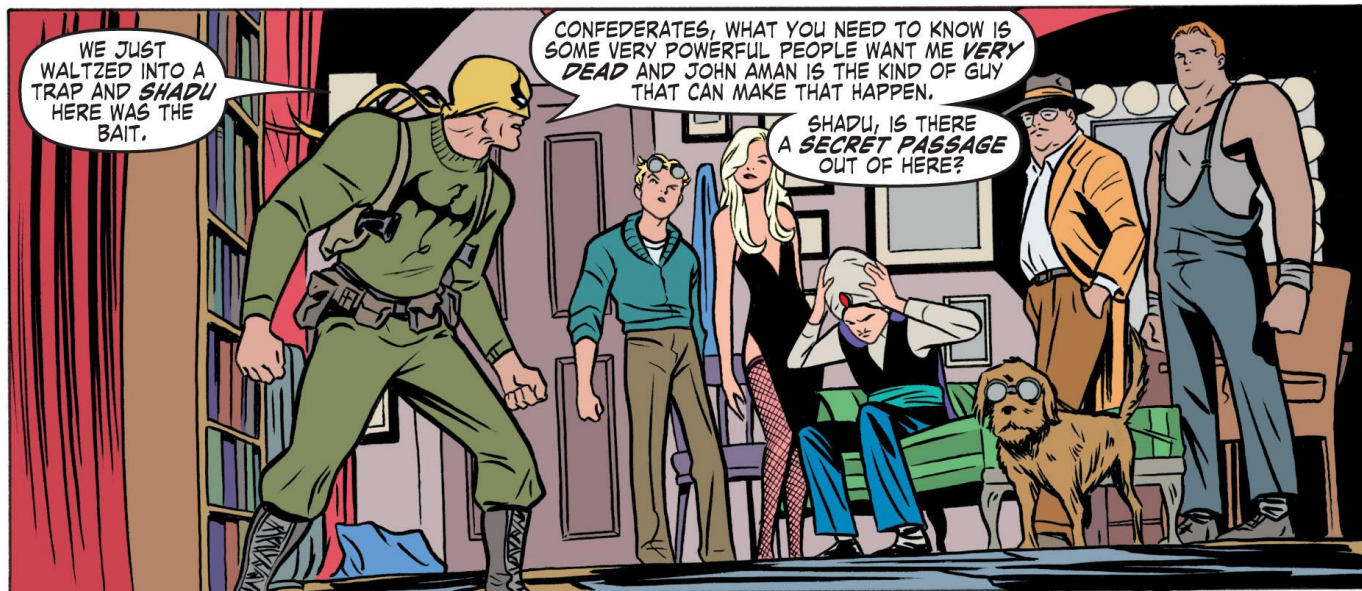
PUT YOUR TRUST IN ME, DEAR
AUDIENCE...OPEN UP YOUR OWN...
PSYCHIC BARRIERS...TO MY
INQUESTS...

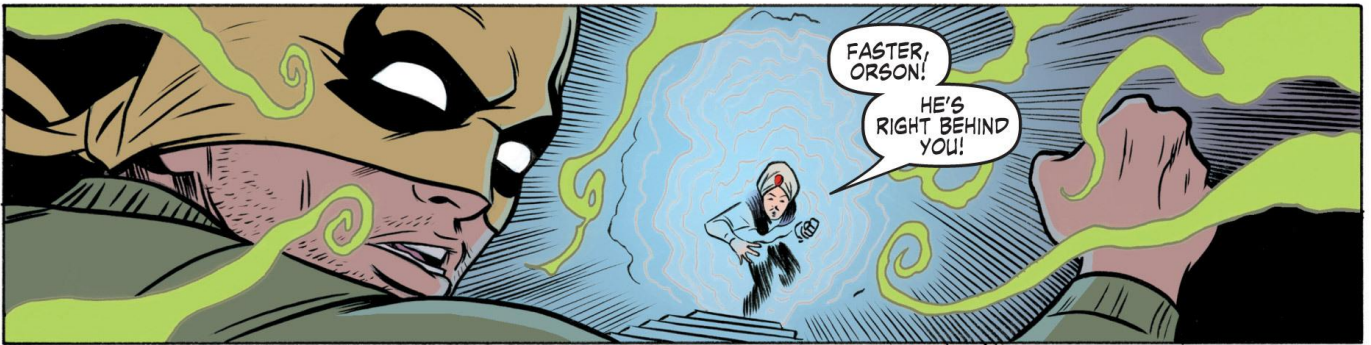
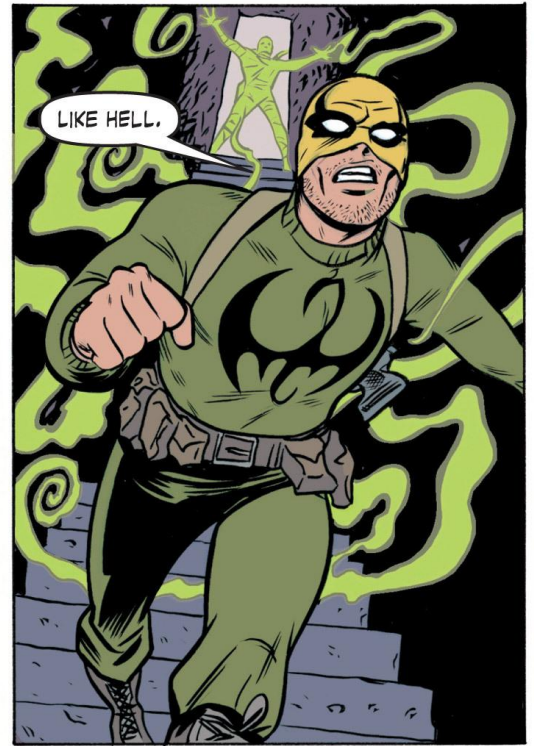


I'M
CASTING...MY
THIRD EYE...ONTO
YOU ALL...

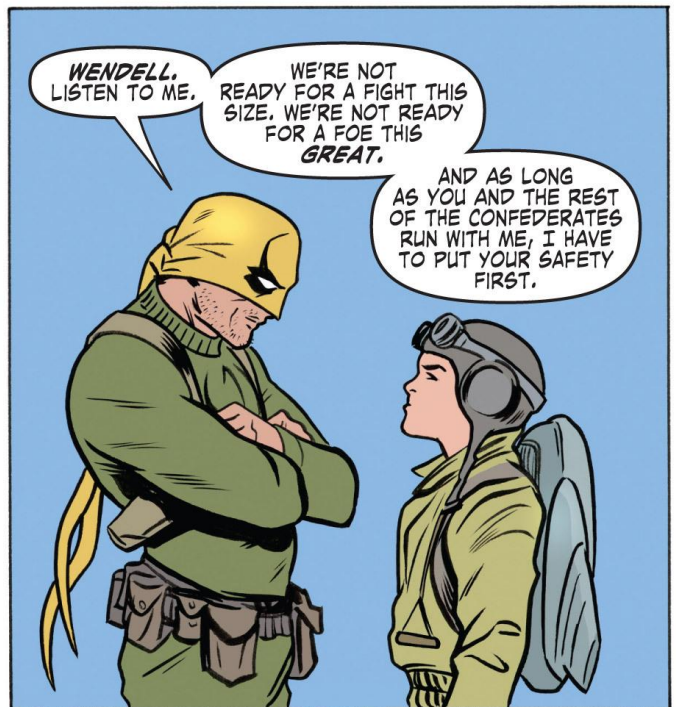


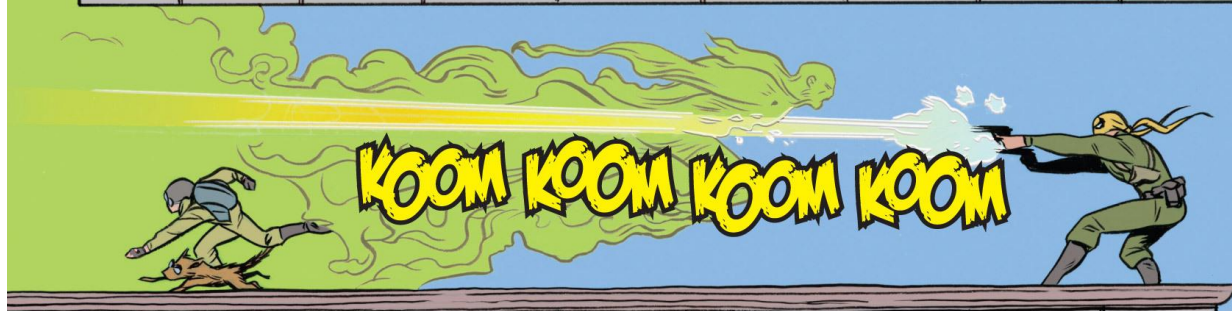


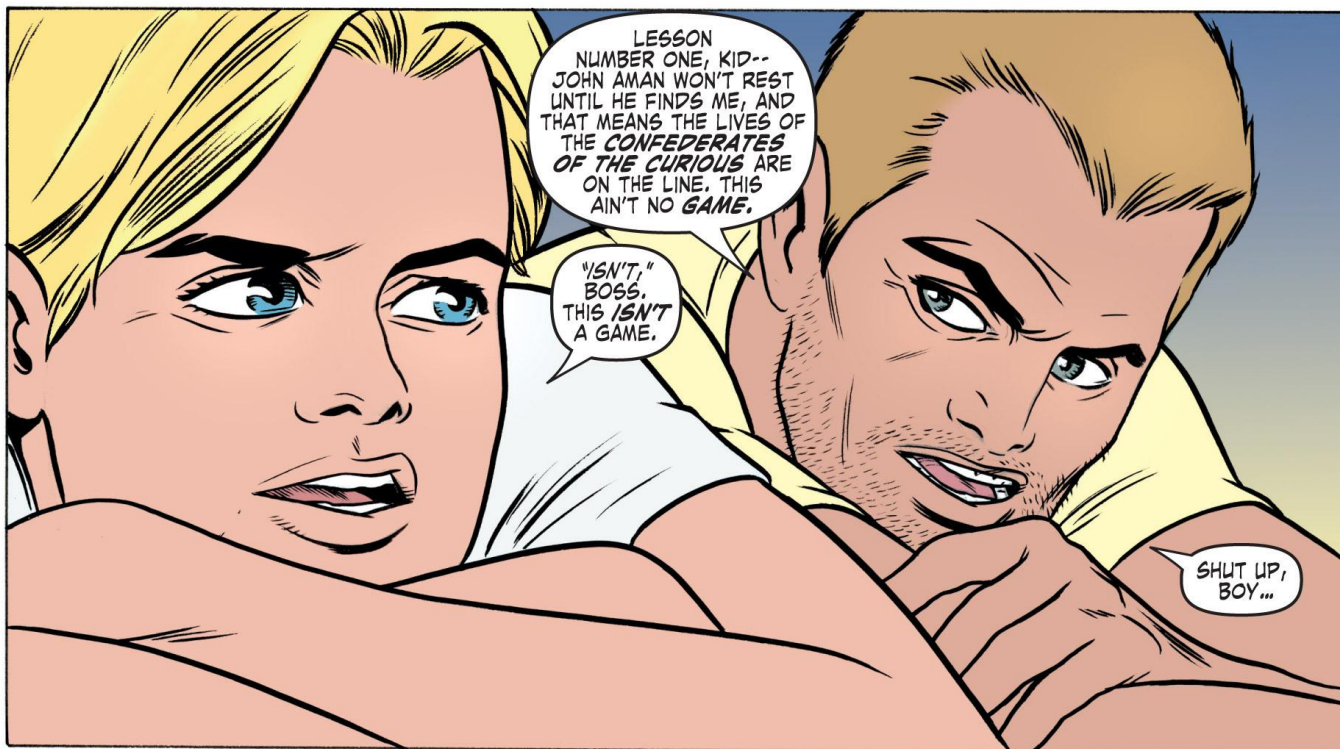
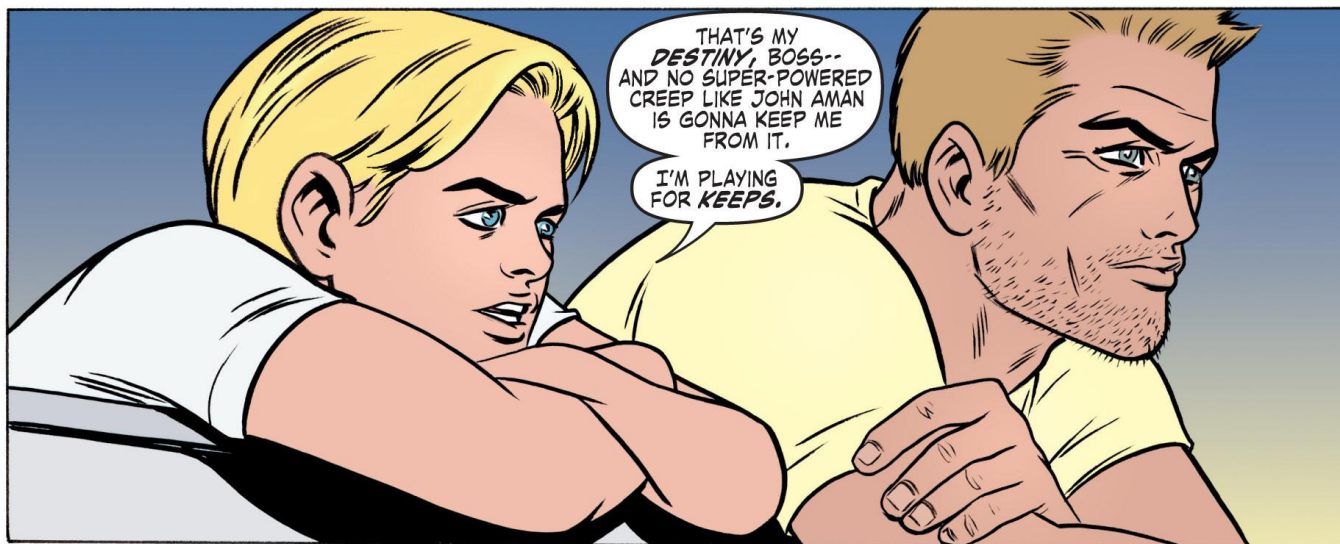
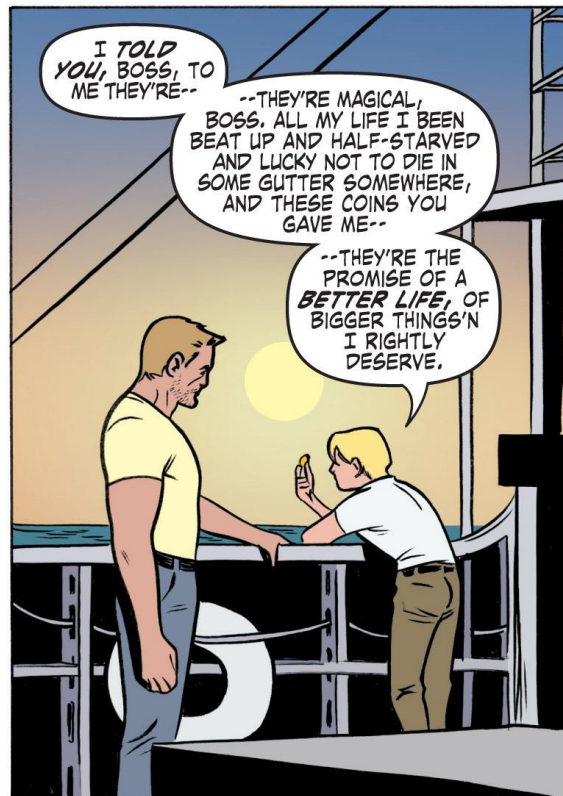


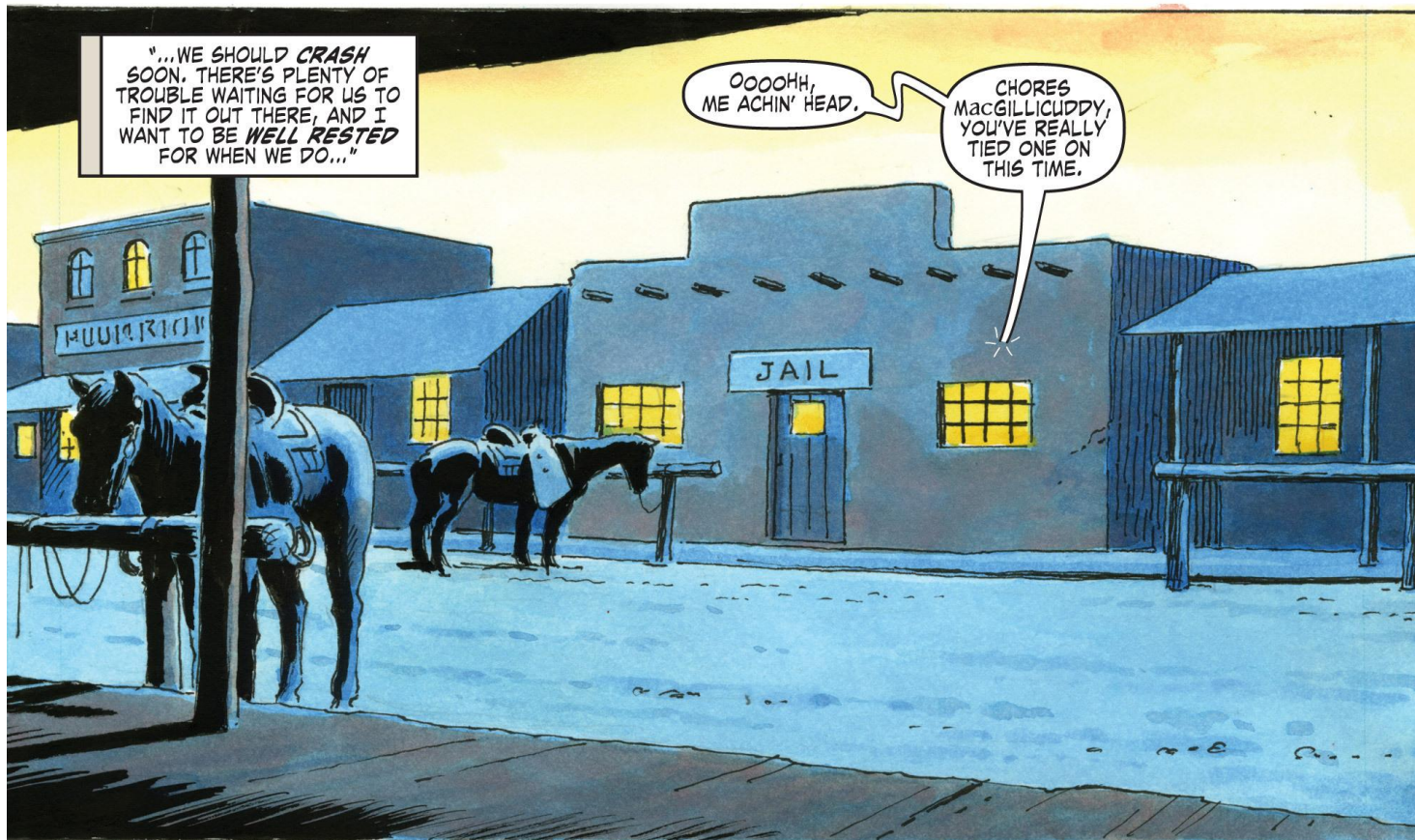








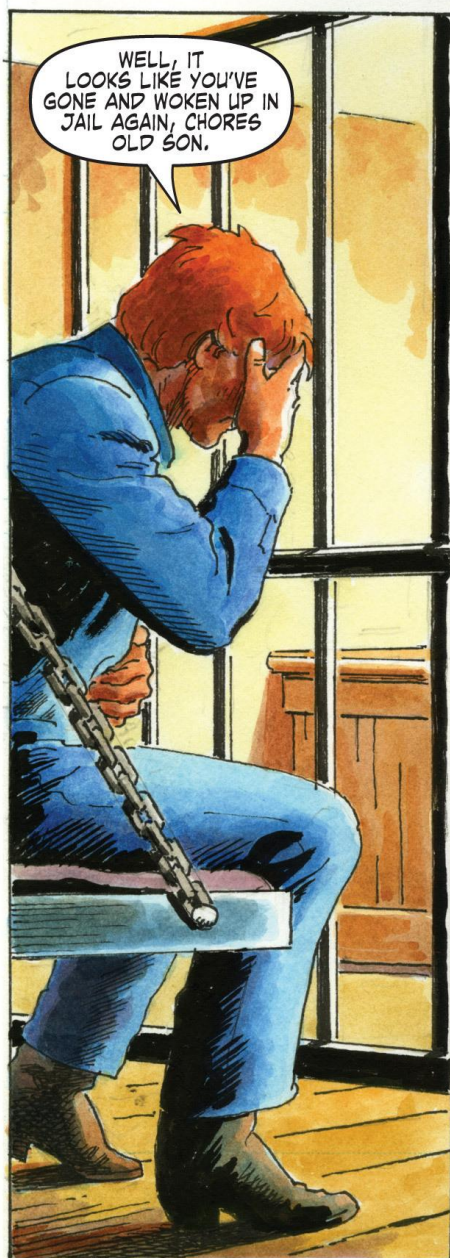




"...WE SHOULD **CRASH** SOON. THERE'S PLENTY OF TROUBLE WAITING FOR US TO FIND IT OUT THERE, AND I WANT TO BE **WELL RESTED** FOR WHEN WE DO..."

OOOOHH, ME ACHIN' HEAD.

CHORES MACGILLICUDDY, YOU'VE REALLY TIED ONE ON THIS TIME.



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GONE AND WOKEN UP IN JAIL AGAIN, CHORES OLD SON.



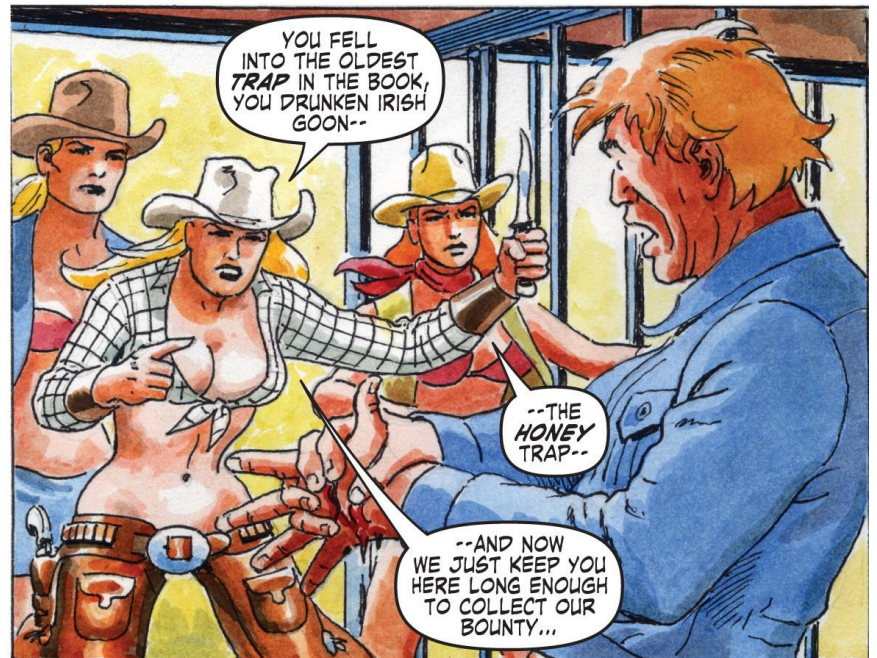
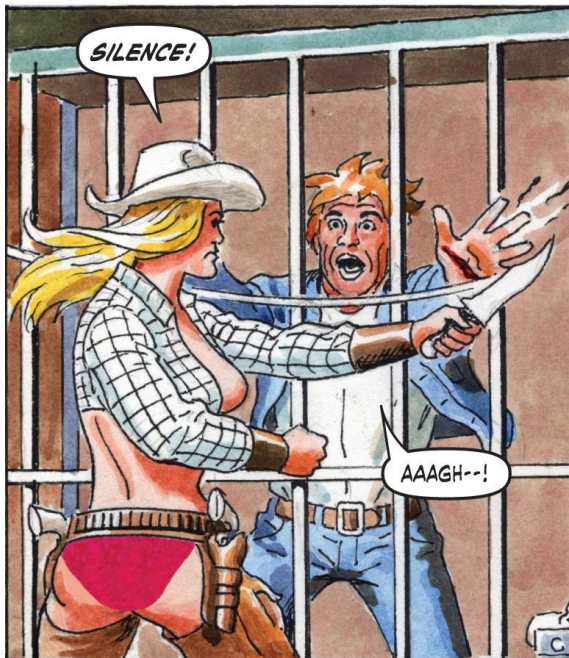
NOT THE FIRST TIME; WON'T BE THE LAST.

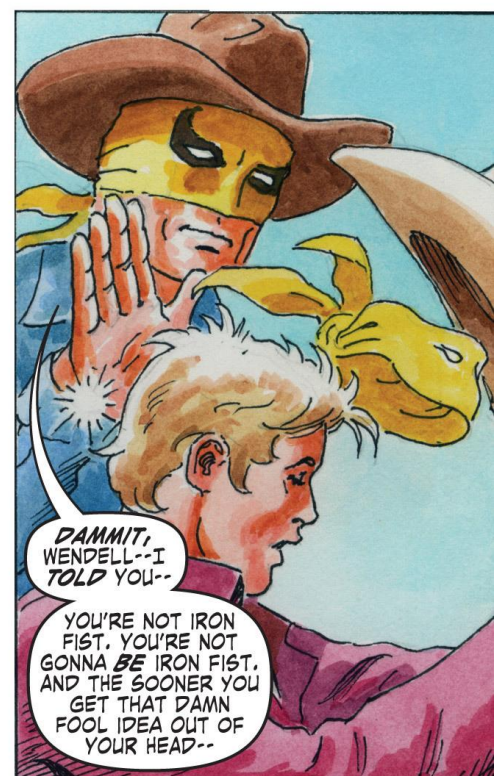
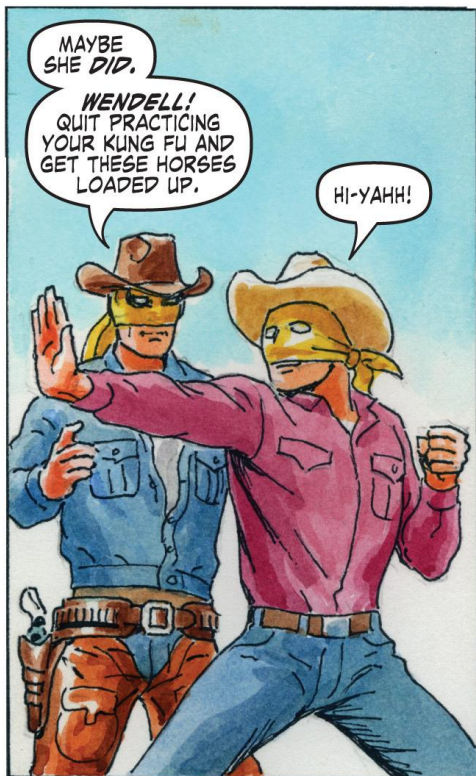
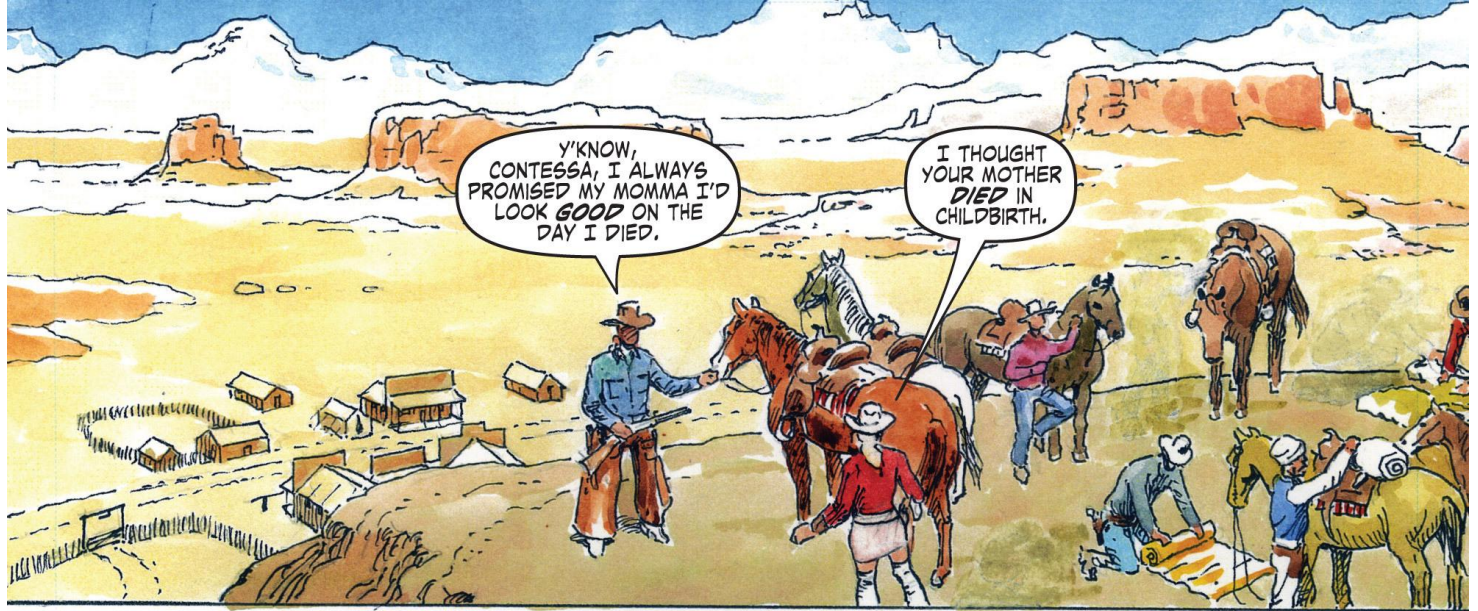
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE **DEGENERATE**.

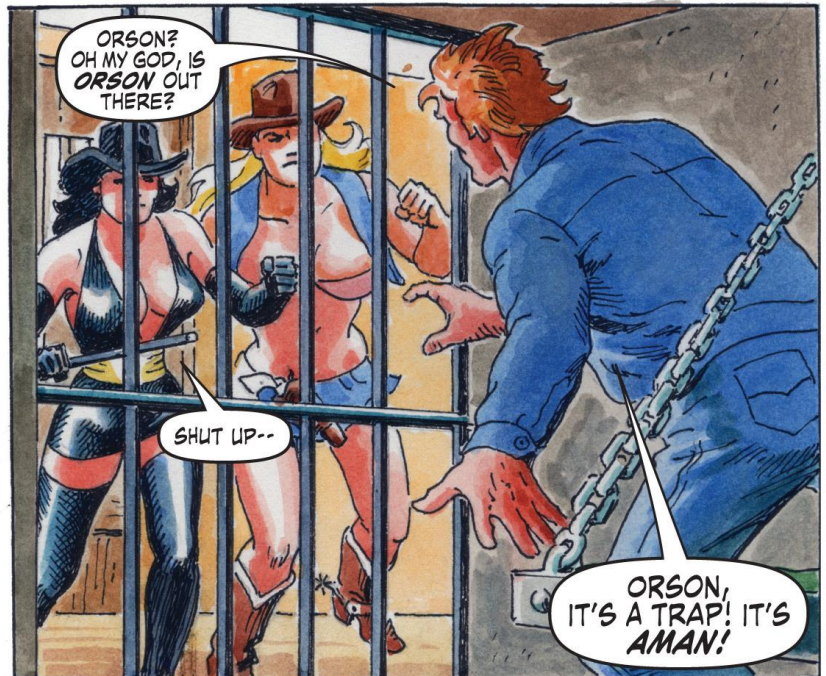
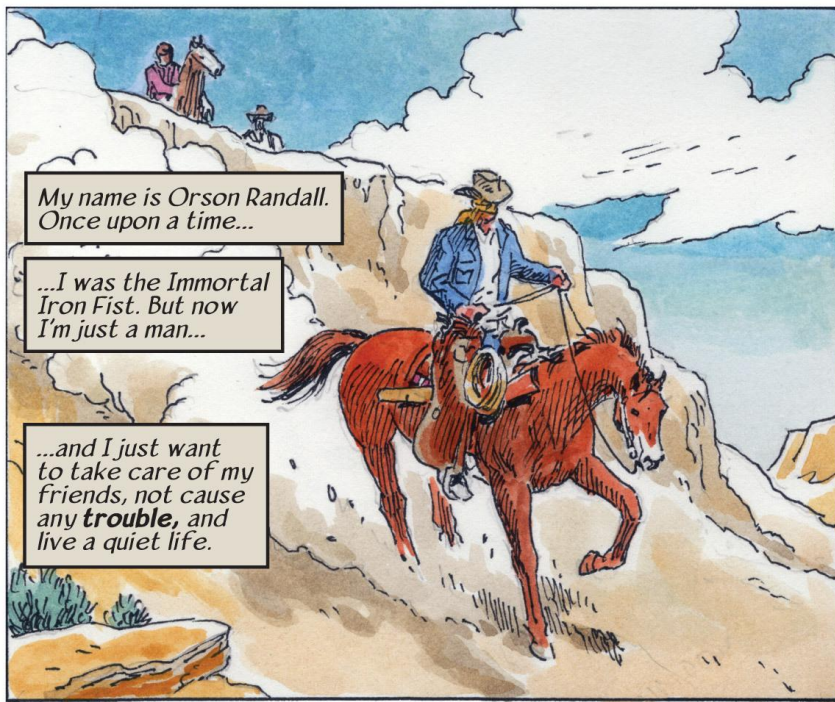


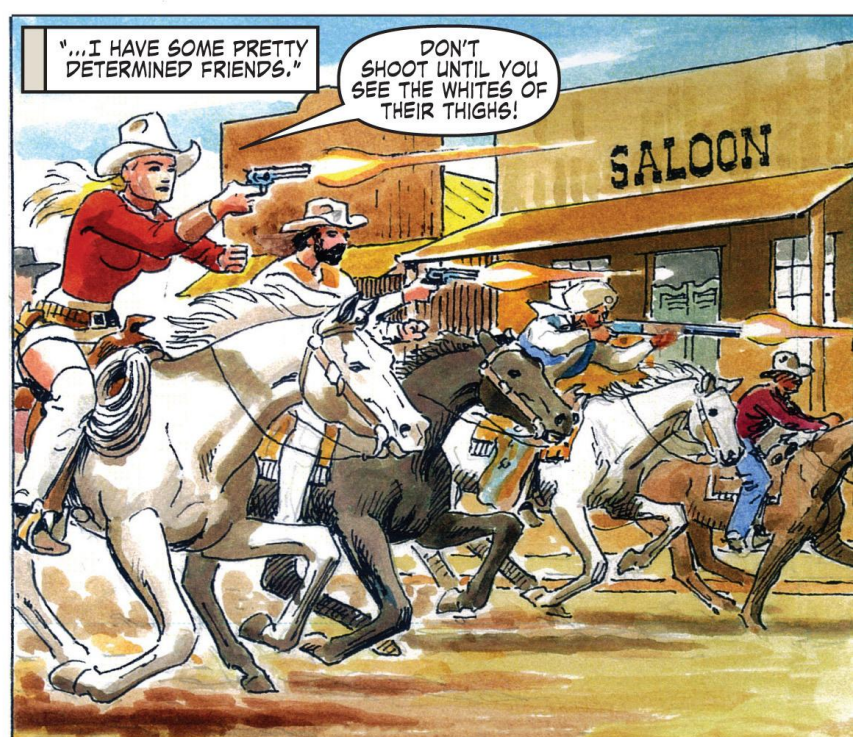
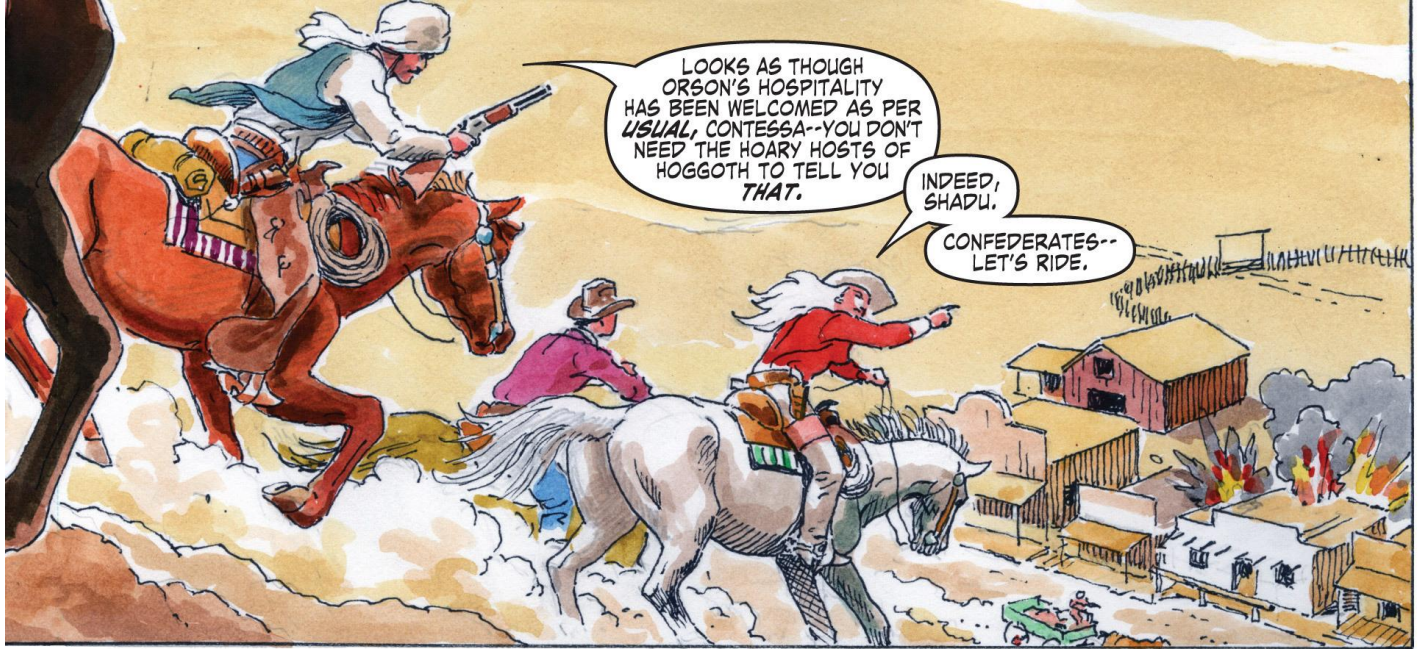
NOW **EAT UP, PIG!**

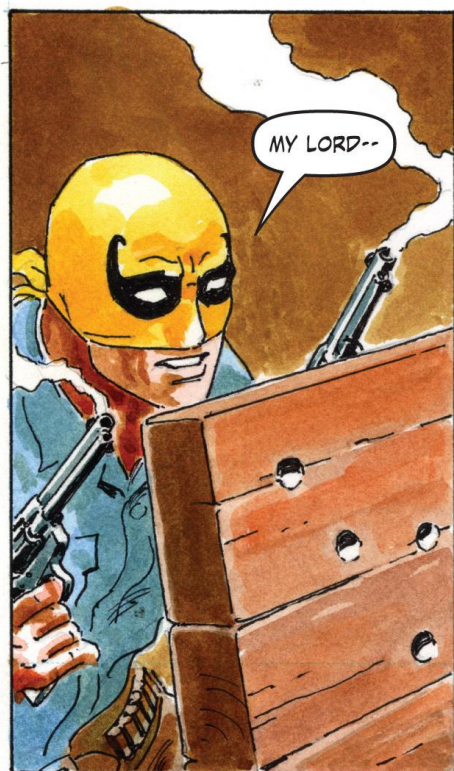
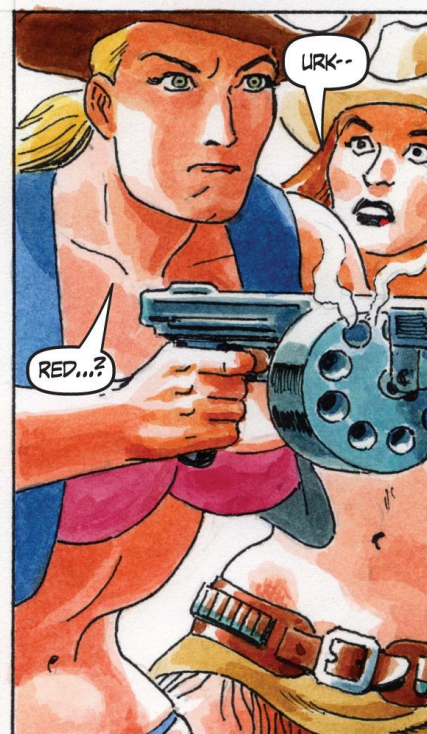
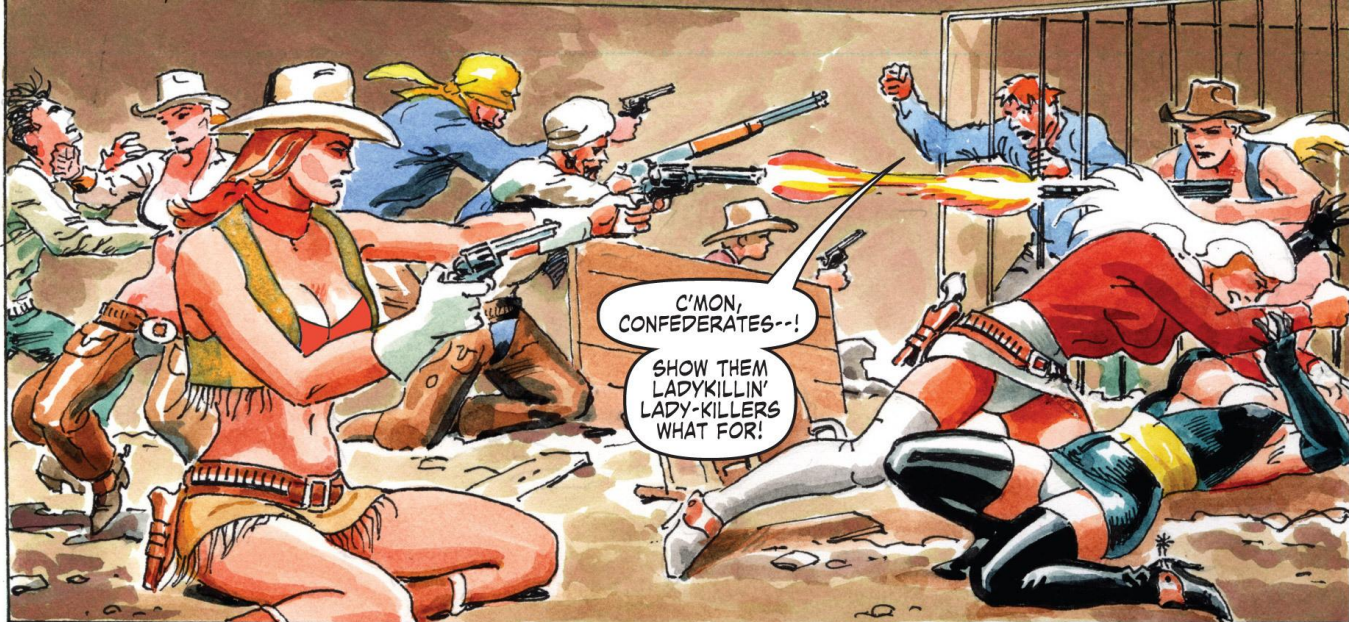
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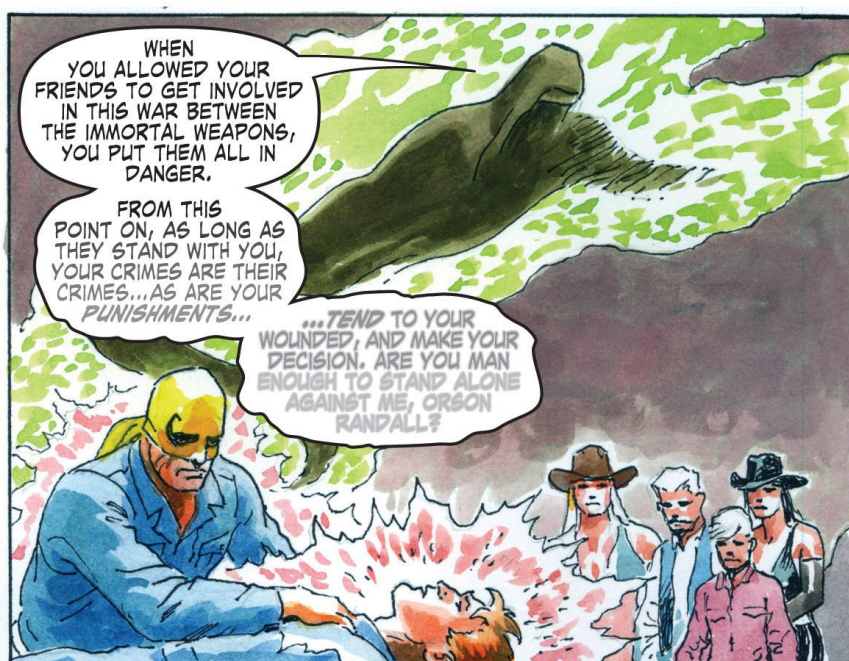
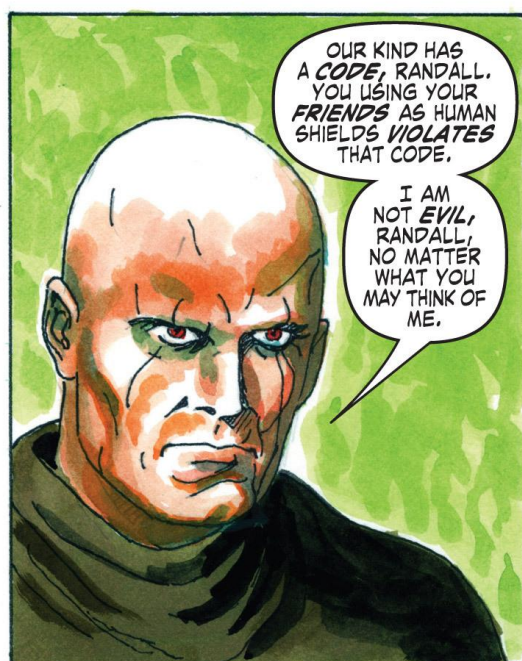












"...I JUST CAN'T STAND BY
AND WATCH AS EVERYONE I
LOVE *DIES* IN MY ARMS..."

DAMMIT, KID...HOLD ON.
I'VE BEEN CARRYIN' YOU FOR *SHEFF?*
THIRTY MILES NOW...IF YOU *BLEED OUT*
ON ME WHEN WE'RE *THIS CLOSE*,
I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF...

I'M...
I'MMA...

...I'MMA
IRON FIST. I
SHOWED THOSE
GUYS.

I SHOWED
'EM GOOD,
HUH?

I SHOWED
'EM HOW...

HOW TO *CATCH*
BULLETS...

I TOLD YOU
PLAYING AT BEING IRON
FIST WOULD GET YOU
KILLED, BOY...

AND IF
I DON'T GET YOU
UNDER THE KNIFE SOON,
YOU'LL HAVE PROVED
ME *RIGHT*.

THANK GOD
THE CASTLE IS STILL
HERE...



C'MON,
DAMMIT! LET
ME IN!

I KNOW
YOU'RE IN THERE...
I NEED HELP!



IT'S ORSON
RANDALL!

HELP!



RRRAAAA!
GRRRNAAAAR!!!



I WASN'T AFRAID OF YOU IN
GERMANY FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND I SURE AS
HELL AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU NOW.





ORRRTH! ORRRRTH!

YEAH, YEAH, YA LUG,
NOW LET US IN BEFORE THE
KID BLEEDS OUT...!





AS YOU CAN
IMAGINE, I'M AFFORDED THE
OPPORTUNITY TO PLY MY TRADE
ON LIVING SPECIMENS
SO RARELY...

SURE,
SURE...

TO WORK...
ON LIVING
FLESH...

INSTEAD
OF THE COLD,
USELESS FLESH
OF THE
DEAD...



BOSS,
MY...MY
COINS.

IF I
DON'T MAKE IT,
I WANT YOU TO
HAVE 'EM...



THEY'RE
THE MOST
IMPORTANT
THING IN THE
WORLD TO
ME...



DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
IT, PAL--YOU'LL
BE BACK UP IN NO
TIME, WITH THESE
COINS JINGLIN'
IN YOUR POCKET
WHERE THEY
BELONG.



NNN!
NNN!



KFWAAM

ZUUUUUGGG.

WUZZUH...
WHU?

DOC?
WHAT'S...

WHAT'S
GOING ON?
DID YOU
OPERATE?

NOT YET,
RANDALL.

SCIENCE
CAN'T BE
RUSHED.

I TAUGHT
YOUR *FATHER*
THAT WHEN WE WERE
ROOMMATES AT
UNIVERSITY.

TOO MUCH TO
ASK, I SUPPOSE, TO
EXPECT HIM TO PASS MY
LESSONS OF WISDOM
ON TO THE NEXT
GENERATION...

MY...
FATHER?
WHAT?

DOC, I
FEEL ALL SCREWY--
WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT? HOW
CAN YOU KNOW MY
FATHER...?

WRRRR!
WRRRR!



ISN'T IT
OBVIOUS, RANDALL?
I'M NOT THE *SON* OF
FRANKENSTEIN...



...I *AM*
FRANKENSTEIN!



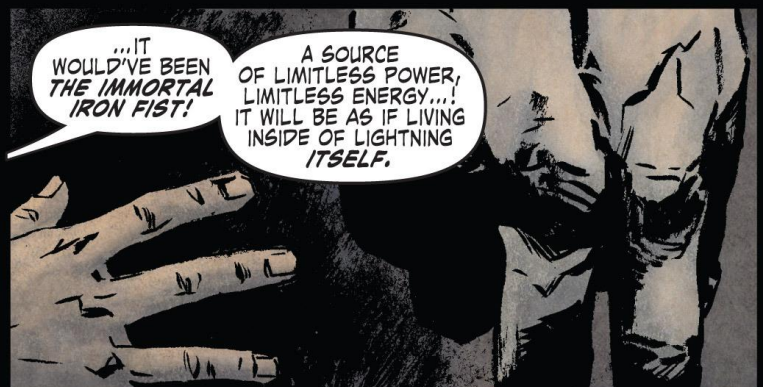
I TRANSPLANTED
MY PRICELESS AND IRREPLACEABLE
BRAIN INTO THE BODY OF MY *USELESS*
SON TO ESCAPE THOSE DAMNED
GERMANS AND THEIR MOBS AND
PITCHFORKS--

--AND I'VE
REBUILT MY LABORATORY
HERE, ONE UNIQUE PIECE
AT A TIME UNTIL I COULD
ONCE AGAIN PERFORM
MY *MIRACLES*...



I'VE BEEN
PERFECTING MY
TECHNIQUES UNTIL THE
PERFECT SPECIMEN
CAME ALONG...

NEVER IN
A THOUSAND
YEARS WOULD
I HAVE DARED
DREAM...



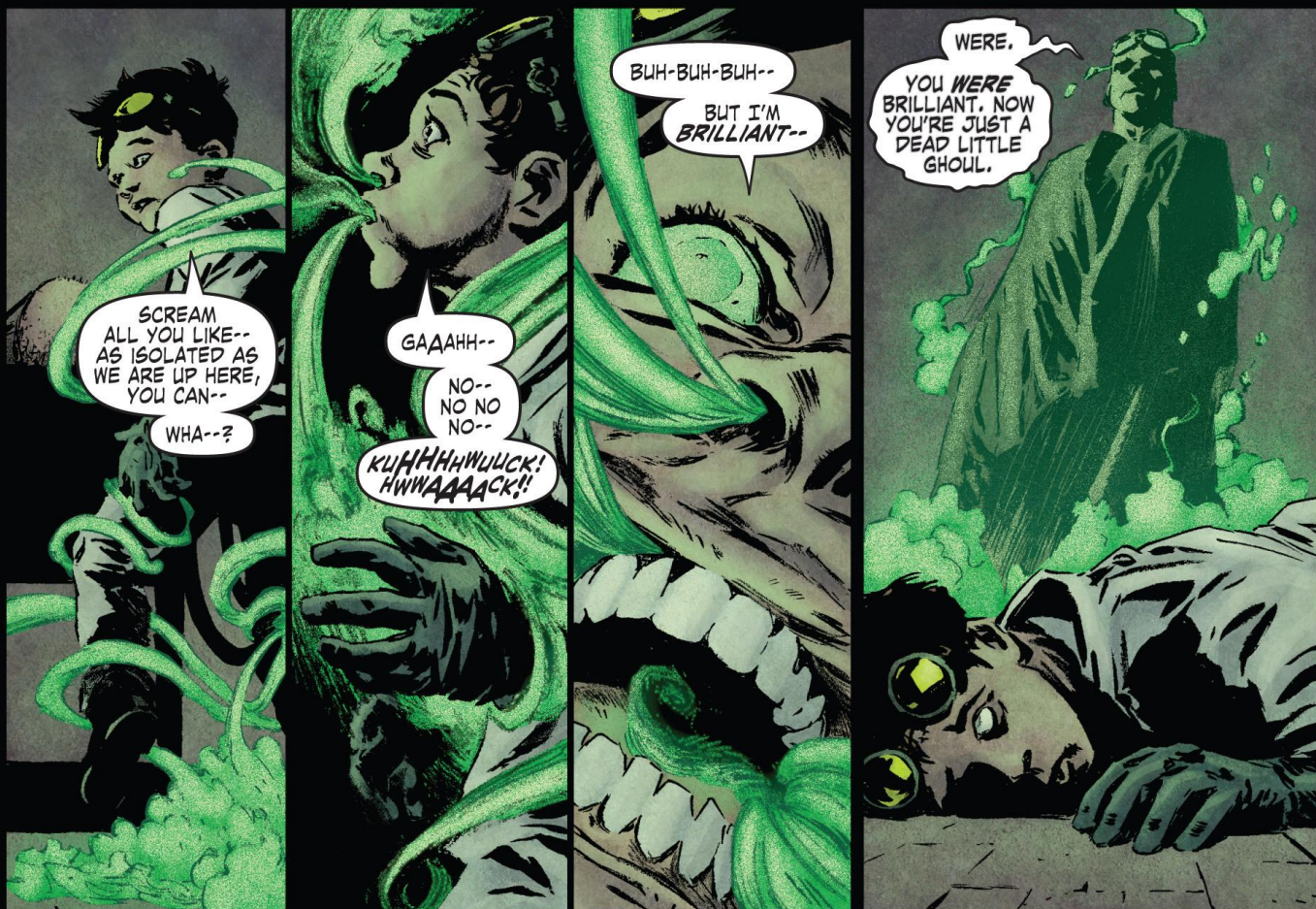
...IT
WOULD'VE BEEN
*THE IMMORTAL
IRON FIST!*

A SOURCE
OF LIMITLESS POWER,
LIMITLESS ENERGY...!
IT WILL BE AS IF LIVING
INSIDE OF LIGHTNING
ITSELF.



I
ASSURE YOU,
MY DEAR
ORSON:

IT HAS
BEEN A VERY
LONG TIME SINCE
I'VE GONE TO
WORK ON A LIVING
SOUL. WHAT COMES
NEXT IS GOING
TO *HURT.*



SCREAM
ALL YOU LIKE--
AS ISOLATED AS
WE ARE UP HERE,
YOU CAN--

WHA--?

GAAHH--

NO--
NO NO
NO--

KUHHHHWUUCK!
HWWAAAACK!!

BUH-BUH-BUH--

BUT I'M
BRILLIANT--

WERE.

YOU *WERE*
BRILLIANT. NOW
YOU'RE JUST A
DEAD LITTLE
GHOUL.



AMAN.

HOW THE
HELL DID
YOU FIND US
HERE?



THE COINS.

I'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING THE COINS.
EACH OF THEM IS FROM A
DIFFERENT DIMENSION--SO
EACH OF THEM VIBRATES IN
A VERY UNIQUE WAY
TO ME.

ALL I DO
IS FOLLOW THE
VIBRATIONS.



GET UP,
RANDALL.

YOUR WARD
DOESN'T HAVE MUCH
TIME LEFT--



...OR BLOOD.

NNN.
NNNN.



GRAAAHHHH!!!!
RRRAHHHH!!!!

AMAN--
WATCH OUT! THE
MONSTER--



THE MONSTER
MEANS US NO HARM,
RANDALL. HE ONLY ATTACKED
YOU BECAUSE THE DOCTOR
ORDERED IT. THIS ONE HAS
SEEN ENOUGH VIOLENCE
TO LAST A LIFETIME,
HAVEN'T YOU...?

QUICKLY,
NOW--YOUR
WARD.



HOW'S HE
DOING?

THESE SLUGS
TORE RIGHT THROUGH
HIM--LUCKILY, THERE
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE
MUCH ORGAN
DAMAGE.

IF WE CAN
STOP THE BLEEDING
AND FOCUS OUR CHI ON HIM,
HE JUST MIGHT HAVE A
FIGHTING CHANCE...



HE'S STABLE.
HE'LL NEED **CONSTANT CARE AND SUPERVISION** THE NEXT FEW DAYS, BUT I BELIEVE IF HE'S STUBBORN ENOUGH, THE LITTLE WHELP WILL STAVE OFF DEATH.

THAT KID **DEFINES** STUBBORN. HE'LL BE UP IN NO TIME.



HE THINKS HE'S THE NEXT IRON FIST. HE--

I WILL NOT HARM A CHILD, NO MATTER HOW BADLY I WISH **YOU** DEAD.



I GIVE YOU MY **WORD** I WILL NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH.

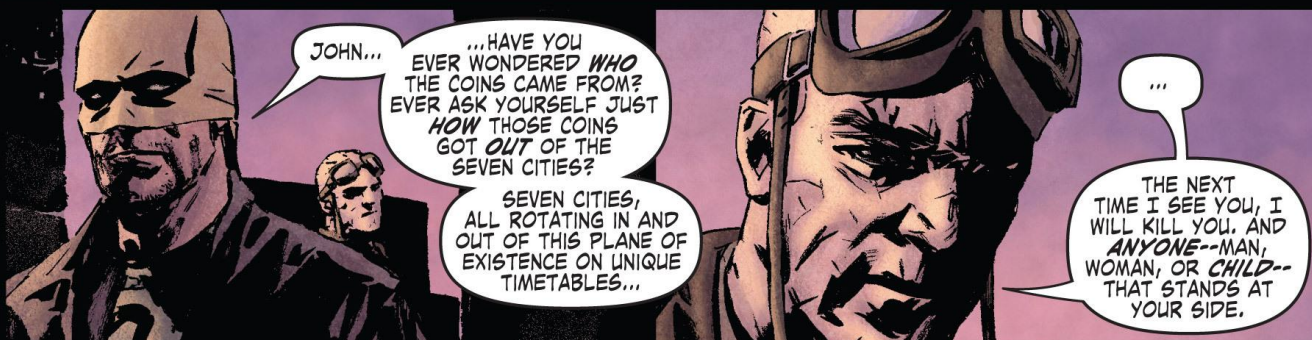
BUT WENDELL--

--STAYS WITH **ME**.



AND CONSIDER THIS FAIR WARNING: NOTHING YOU LOVE IS SAFE FROM ME ANYMORE. IT IS YOUR FATE TO WANDER ALONE, RANDALL.

THAT IS YOUR FATE--THAT IS YOUR **CURSE**.



JOHN...

...HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED **WHO** THE COINS CAME FROM? EVER ASK YOURSELF JUST **HOW** THOSE COINS GOT **OUT** OF THE SEVEN CITIES?

SEVEN CITIES, ALL ROTATING IN AND OUT OF THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE ON UNIQUE TIMETABLES...

...

THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, I WILL KILL YOU. AND **ANYONE--MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD--** THAT STANDS AT YOUR SIDE.



"ASK THE QUESTIONS, AMAN. HOW DID THESE COINS GET TO EARTH? WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE?"

"HUNT DOWN THE ORIGINS OF THOSE COINS HALF AS HARD AS YOU'VE HUNTED **ME, AMAN...**"

"...AND IT'LL BE A COLD DAY
IN *HELL* THAT YOU AND I
FACE EACH OTHER AGAIN..."

RANDALL!
ORSON
RANDALL!



DAMMIT, MAN--
I JUST HUNTED AND
SLAUGHTERED THE MIDNIGHT
MIGOU OF THE PRECIPICE
PERILOUS--SHIC--

--SO UNLESS
YOU'RE COMIN' BY TO
INQUIRE AS TO THE
ROOM TO LET--

--YOU BEST
LET ME DRINK
MYSELF TO DEATH
IN *PEACE*.



THIS
TELEGRAM, SIR--
IT CAME FROM
FRANCE!

SOMEWHERE IN
PARIS, YOUR FATHER IS ON
HIS *DEATHBED!*





MY FATHER
IS DYING. I NEED
YOUR HELP GETTING IN
TO SEE HIM SO--

--SO I CAN SAY
GOODBYE.



PLEASE, L.P.
HELP ME. I
DIDN'T KNOW WHO
ELSE I COULD
TURN TO.

AND I
THINK IT'S A
TRAP.



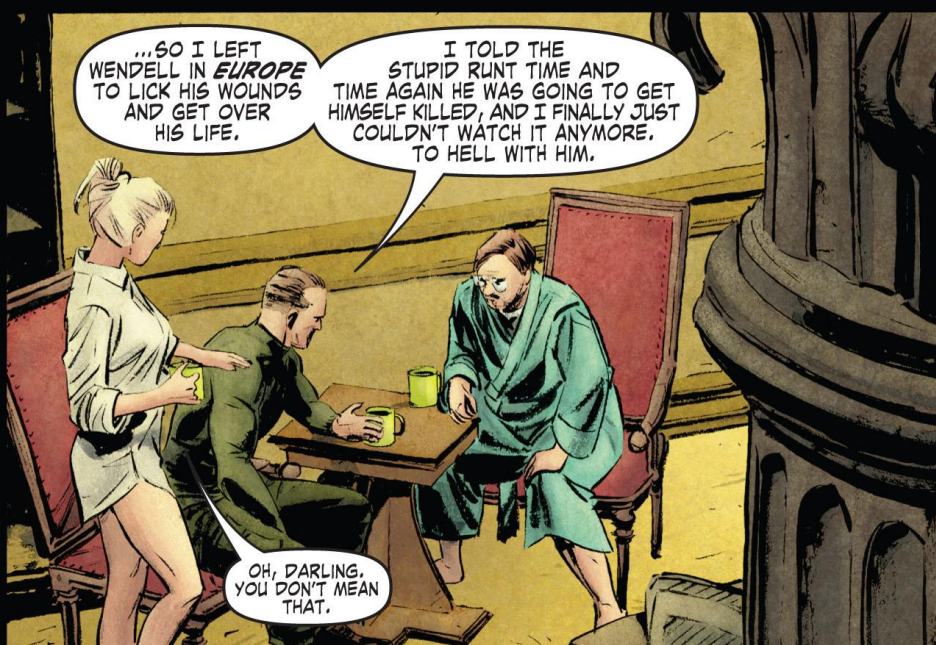
OF COURSE.
COME IN.

VERA,
WILL YOU
PUT THE
COFFEE
ON?



I TOLD YOU TEN THOUSAND
TIMES, DARLING--UNLESS
YOU'RE PULLING MY HAIR OR
POLISHING MY BOOTS,
IT'S CONTESSA.

COFFEE'LL
BE RIGHT UP.



...SO I LEFT
WENDELL IN *EUROPE*
TO LICK HIS WOUNDS
AND GET OVER
HIS LIFE.

I TOLD THE
STUPID RUNT TIME AND
TIME AGAIN HE WAS GOING TO GET
HIMSELF KILLED, AND I FINALLY JUST
COULDN'T WATCH IT ANYMORE.
TO HELL WITH HIM.

OH, DARLING.
YOU DON'T MEAN
THAT.



THE
HELL I DON'T.
I DON'T HAVE
ROOM IN MY LIFE
TO CARE ABOUT
ANYBODY
ANYMORE.

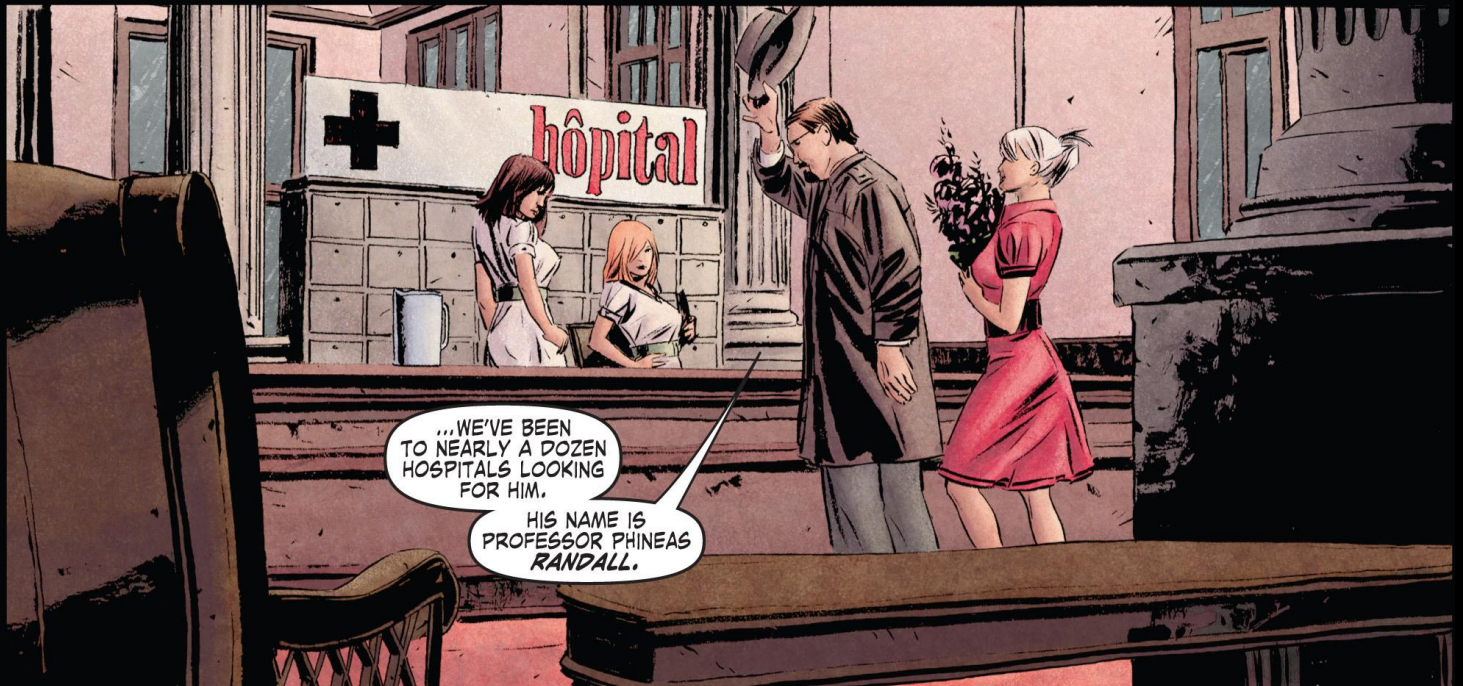
THE *PRINCE OF
ORPHANS* HAS TAKEN MY
FRIENDS, MY PROTEGE...AND
NOW HE'S TRYING TO TAKE
MY FATHER.

I THINK THE BASTARD
IS USING MY DYING FATHER
AS *BAIT*...



"WELL, ORSON, THERE ARE ABOUT THIRTY HOSPITALS IN PARIS...THE SOONER WE GET STARTED, THE SOONER WE'LL FIND HIM."

HELLO THERE, MADEMOISELLE, MY *WIFE* AND I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THESE FLOWERS FOR A SICK PATIENT FRIEND OF OURS, BUT WE'RE NOT SURE HE'S HERE...



...WE'VE BEEN TO NEARLY A DOZEN HOSPITALS LOOKING FOR HIM.

HIS NAME IS PROFESSOR PHINEAS RANDALL.



NO ONE HERE BY THAT NAME. MUST HAVE THE WRONG HOSPITAL.

YOU HAVE TO *LEAVE*--FOR THE GOOD OF OUR PATIENTS.

THEY NEED ABSOLUTE *BED-REST* AND *QUIET*.



YOU SEE THAT *RING*? THIS IS A *HYDRA* HOSPITAL.

IF *HYDRA'S* HERE, *AMAN'S* HERE.

FOUR *ORDERLIES* GUARDING ROOM *SIX*. TEN GETS YOU TWENTY THAT MEANS...

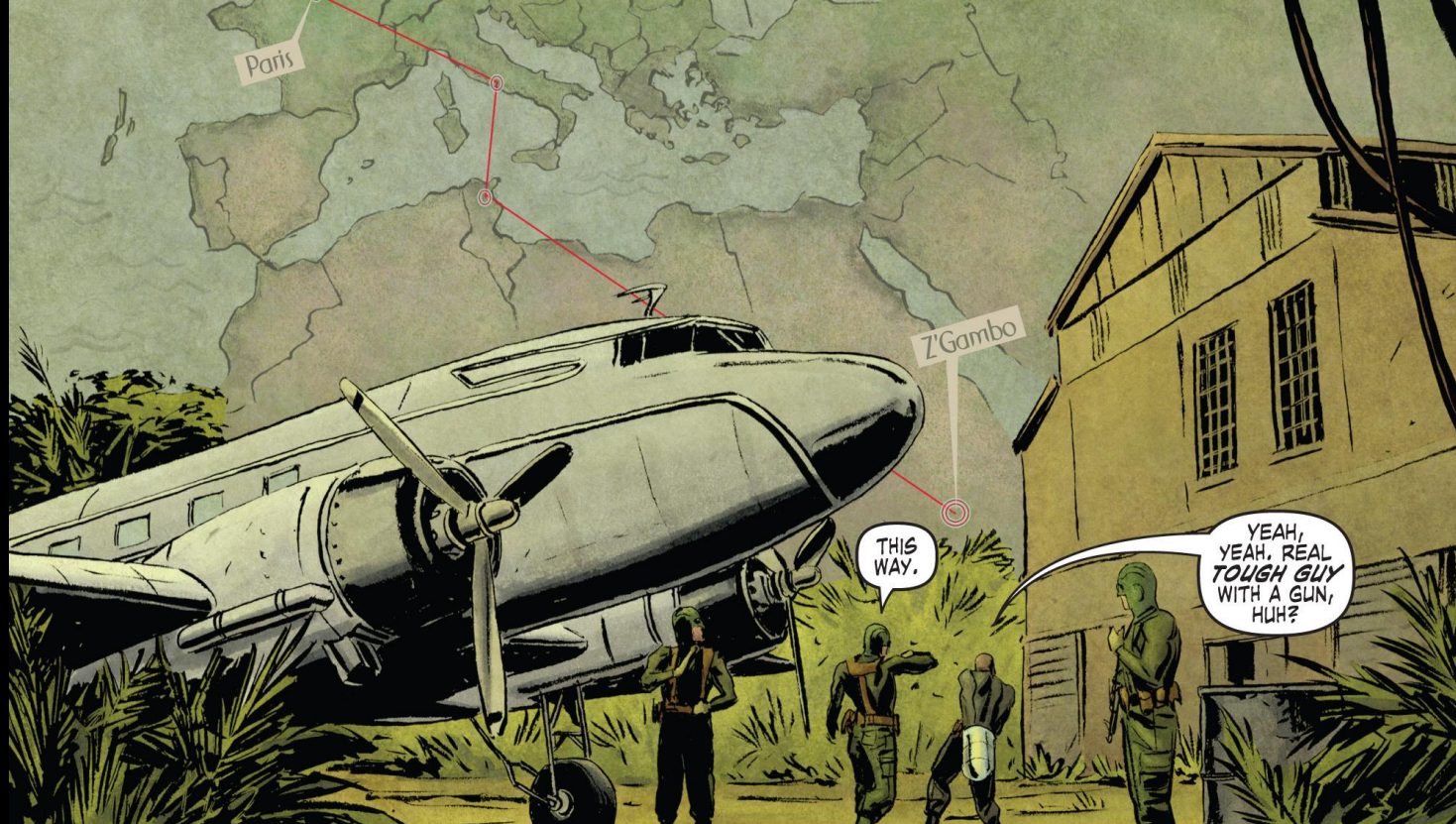


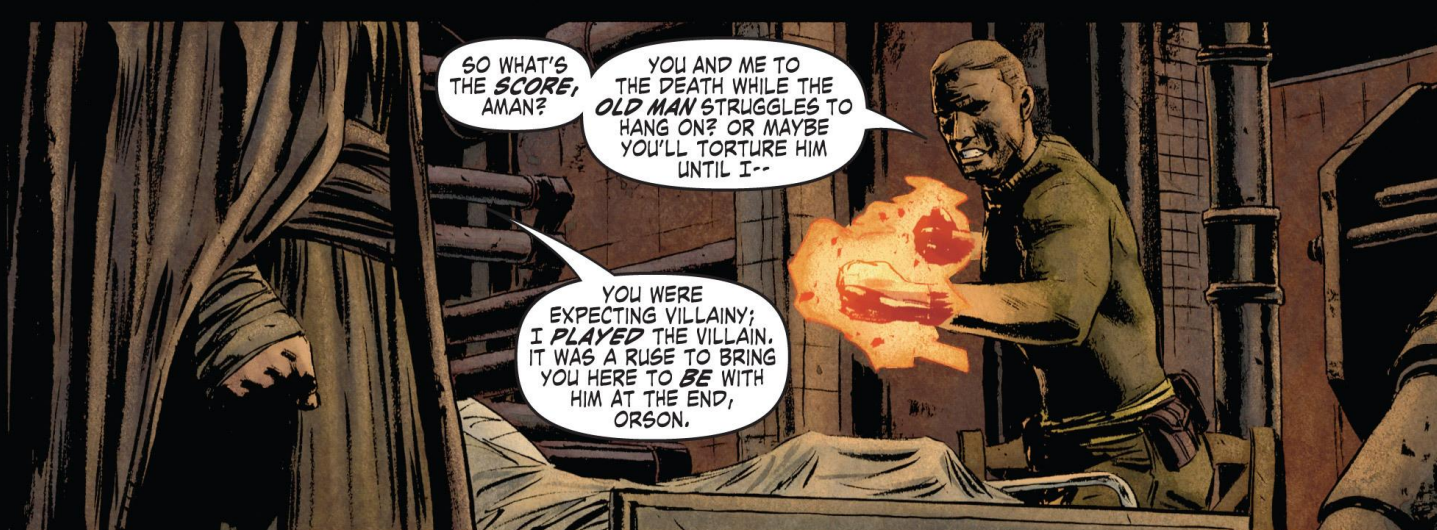
"...ORSON RANDALL'S GOING TO BE BREAKING INTO ROOM SIX COME NIGHTFALL!"

FATHER.
IT'S ME.









SO WHAT'S THE **SCORE**, AMAN?

YOU AND ME TO THE DEATH WHILE THE **OLD MAN** STRUGGLES TO HANG ON? OR MAYBE YOU'LL TORTURE HIM UNTIL I--

YOU WERE EXPECTING VILLAINY; I **PLAYED** THE VILLAIN. IT WAS A RUSE TO BRING YOU HERE TO **BE** WITH HIM AT THE END, ORSON.



YOUR FATHER WILL NOT BE HARMED, AND BY THIS, I HOPE TO EARN YOUR **TRUST**.

CONSIDER IT A TOKEN OF **APOLOGY** FOR MY YEARS OF TROUBLING YOU.

SEE, I **LISTENED** TO WHAT YOU SAID TO ME WHEN WE LAST MET. COME WITH ME TO THE TROPHY ROOM.



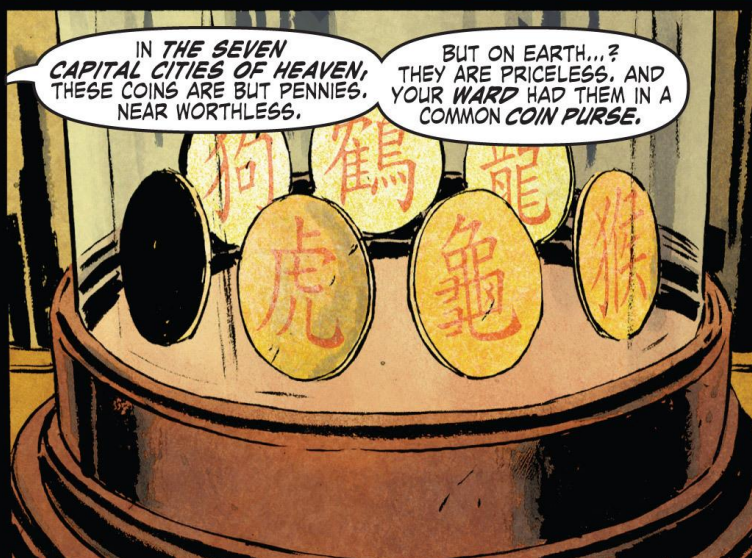
I HAVE SEEN TREASURES TO BEGGAR THE IMAGINATION, RANDALL.

BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL YOU ASKED ME THE RIGHT QUESTIONS...



...THAT I ASKED THE RIGHT QUESTIONS, AND REALIZED JUST HOW PROFOUNDLY IMPOSSIBLE THESE SEVEN COINS WERE.

AS OBJECTS, GATHERED TOGETHER, AT ONCE.



IN THE **SEVEN CAPITAL CITIES OF HEAVEN**, THESE COINS ARE BUT PENNIES. NEAR WORTHLESS.

BUT ON EARTH...? THEY ARE PRICELESS. AND YOUR **WARD** HAD THEM IN A COMMON COIN PURSE.



YOU IMPORED ME TO INVESTIGATE THEM. I DID.

THAT LED ME TO YOUR FATHER-- I BROUGHT HIM HERE TO **SAVE HIM**, BUT HE IS TOO FAR GONE. BUT BEFORE HE GOES I NEED **ANSWERS**.

AND HE'S MADE IT CLEAR, HE WON'T ANSWER **ME** UNTIL HE KNOWS **YOU** APPROVE...



ORSON?

SON?
IS THAT
YOU?

HI,
POP.

WHO
IS THAT WITH
YOU?



THIS IS--
THIS IS MY FRIEND,
JOHN AMAN.

HE HAD
SOME *QUESTIONS* FOR
YOU, DAD--ABOUT *THE*
GATEWAYS.

YOU BUILT
GATEWAYS THAT OPENED
THE SPACE BETWEEN EARTH
AND THE *SEVEN CAPITAL*
CITIES OF HEAVEN,
YES?



OF COURSE!
I BUILT ONE IN *EACH* OF
THE CITIES, SO ITS PEOPLE
COULD COME AND GO AS THEY
PLEASED, NO LONGER HELD
HOSTAGE BY THE ARCAN
CLOCKWORK OF THE
HEAVENS.

IN EXCHANGE,
THE CITIES FINANCED MY
EMPIRE OF HYPOTHETICAL
SCIENCE.



THE ONLY
INVENTION OF MINE
THAT EVER MADE ANY
MONEY...

And just like that, Aman's
world comes crashing
down around him.

A life predicated
on laws, rules and
traditions revealed
to be a sham.

Aman, the ultimate soldier, had just
discovered his *generals* were lying to
him...doorways to Earth they swore
were shut had long been flung open...



The old man fades in and out, high as a
kite and well out of pain. His lucidity
comes and goes with his consciousness.

HE'S
GONE.



Just like that, I'm an orphan too.

YOU MAY LEAVE, AS WELL, WHENEVER YOU LIKE. I SHALL HUNT YOU NO MORE.

And, just like that, the Prince of Orphans is a man without a country and a soldier without a mission.



WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, AMAN? BACK TO THE CITIES? BACK TO--

I'M NOT WHOLLY CERTAIN.
IT'S ALMOST REFRESHING.



BUT SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY.

I KNOW THAT MUCH.

I'LL BE NO MAN'S SOLDIER ANYMORE, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT--WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES REPULSED BY THE WAY THE CITIES ARE RUN.

HERE:



THE THUNDERER OF K'UN-LUN. THE COMBAT MASTER OF THE SHINING CITY. SEEK HIM OUT.



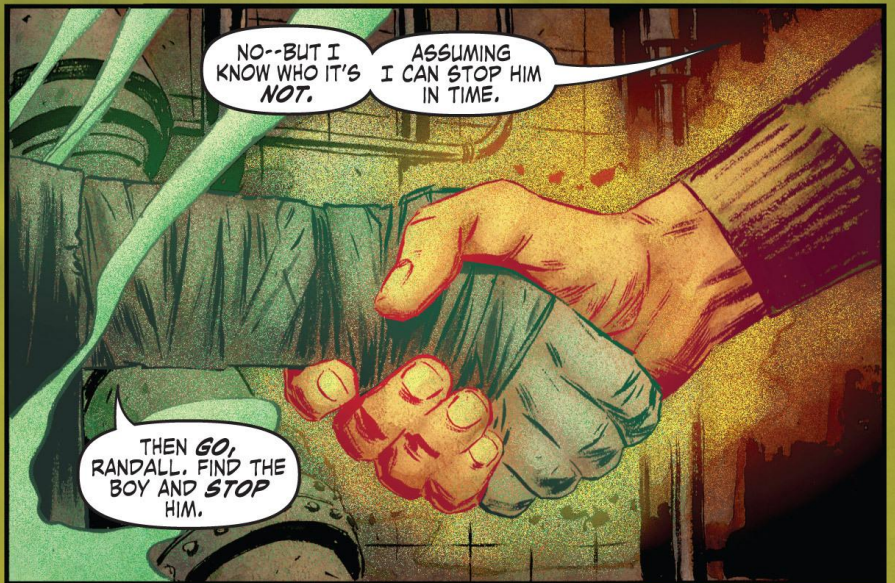
HE'S
RAISING AN ARMY.
PLANNING A REVOLUTION
FOR THE NEXT TIME
THE **SEVEN CITIES**
INTERSECT.

CARRY THIS MARK
SOMEWHERE ON YOUR
PERSON IF YOU WISH
TO ALLY YOURSELF
WITH HIM.

AND WHEN THE
TIME COMES...FIND MY
SUCCESSOR AND **FIGHT**
LIKE HELL.



...
DO
YOU KNOW WHO
THIS SUCCESSOR
WILL BE?



NO--BUT I
KNOW WHO IT'S
NOT.

ASSUMING
I CAN STOP HIM
IN TIME.

THEN **GO,**
RANDALL. FIND THE
BOY AND **STOP**
HIM.

One war
was over.

And another
had begun.



But not for me--
I'd had enough
bloodshed to
last a lifetime.

I went to find Wendell
Rand-- who may as
well have been my
own son--before his
would be spilled, too.

The saga of John Aman
continues next in
THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST #13

THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST®



FRACTION
KANO
THOMAS
WEIN
KANE
HAMA

MARVEL

ONE-SHOT
1

THE ORIGIN OF DANNY RAND

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THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST

THE ORIGIN OF DANNY RAND

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Artist: Kano

Letterer: Dave Lanphear

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Writer: Roy Thomas

Penciler: Gil Kane

Chapter 2: "Heart of the Dragon"

Writer: Len Wein

Penciler: Larry Hama

Inker: Dick Giordano

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Letterer: L.P. Gregory

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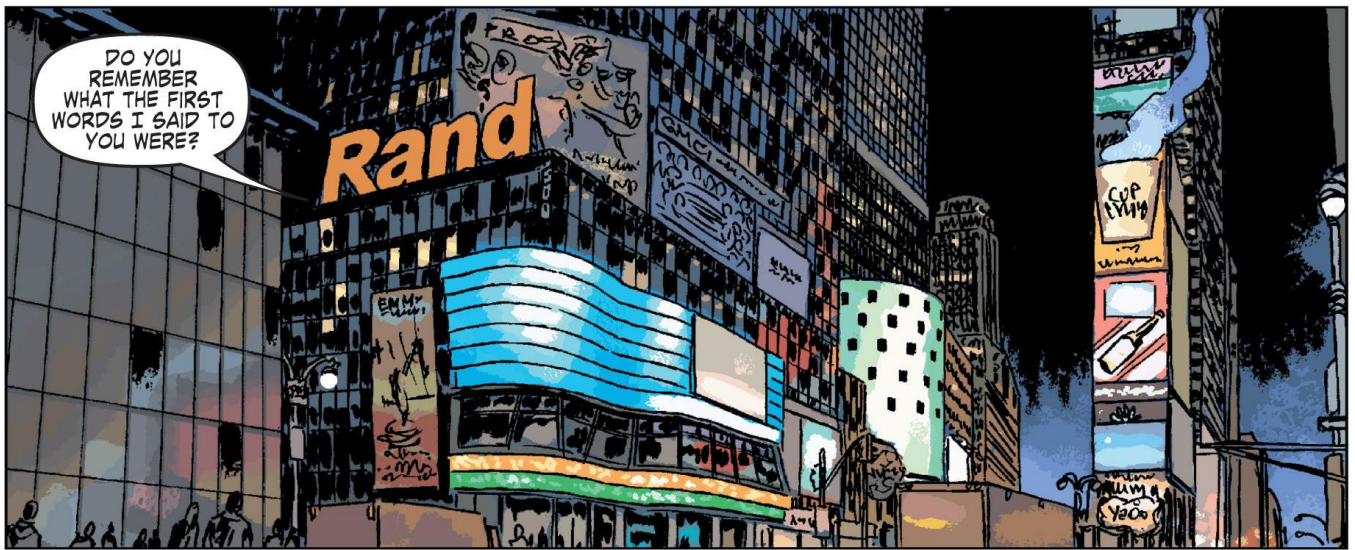
Production: Spring Hoteling & Nelson Ribeiro

Select Art Reconstruction: Tom Smith

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Publisher: Dan Buckley

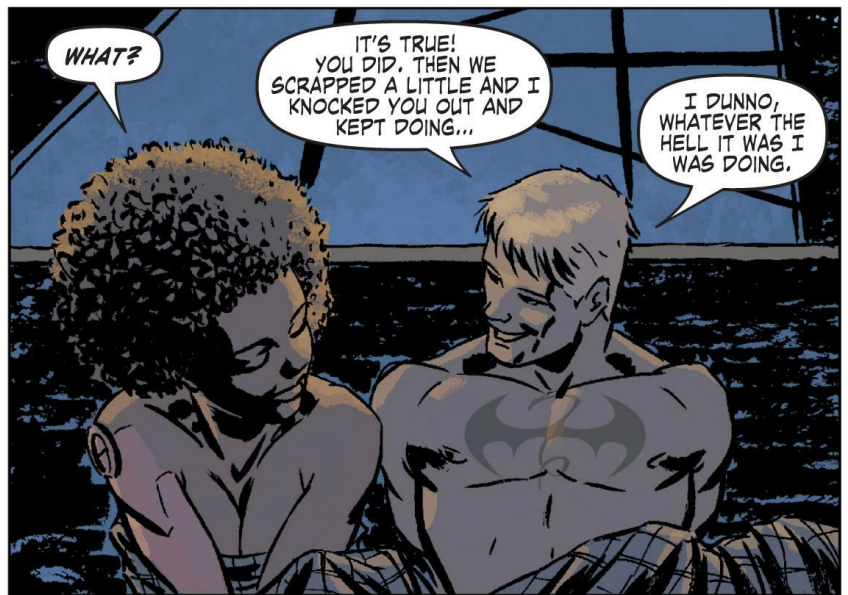


DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THE FIRST WORDS I SAID TO YOU WERE?



OF COURSE I DO.

YOU SAID "OKAY, ZORRO," AND TRIED TO PUNCH ME IN THE HEAD.



WHAT?

IT'S TRUE! YOU DID. THEN WE SCRAPPED A LITTLE AND I KNOCKED YOU OUT AND KEPT DOING...

I DUNNO, WHATEVER THE HELL IT WAS I WAS DOING.



GOD, THAT WAS A CRAZY TIME.

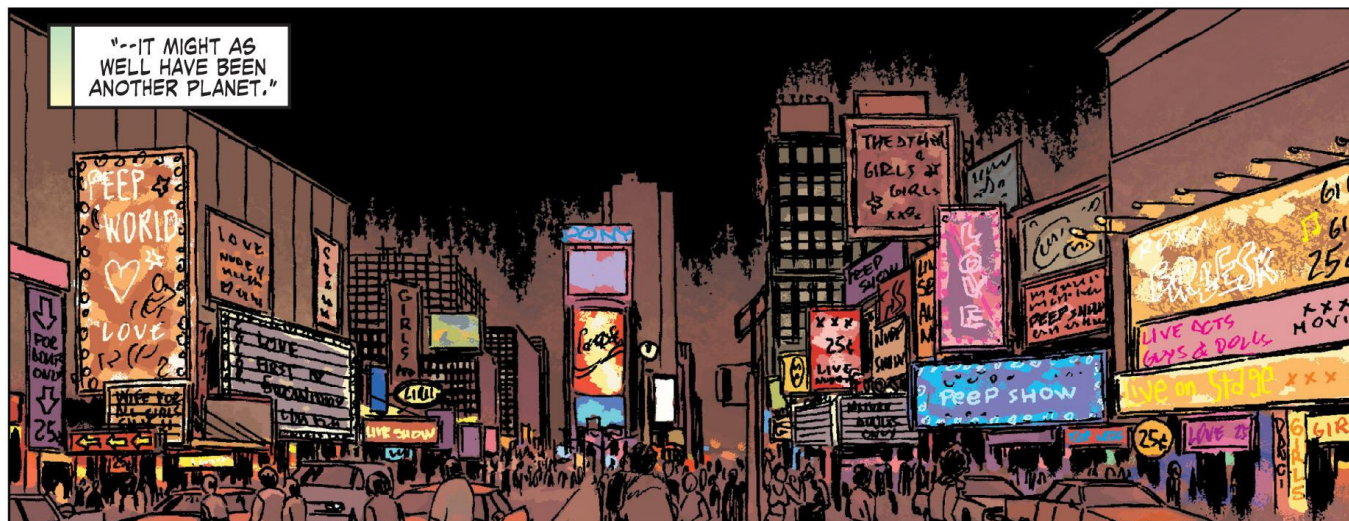
I'LL SAY.

SEEMS LIKE IT WAS A MILLION YEARS AGO, Y'KNOW?

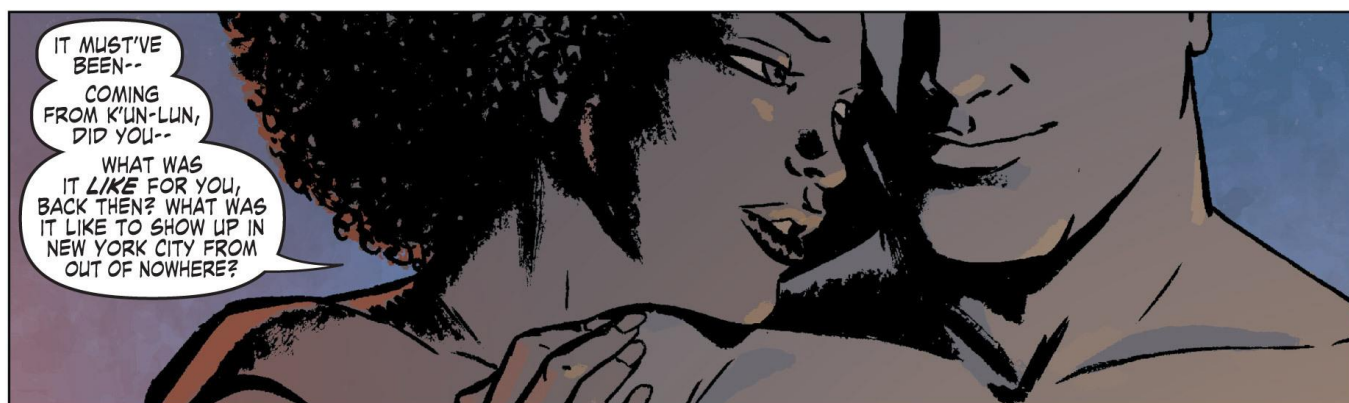


YEAH. EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT NOW.

HELL, JUST LOOK AT TIMES SQUARE-- IT LOOKS LIKE DISNEYWORLD NOW, BUT THEN--

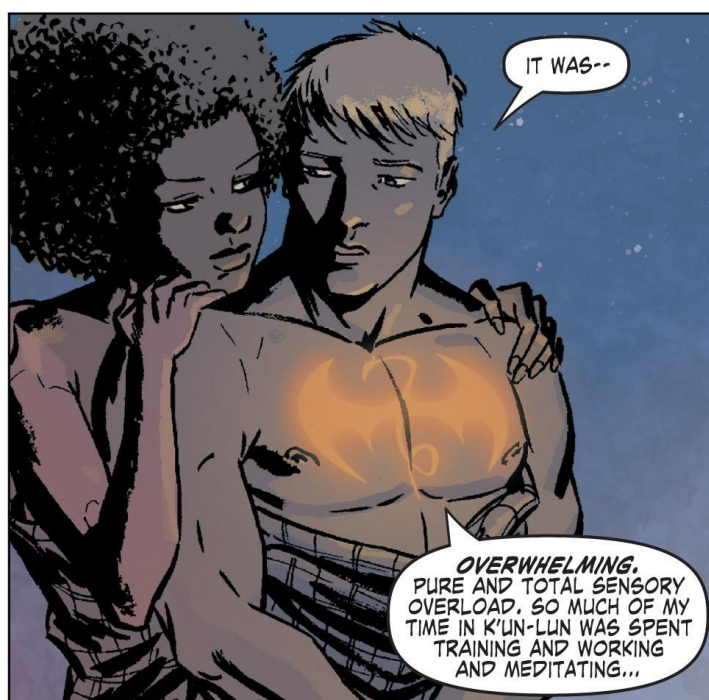


"--IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN ANOTHER PLANET."



IT MUST'VE BEEN--
COMING FROM K'UN-LUN,
DID YOU--

WHAT WAS
IT *LIKE* FOR YOU,
BACK THEN? WHAT WAS
IT LIKE TO SHOW UP IN
NEW YORK CITY FROM
OUT OF NOWHERE?



IT WAS--

OVERWHELMING.
PURE AND TOTAL SENSORY
OVERLOAD. SO MUCH OF MY
TIME IN K'UN-LUN WAS SPENT
TRAINING AND WORKING
AND MEDITATING...



SOMETIMES
IT FELT LIKE MY MIND
JUST **SHUT DOWN** TO
BLOCK IT ALL OUT AND
PROTECT ME.

IT'S AMAZING
YOU REMEMBER
ANYTHING AT ALL.



OH, I
REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER
EVERYTHING.

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MARVEL PREMIERE™
FEATURING

IRON FIST™

KUNG FU

ACTION--IN THE
MIGHTY MARVEL
MANNER!

YOU KARATE
KILLERS
WANTED A
SHOWDOWN--

--NOW YOU'VE
GOT IT!

AWESOME
ORIGIN
ISSUE!



Chapter I:

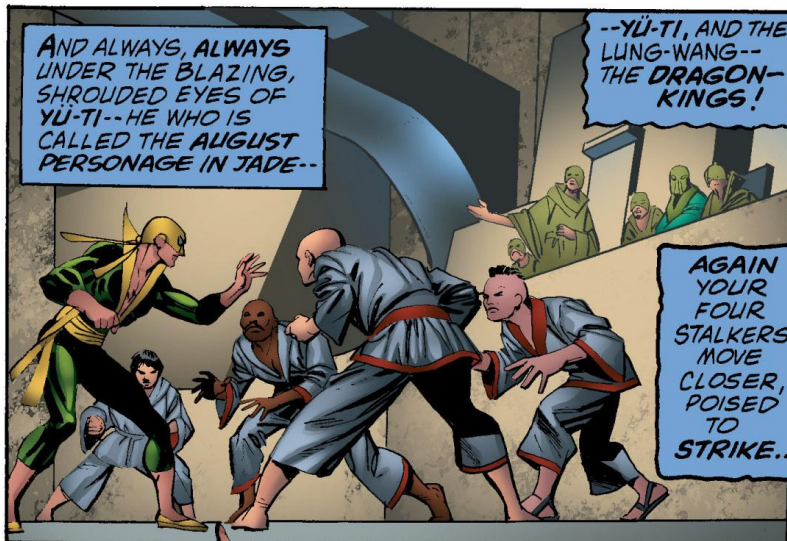
THE FURY OF

IRON FIST!

YOU ARE IRON FIST. YOU STAND TENSELY--TOO TENSELY--AWARE OF THEIR EYES ON YOU: YU-TI, THE HOODED ONE, AND HIS FOUR DRAGON-KINGS...

AND, FACING YOU, FOUR OTHERS EDGE CLOSER, SEARCHING FOR AN OPENING--A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS--THE CARELESS FLICKERING OF AN EYELID.

FOR, THIS IS YOUR DAY OF DESTINY, IRON FIST. TODAY, YOU WILL EAT OF THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF IMMORTALITY--OR ELSE DRINK DEEP OF THE ELIXIR OF DEATH--!



AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS UNDER THE BLAZING, SHROUDED EYES OF YÜ-TI--HE WHO IS CALLED THE AUGUST PERSONAGE IN JADE--

--YÜ-TI, AND THE LUNG-WANG-- THE DRAGON-KINGS!

AGAIN YOUR FOUR STALKERS MOVE CLOSER, POISED TO STRIKE...



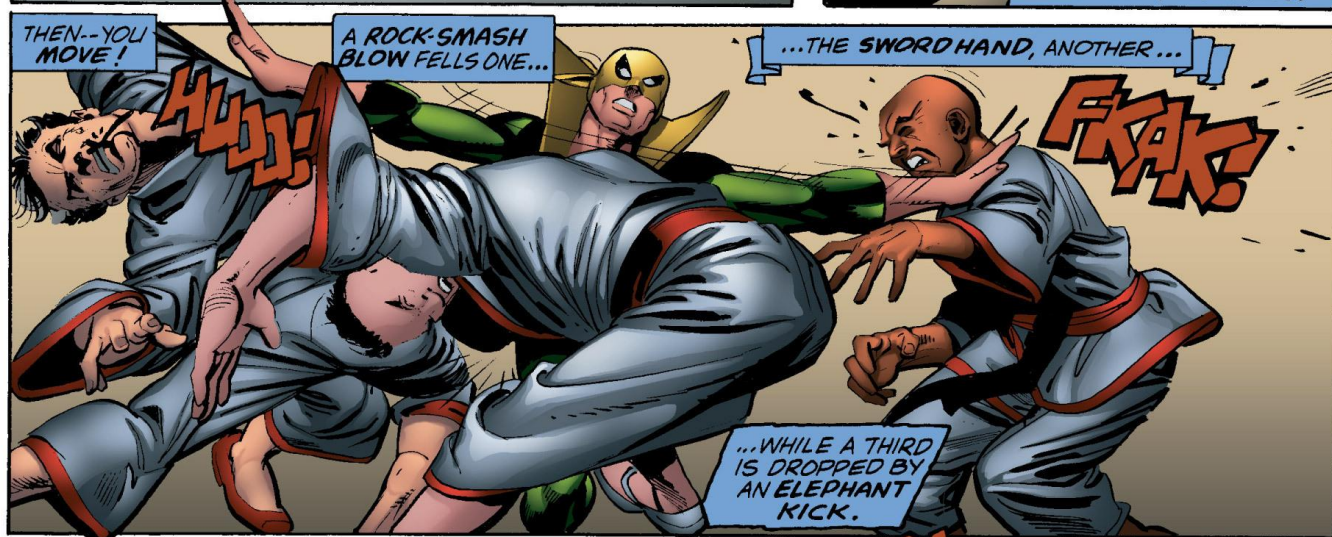
YOU ASSUME THE CAT STANCE.

YOU WAIT.

YOU TAUNT:

HAI!!

--AND THEY ATTACK!



THEN--YOU MOVE!

A ROCK-SMASH BLOW FELS ONE...

...THE SWORD HAND, ANOTHER...

...WHILE A THIRD IS DROPPED BY AN ELEPHANT KICK.



YOU WHIRL:

ONE MAN, STILL DOUBLED WITH PAIN, RECEIVES THE BLOW OF THE HAMMER...

ANOTHER, ALREADY REELING, YOU DISPOSE OF WITH THE MONKEY BLOW.

THE FOURTH ATTACKER, MORE CAUTIOUS THAN HIS FELLOWS, ONLY NOW MAKES HIS FORWARD LEAP...



STILL, HE HAS MERELY DELAYED HIS PUNISHMENT, NOT EVADED IT...

...AS A SINGLE LIGHTNING KICK GIVES HIM SORROW TO REMEMBER TILL THE END OF HIS DAYS!

BUT, YOU HAVE GROWN CARELESS, IRON FIST, IN ALLOWING YOURSELF EVEN A MOMENT'S CONTEMPLATION OF THE CARNAGE YOUR WEAPON-LIMBS HAVE WROUGHT...



FOR, NOW, ONLY A RUSH OF AIR WARNS YOU OF ATTACK FROM A NEW QUARTER...

...AND ONLY THUNDERBOLT REFLEXES, AND A SECOND SWORD HAND BLOW, SAVE YOU FROM THE VERY FATE YOU'VE OFT DEALT OUT TO OTHERS!



YOUR EYES DART UPWARD FOR AN INSTANT, EXPECTING PERHAPS A FLEETING GLANCE OF PRAISE...



...TO MEET ONLY WITH OTHER EYES THAT SAY...NOTHING.

THIS, YOU TURN ANEW TO YOUR ATTACKERS...



...AND DIVERT THE FURY NOW BOILING WITHIN YOU...

...AGAINST THEM INSTEAD OF YU-TI.



AT LAST, TWO ALONE ARE LEFT TO COME AT YOU.

TWO ALONE---

--AND THESE, MADE RECKLESS BY RAGE-- THEIR ASSAULT BORN MORE OF DESPERATION THAN OF THE KNOWLEDGE WHICH IS THE ONE TRUE PATH.

THEY ARE, PERHAPS, GOOD MEN... HONEST MEN.

MEET THEM OUTSIDE THIS AMPHITHEATRE, AND THEY MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN YOUR FRIENDS.



BUT, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO THINK OF THAT NOW...

...AS YOUR COMBINED RAM'S HEAD BLOW AND DRAGON STAMP END FOREVER THEIR DREAMS OF MARTIAL-ARTS GLORY..

...AND THEY CRUMPLE, AS ONE MAN, TO THE ARENA FLOOR...

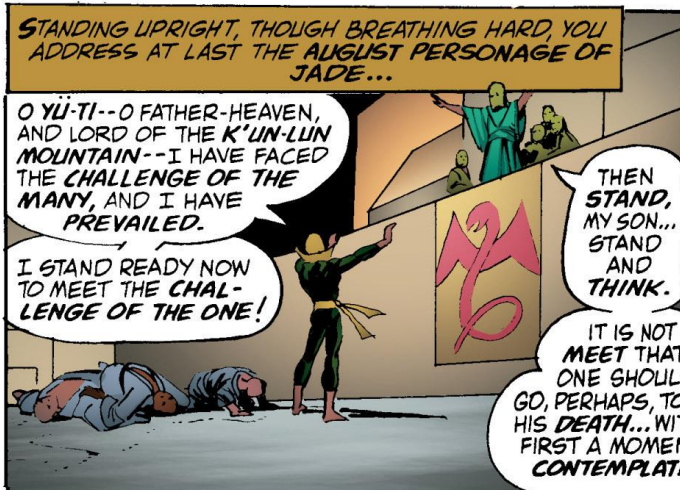


...NOR WILL ANY ONE OF THEM SOON RISE AGAIN.

IT HAS ALL TAKEN BUT A MINUTE, PERHAPS, AS MEN MEASURE TIME-- A SINGLE MINUTE, DURING WHICH YOU MUST HAVE SEEMED AN INHUMAN FIGHTING-MACHINE.

BUT NOW, THE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION WHICH DOT THE DRAGON BRAND ON YOUR CHEST REMIND YOU THAT YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, MERELY A MAN.

PERHAPS THAT IS ENOUGH.



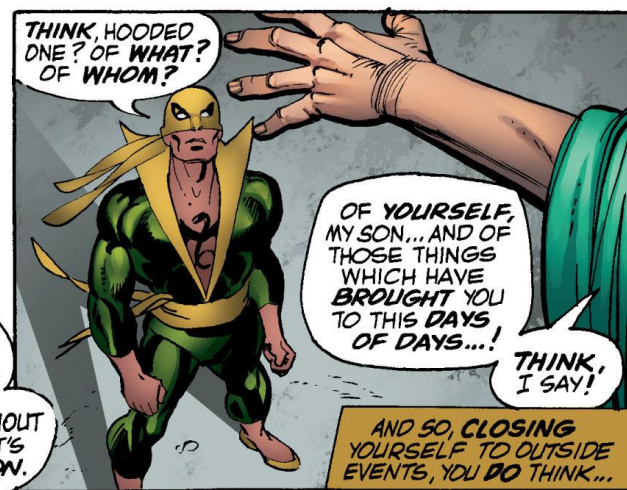
STANDING UPRIGHT, THOUGH BREATHING HARD, YOU ADDRESS AT LAST THE AUGUST PERSONAGE OF JADE...

O YU-TI--O FATHER-HEAVEN, AND LORD OF THE K'UN-LUN MOUNTAIN--I HAVE FACED THE CHALLENGE OF THE MANY, AND I HAVE PREVAILED.

I STAND READY NOW TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF THE ONE!

THEN STAND, MY SON... STAND AND THINK.

IT IS NOT MEET THAT ONE SHOULD GO, PERHAPS, TO HIS DEATH... WITHOUT FIRST A MOMENT'S CONTEMPLATION.

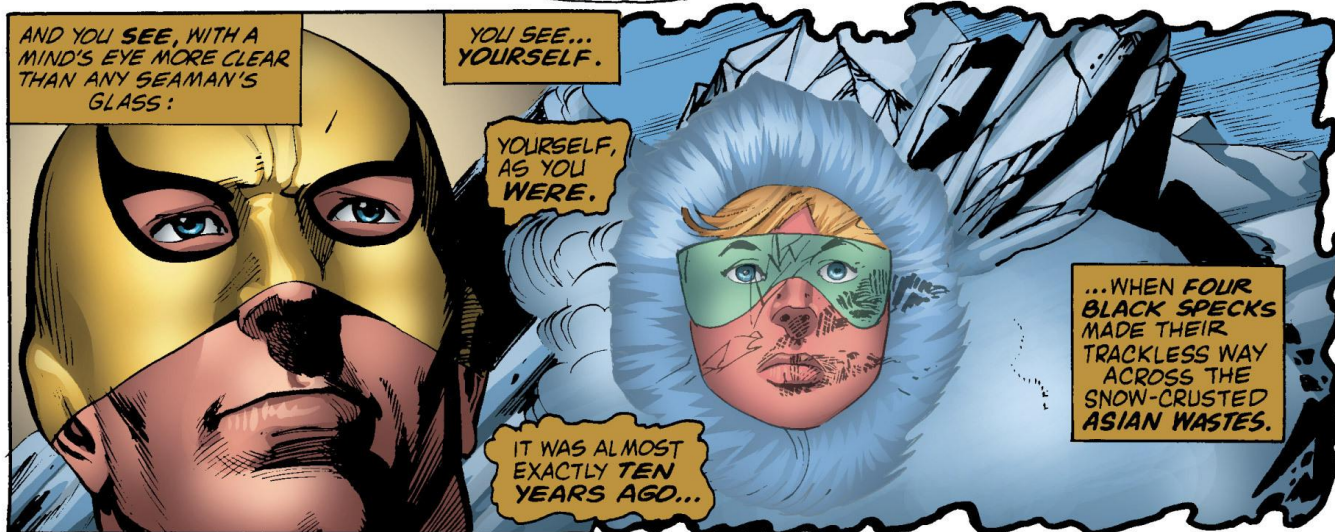


THINK, HOODED ONE? OF WHAT? OF WHOM?

OF YOURSELF, MY SON... AND OF THOSE THINGS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO THIS DAYS OF DAYS...!

THINK, I SAY!

AND SO, CLOSING YOURSELF TO OUTSIDE EVENTS, YOU DO THINK...



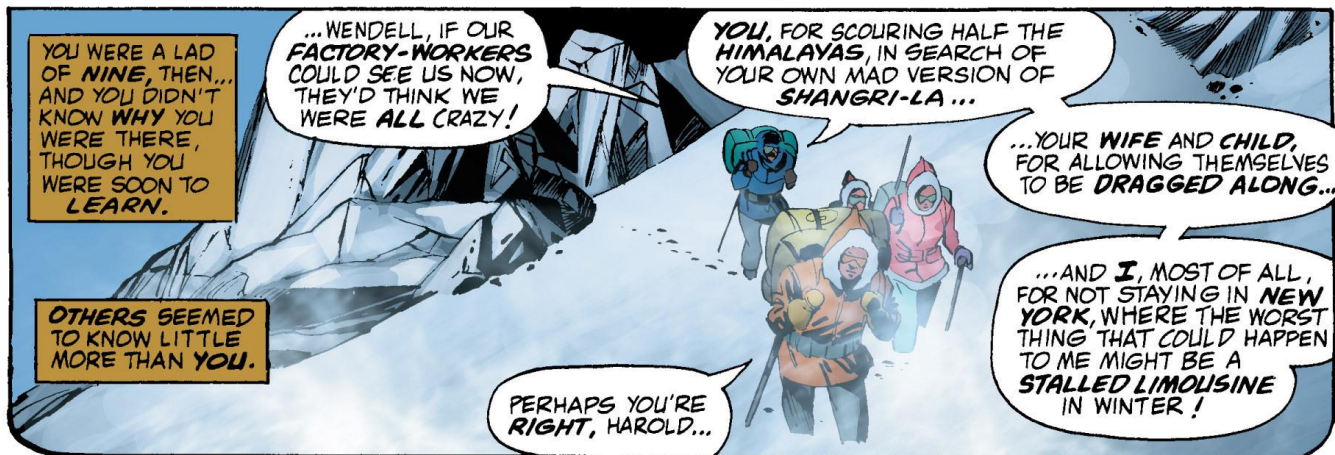
AND YOU SEE, WITH A MIND'S EYE MORE CLEAR THAN ANY SEAMAN'S GLASS:

YOU SEE... YOURSELF.

YOURSELF, AS YOU WERE.

IT WAS ALMOST EXACTLY TEN YEARS AGO...

...WHEN FOUR BLACK SPECKS MADE THEIR TRACKLESS WAY ACROSS THE SNOW-CRUSTED ASIAN WASTES.



YOU WERE A LAD OF NINE, THEN... AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHY YOU WERE THERE, THOUGH YOU WERE SOON TO LEARN.

OTHERS SEEMED TO KNOW LITTLE MORE THAN YOU.

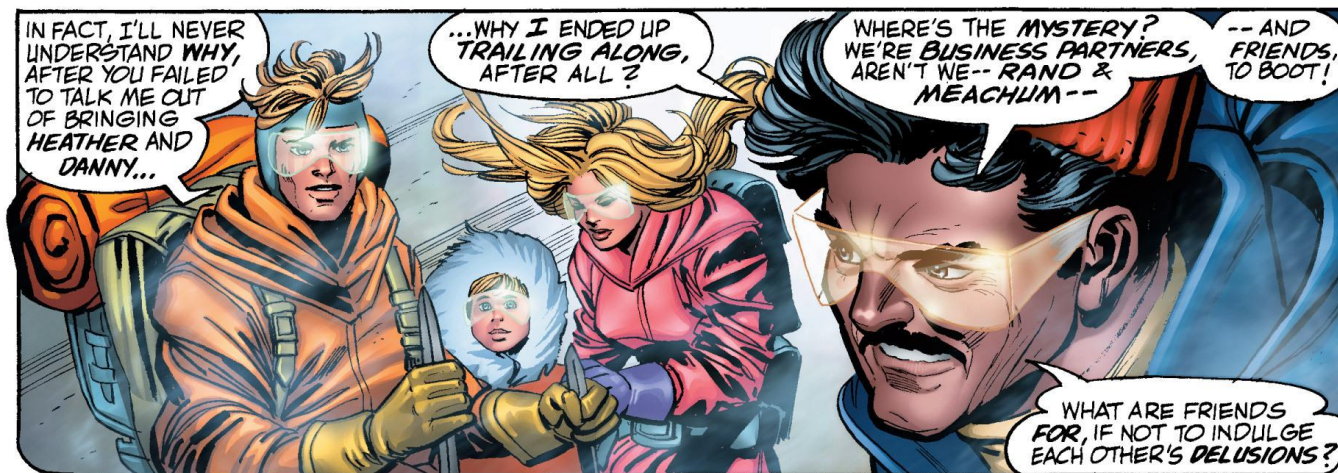
...WENDELL, IF OUR FACTORY-WORKERS COULD SEE US NOW, THEY'D THINK WE WERE ALL CRAZY!

YOU, FOR SCOURING HALF THE HIMALAYAS, IN SEARCH OF YOUR OWN MAD VERSION OF SHANGRI-LA...

...YOUR WIFE AND CHILD, FOR ALLOWING THEMSELVES TO BE DRAGGED ALONG...

...AND I, MOST OF ALL, FOR NOT STAYING IN NEW YORK, WHERE THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME MIGHT BE A STALLED LIMOUSINE IN WINTER!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, HAROLD...



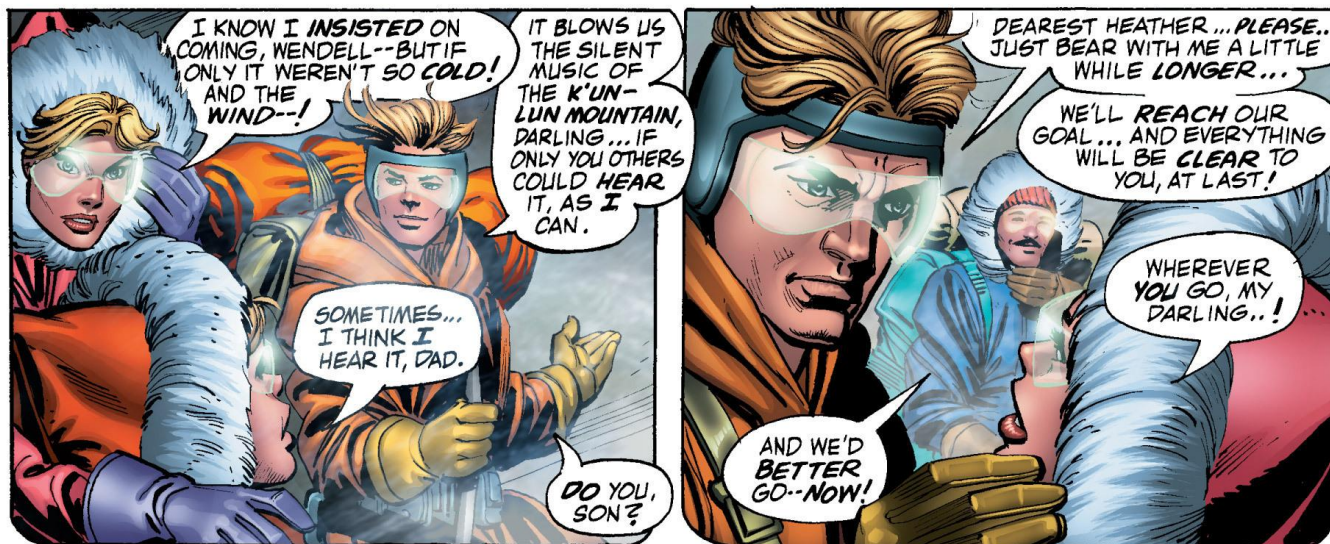
IN FACT, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY, AFTER YOU FAILED TO TALK ME OUT OF BRINGING HEATHER AND DANNY...

...WHY I ENDED UP TRAILING ALONG, AFTER ALL?

WHERE'S THE MYSTERY? WE'RE BUSINESS PARTNERS, AREN'T WE-- RAND & MEACHUM--

-- AND FRIENDS, TO BOOT!

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR, IF NOT TO INDULGE EACH OTHER'S DELUSIONS?



I KNOW I INSISTED ON COMING, WENDELL--BUT IF ONLY IT WEREN'T SO COLD! AND THE WIND--!

IT BLOWS US THE SILENT MUSIC OF THE K'UN-LUN MOUNTAIN, DARLING... IF ONLY YOU OTHERS COULD HEAR IT, AS I CAN.

SOMETIMES... I THINK I HEAR IT, DAD.

DO YOU, SON?

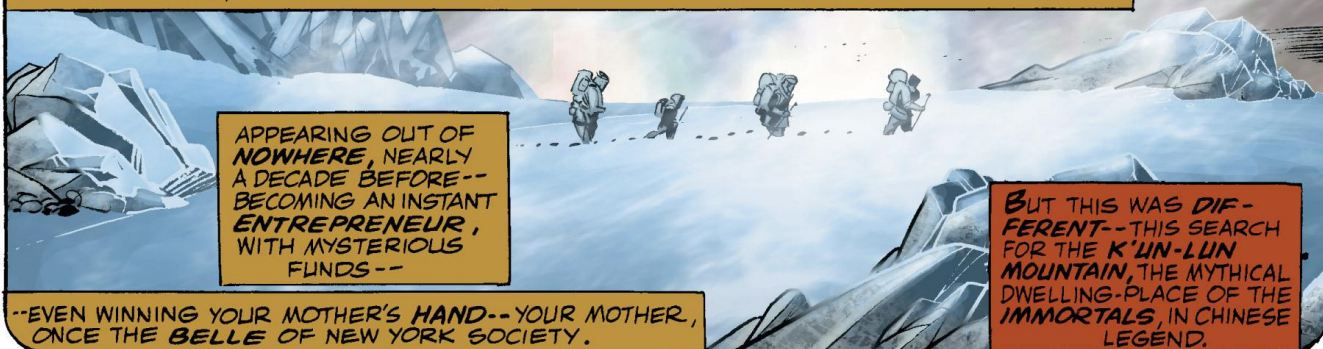
DEAREST HEATHER... PLEASE.. JUST BEAR WITH ME A LITTLE WHILE LONGER...

WE'LL REACH OUR GOAL... AND EVERYTHING WILL BE CLEAR TO YOU, AT LAST!

WHEREVER YOU GO, MY DARLING..!

AND WE'D BETTER GO--NOW!

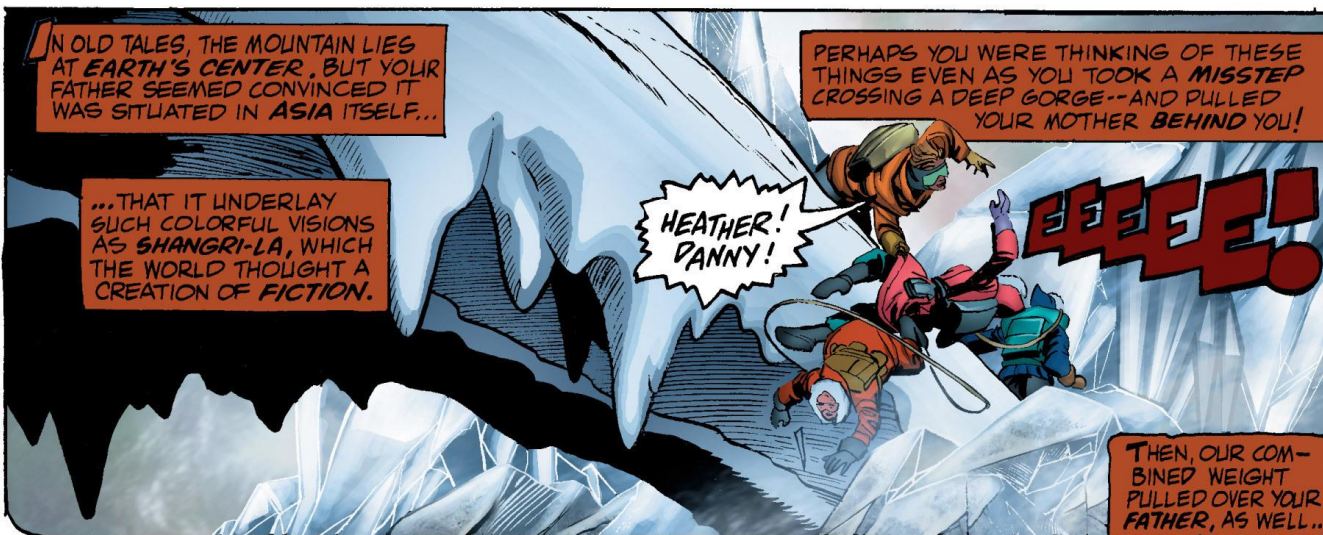
EVEN AS A CHILD, YOU KNEW YOUR FATHER HAD ALWAYS BEEN AN ENIGMA TO EVERYONE :



APPEARING OUT OF NOWHERE, NEARLY A DECADE BEFORE-- BECOMING AN INSTANT ENTREPRENEUR, WITH MYSTERIOUS FUNDS--

BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT--THIS SEARCH FOR THE K'UN-LUN MOUNTAIN, THE MYTHICAL DWELLING-PLACE OF THE IMMORTALS, IN CHINESE LEGEND.

--EVEN WINNING YOUR MOTHER'S HAND--YOUR MOTHER, ONCE THE BELLE OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.



IN OLD TALES, THE MOUNTAIN LIES AT EARTH'S CENTER, BUT YOUR FATHER SEEMED CONVINCED IT WAS SITUATED IN ASIA ITSELF...

...THAT IT UNDERLAY SUCH COLORFUL VISIONS AS SHANGRI-LA, WHICH THE WORLD THOUGHT A CREATION OF FICTION.

PERHAPS YOU WERE THINKING OF THESE THINGS EVEN AS YOU TOOK A MISSTEP CROSSING A DEEP GORGE--AND PULLED YOUR MOTHER BEHIND YOU!

HEATHER! PANNY!

EEEE!

THEN, OUR COMBINED WEIGHT PULLED OVER YOUR FATHER, AS WELL..



THE NEXT MOMENT, THE ROPE THAT HELD THE THREE OF YOU TOGETHER **SNAPPED**-- LEAVING YOUR FATHER DANGLING PRECARIOUSLY FROM THE **NATURAL BRIDGE**--

--AND YOU AND YOUR MOTHER ROLLING OVER AND OVER AGAIN, DOWN THE SNOW-PACKED **MOUNTAIN SIDE**.



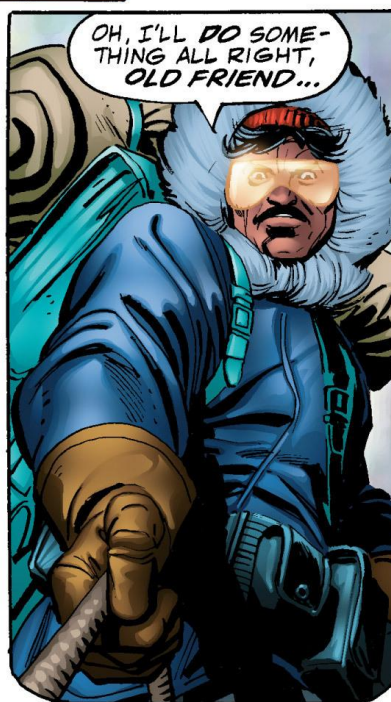
SOMEHOW, THE TWO OF YOU CAME TO REST ON A **LEDGE** NOT FAR BELOW, YOUR MOTHER STUNNED BY THE **IMPACT** FROM WHICH SHE HAD MANAGED TO SHIELD YOU.

THEN, AS YOU GAZED AT HER, FORLORN AND SHOCKED, YOU HEARD **SOUNDS** FROM FAR ABOVE...



WE'VE GOT TO GET-- **ANOTHER ROPE!** THROW IT TO HEATHER-- AND DANNY!

WH-WHY ARE YOU **STARING** AT ME THAT WAY, MAN? FOR GOD'S SAKE-- **DO SOMETHING!!**



OH, I'LL **DO SOMETHING** ALL RIGHT, **OLD FRIEND**...



...BUT I **DON'T** THINK YOU'RE GOING TO **LIKE** IT!



YOUR FATHER WAS A **STRONG MAN**... STRONG IN BODY, STRONG OF **WILL**.

IT TOOK **LONG SECONDS** FOR THE CRUSHING PRESSURE OF HAROLD MEACHUM'S BOOT TO **LOOSEN** HIS GRIP ON THE ICE-COLD **ROCK**.



BUT, AT LAST, YOUR FATHER **FELL**.

WENDELL! OH MY GOD-- **WENDELL!!**



YOU REMEMBER IT
CLEARLY, DON'T
YOU, IRON FIST?

YOUR FATHER
FELL FOR A
LONG TIME...

...AND THE **LAST** YOU COULD SEE OF HIM
WAS A VIEW OF SOMETHING VERY LIKE A
BROKEN DOLL, CAROMING LUDICROUSLY
FROM AN OUTCROPPING OF JAGGED ROCK.



PERHAPS YOU KNEW,
EVEN THEN, THAT
YOU'D SEE THAT
HORRIBLE SIGHT
AGAIN AND AGAIN,
EVERY NIGHT OF
YOUR LIFE...

AND ALWAYS, THE
DREAM WOULD
END THE SAME
WAY.

WITH A MUFFLED, THROAT-CAUGHT
SOB FROM THE HUSBAND-LESS
WOMAN BEHIND YOU.



THEN, A VOICE INTRUDED ONCE MORE
UPON YOUR OWN PRIVATE HELL...

AND YOU WONDERED WHY I
ACCOMPANIED YOU, WENDELL RAND?

WELL, NOW
THERE IS NO
MORE MEACHUM
& RAND-- ONLY
RAND, INC.--

-- AND NO ONE
WILL EVER BE ABLE
TO PROVE I KILLED
YOU!



EXHILARATION WAS SWEEPING OVER HAROLD
MEACHUM... EXHILARATION, AND A SENSE OF
POWER...

-- WHEN THE FIRST
ROCK STRUCK
AND BLOODIED
HIS CHEEK.

THUK!

PERHAPS THAT IS
WHY HE LOOKED
MORE SHOCKED
THAN TRULY HURT--



BUT STILL, THERE WAS FIERY HATRED IN THE HAND THAT FLUNG IT.

HEATHER! STOP!! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG!

I DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU--EITHER OF YOU! IT WAS FOR YOU THAT I DID IT-- I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU!

DON'T YOU HEAR ME, WOMAN? I LOVE YOU!

BUT YOUR MOTHER KEPT RIGHT ON HATING--AND THROWING ROCKS.



NOT MANY OF THEM FOUND THEIR TARGET, OF COURSE.

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, WOMAN. COME WITH ME--IF NOT FOR YOUR OWN SAKE--THEN FOR THE BOYS!

DO YOU WANT HIM TO DIE OUT HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?

DO YOU??



AT LAST, YOUR MOTHER ANSWERED.

YES!

THAT'S WHAT I DO WANT--IF LIVING MEANS SHARING THE SAME WORLD WITH YOU!

LET MY SON GROW UP TO KILL YOU WITH HIS OWN TWO HANDS--OR LET HIM DIE, LIKE HIS FATHER!

ANY WAY YOU WANT IT, HEATHER...



STILL, I RATHER SUSPECT YOU'LL FEEL DIFFERENTLY, WHEN YOU SEE THE FIRST SIGNS OF NUMBNESS SET IN.

GOOD-BYE, HEATHER.



I-I'M GLAD YOU THREW ROCKS AT HIM, MOTHER. I'M GLAD!

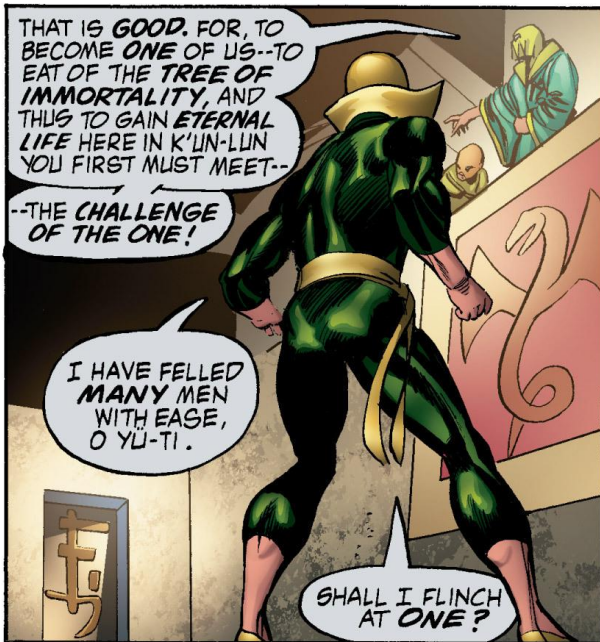
DON'T TALK, DARLING. SAVE YOUR STRENGTH... FOR CLIMBING BACK UP... IF WE CAN.

ARE YOU READY, DANNY? ARE YOU READY TO TRY??



YES, MOTHER. YES, I'M...

...READY!



THAT IS **GOOD**. FOR, TO BECOME **ONE** OF US--TO EAT OF THE **TREE OF IMMORTALITY**, AND THUS TO GAIN **ETERNAL LIFE** HERE IN K'UN-LUN YOU FIRST MUST MEET--

--THE **CHALLENGE OF THE ONE!**

I HAVE FELLED **MANY** MEN WITH EASE, O YU-TI.

SHALL I FLINCH AT **ONE**?



BE CERTAIN, MY SON, THAT SUCH FALSE BRAVADO IS NOT THE VOICE OF A **DEMON** AT YOUR EAR...



FOR, ONE MAY PERHAPS **BE** MANY... AYE, AND **MORE** THAN MANY...



...WHEN THAT ONE IS **SHU-HU!**

HE WHOSE LIPS ARE PLEDGED TO **SILENCE**, AND WHOSE NAME MEANS THE **LIGHTNING...**

...AND WHOSE **FISTS** ARE LIKE TWIN **THUNDER-BOLTS!**

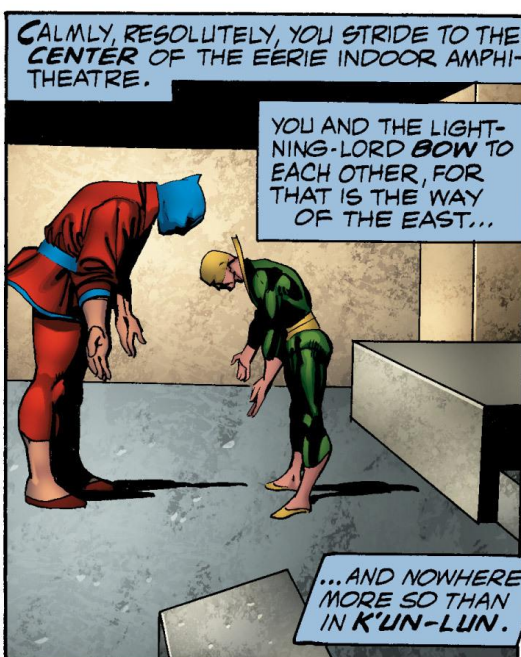


WELL, MY SON? WILL YOU **FACE** SHU-HU...

OR SHALL MY **DRAGON-KINGS** AND I DELAY THIS CHALLENGE UNTIL **ANOTHER** DAY, WHEN YOU ARE **RESTED**?

NO, AUGUST ONE. MY TRIAL BY COMBAT **MUST** BE TODAY. I WILL **NOT** DELAY IT.

THEN **PROCEED**. LET IT BE AS IT IS **WRITTEN**.



CALMLY, RESOLUTELY, YOU STRIDE TO THE **CENTER** OF THE **EERIE** INDOOR AMPHITHEATRE.

YOU AND THE **LIGHTNING-LORD** **BOW** TO EACH OTHER, FOR THAT IS THE WAY OF THE **EAST...**

...AND **NOWHERE** MORE SO THAN IN K'UN-LUN.



THEN--THE **BATTLE!**

SHU-HU IS **SWIFT**--NEARLY AS SWIFT AS THE **THUNDERCLAPS** FOR WHICH HE IS NAMED.

YET, YOU WHO ONCE WERE **DANNY RAND** **EVAD**E HIS **MAM-MOTH** FIST, AND **STRIKE** HOME A **SOLID BODY BLOW...**

--TO **NO EFFECT!**



STARTLED, YOU SHOVE YOUR HARD, CALLOUSED PALM AGAINST THE MASSIVE CHIN BEFORE YOU--- PUSH IT BACK, WITH FORCE ENOUGH TO SNAP A MAN'S NECK--



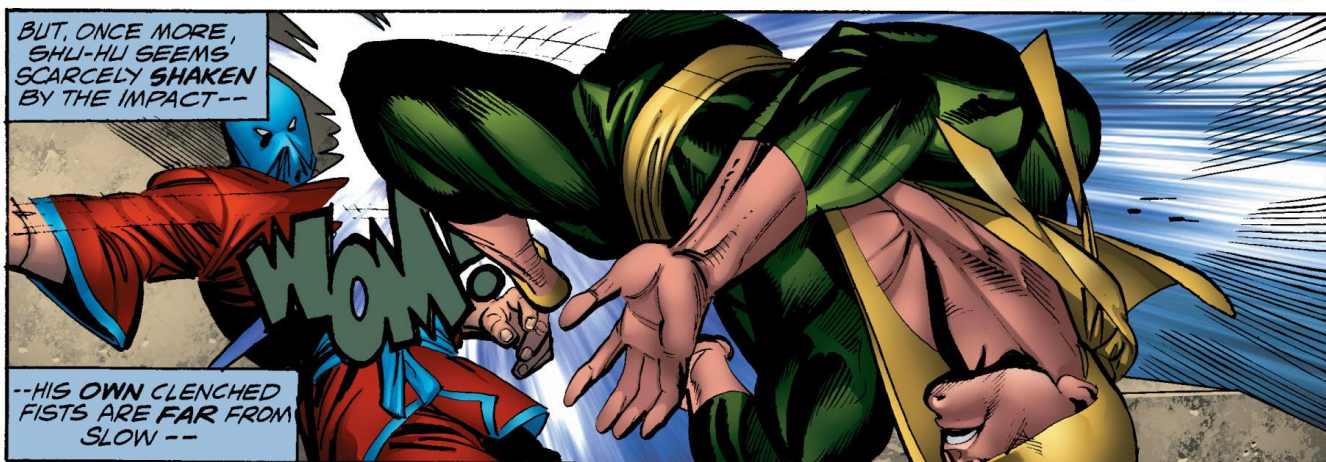
--AND, THE NEXT INSTANT, ARE NEARLY SHATTERED FOR YOUR PAINS!--



ALMOST UN-BELIEVING NOW, YOU SEEK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SLOW PONDEROUSNESS OF THE HOODED MAN'S VAST BULK.

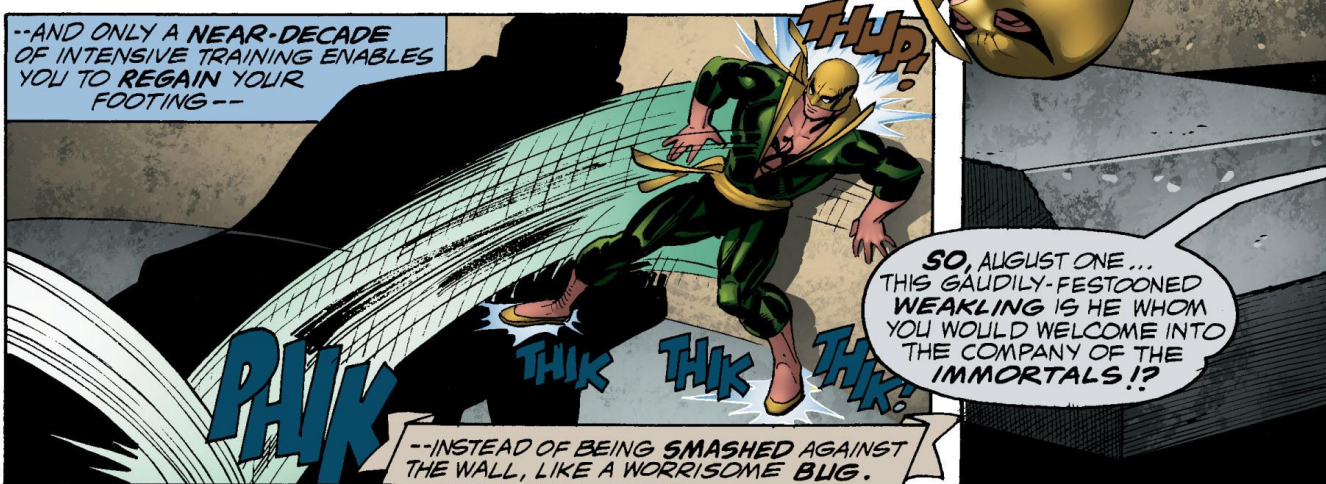
HAI-YA!

YOUR NIMBLE FEET FIND THEIR TARGET, SURELY ENOUGH--



BUT, ONCE MORE, SHU-HU SEEMS SCARCELY SHAKEN BY THE IMPACT--

--HIS OWN CLENCHED FISTS ARE FAR FROM SLOW--



--AND ONLY A NEAR-DECADE OF INTENSIVE TRAINING ENABLES YOU TO REGAIN YOUR FOOTING--

SO, AUGUST ONE... THIS GAUDILY-FESTOONED WEAKLING IS HE WHOM YOU WOULD WELCOME INTO THE COMPANY OF THE IMMORTALS!?

--INSTEAD OF BEING SMASHED AGAINST THE WALL, LIKE A WORRISOME BUG.



RATHER, IT SEEMS TO **THIS ONE** THAT HE SHOULD BE TURNED OUT AGAIN INTO THE **END-LESS SNOWS** THAT DRIFT BEYOND THE **GATE OF DREAMS**.

THE **AUGUST PERSONAGE** OF **JADE** SAYS **NOTHING**.

AND, IF THE **BROW** BEHIND HIS **SOMBRE HOOD** IS **FURROWED**, NOT EVEN THE **FOUR DRAGON-KINGS** STAND CLOSE ENOUGH TO **SEE**.



MEANWHILE, WITH **SURPRISING QUICKNESS**, THE **GIANT** HURLS HIMSELF **BODILY** TOWARD YOU.

WITH AN **AGILE LEAP**, YOU **DODGE** FEET WHOSE **SHEER MASS** COULD CRUSH A **TIGER'S SKULL...**



...ONLY TO BE **FELLED** IN TURN BY A **FAST-DARTING FIST**.



AGAIN, AND YET AGAIN, THOSE **MASSIVE HANDS** **PUMMEL** YOU ...

...TEACH YOU WHAT THE **AFTERLIFE** MUST BE LIKE, BEYOND **K'U-CH'U-CH'IAO**, THE **BRIDGE OF PAIN**, BENEATH WHICH FLOW **RIVERS OF CRIMSON**.



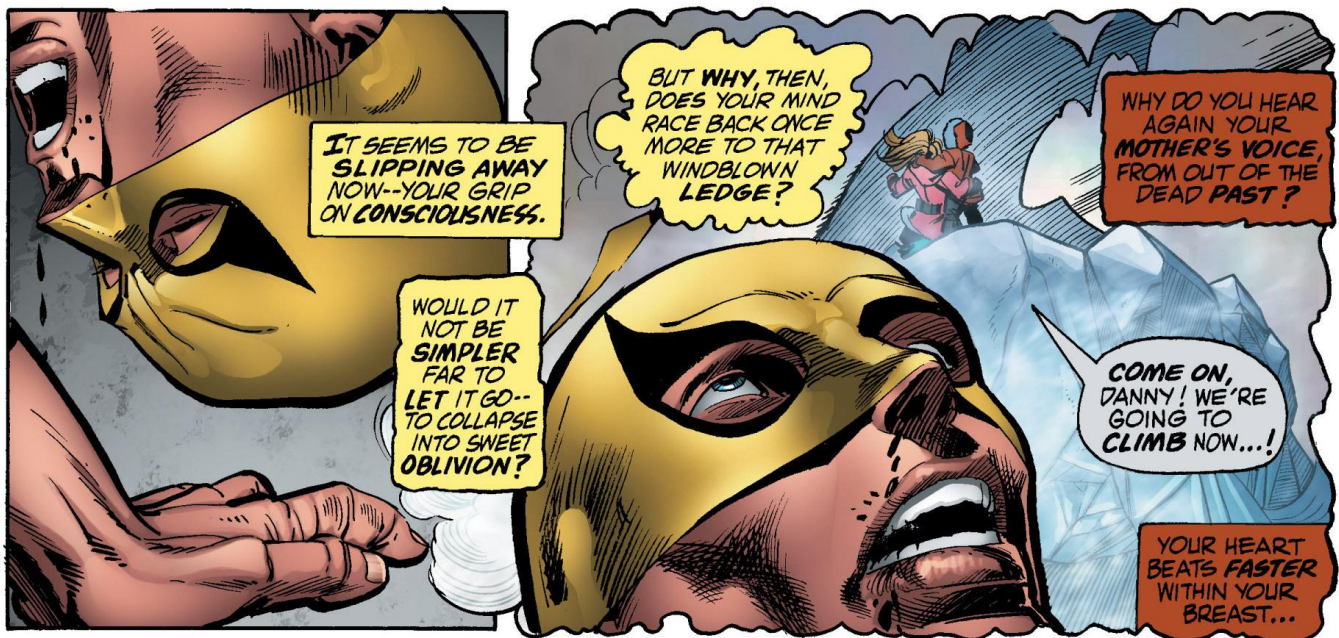
IN **DESPERATION**, YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE **STRUCK** ONCE MORE AGAINST A **FAR WALL--**

--FROM WHICH YOU **RICOCCHET**, IN TURN--

--IN AN **ATTEMPT** TO GAIN A **MOMENT'S RESPITE**.



AN **ATTEMPT** WHICH PROVES **MOST VAIN!**



IT SEEMS TO BE SLIPPING AWAY NOW--YOUR GRIP ON CONSCIOUSNESS.

BUT WHY, THEN, DOES YOUR MIND RACE BACK ONCE MORE TO THAT WINDBLOWN LEDGE?

WHY DO YOU HEAR AGAIN YOUR MOTHER'S VOICE, FROM OUT OF THE DEAD PAST?

WOULD IT NOT BE SIMPLER FAR TO LET IT GO--TO COLLAPSE INTO SWEET OBLIVION?

COME ON, DANNY! WE'RE GOING TO CLIMB NOW...!

YOUR HEART BEATS FASTER WITHIN YOUR BREAST...



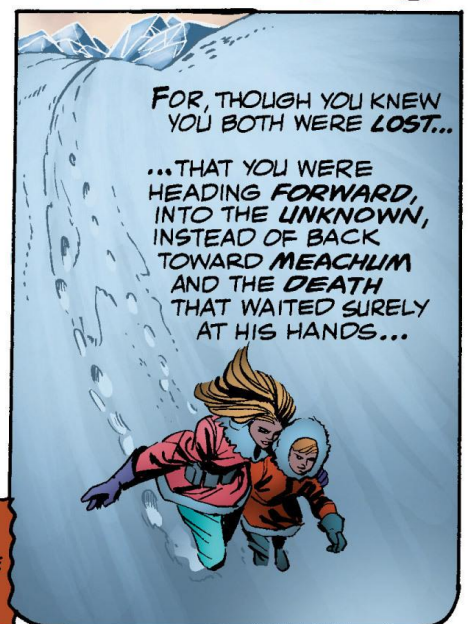
BUT, IS IT *HERE* THAT IT BEATS... HERE, WITHIN THE ARENA OF YOUR THROBBING PAIN...

...OR IS IT *THERE*, WHERE TWO PEOPLE MADE THAT MOST INHUMAN EFFORT, TEN YEARS GONE?



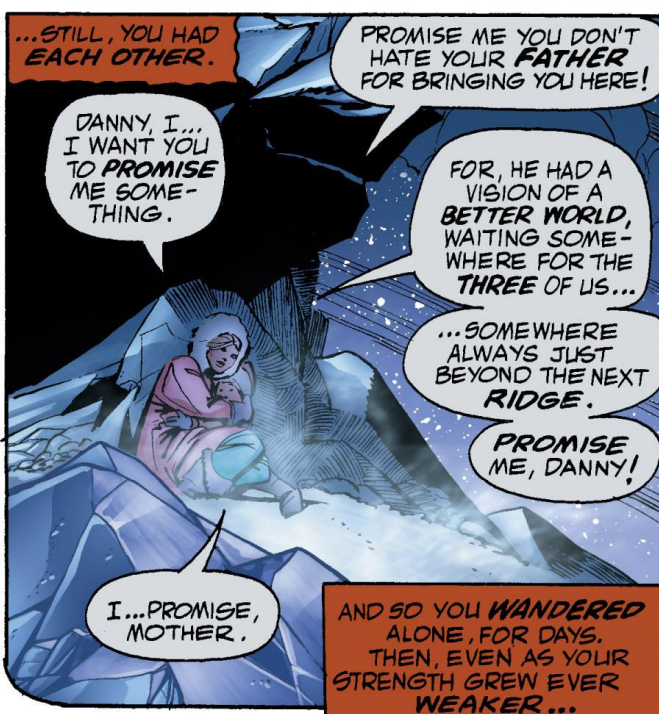
YOU MADE IT *THEN*, DIDN'T YOU?

SOMEHOW, IT WAS EASIER THEN, IN SPITE OF THE NUMBING *COLD*... IN SPITE OF THE VIVID MEMORY OF *MURDER MOST FOUL*!



FOR, THOUGH YOU KNEW YOU BOTH WERE *LOST*...

...THAT YOU WERE HEADING *FORWARD*, INTO THE *UNKNOWN*, INSTEAD OF BACK TOWARD *MEACHUM* AND THE *DEATH* THAT WAITED SURELY AT HIS HANDS...



...STILL, YOU HAD *EACH OTHER*.

DANNY, I... I WANT YOU TO *PROMISE* ME SOMETHING.

I...PROMISE, MOTHER.

PROMISE ME YOU DON'T HATE YOUR *FATHER* FOR BRINGING YOU HERE!

FOR, HE HAD A VISION OF A *BETTER WORLD*, WAITING SOMEWHERE FOR THE *THREE* OF US...

...SOMEWHERE ALWAYS JUST BEYOND THE NEXT *RIDGE*.

PROMISE ME, DANNY!

AND SO YOU *WANDERED* ALONE, FOR DAYS. THEN, EVEN AS YOUR STRENGTH GREW EVER *WEAKER*...



...YOUR STEPS EVER MORE *FALTERING*...

...SUDDENLY, YOU BOTH WEREN'T *ALONE* ANY LONGER.



THE WOLVES MUST HAVE TRAILED YOU BOTH FOR HOURS, IN PATIENT, SINISTER SILENCE.

BUT NOW, THEY BEGAN TO RUN... AS IF SENSING SOMEHOW THAT THEY HAD LITTLE TIME LEFT...



MOTHER... WHAT KIND OF PLACE WAS FATHER LOOKING FOR? I... I NEVER KNEW...

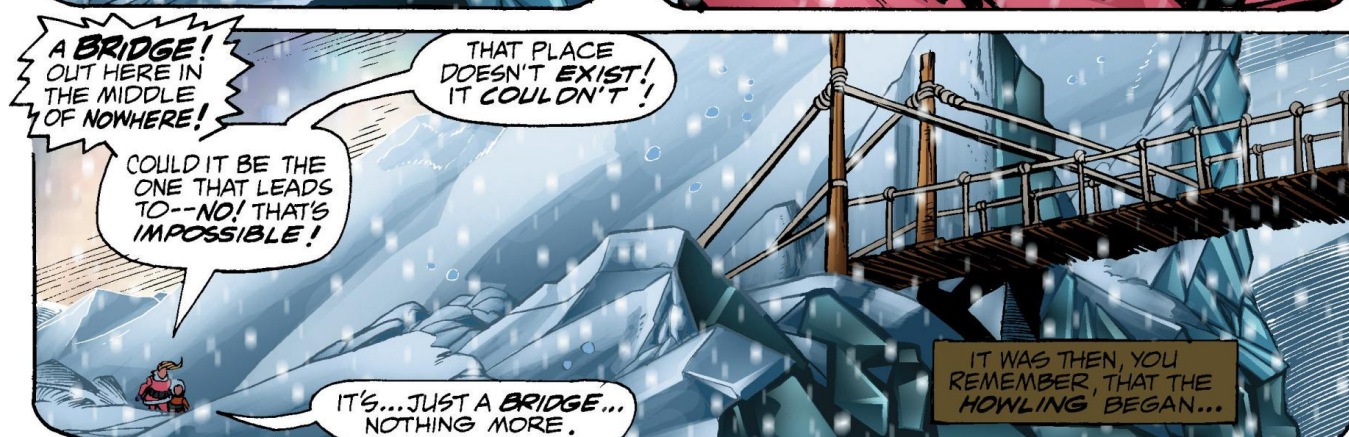
IT WAS A DREAM PLACE, DANNY. IT NEVER REALLY EXISTED, EXCEPT IN HIS OWN MIND...

...ALTHOUGH ONCE... JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE... I THOUGHT THAT PERHAPS IT DID.



IT WAS THE VERY NEXT SECOND THAT SHE SAW IT...

NO! IT-- IT CAN'T BE--!



A BRIDGE! OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

THAT PLACE DOESN'T EXIST! IT COULDN'T!

COULD IT BE THE ONE THAT LEADS TO-- NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IT'S... JUST A BRIDGE... NOTHING MORE.

IT WAS THEN, YOU REMEMBER, THAT THE HOWLING BEGAN...



...THE HOWLING THAT WAS SCARCELY MORE HORRIFYING THAN THE SUDDEN, TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAD BEEN THERE, ALL ALONG.

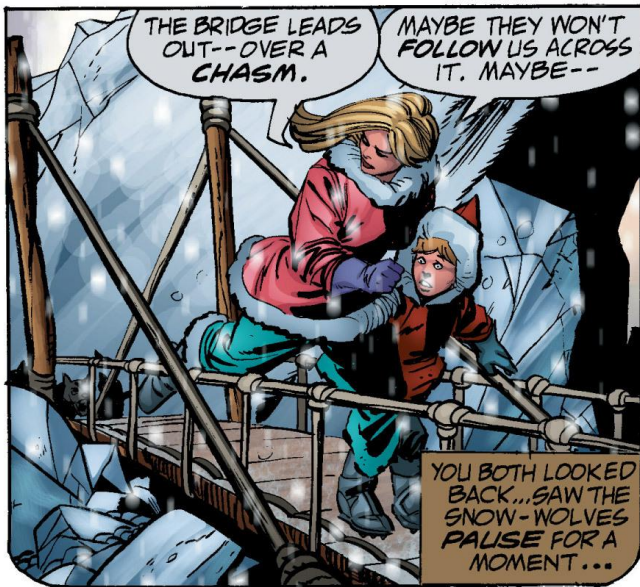
ARROOO

WOLVES!



RUN, DANNY! RUN FOR THE BRIDGE!

HURRY, DARLING! HURRY!



THE BRIDGE LEADS OUT--OVER A CHASM.

MAYBE THEY WON'T FOLLOW US ACROSS IT. MAYBE--

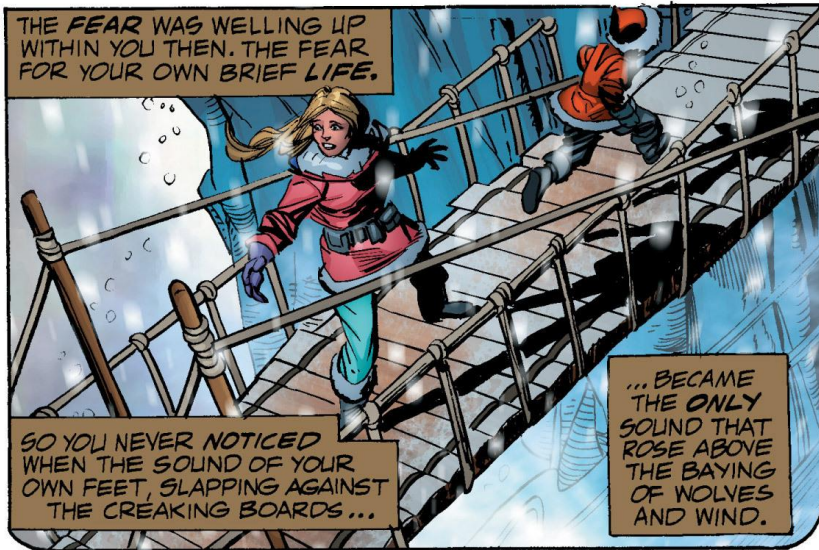
YOU BOTH LOOKED BACK...SAW THE SNOW-WOLVES PAUSE FOR A MOMENT...



BUT, YOU ALSO KNEW THAT IN AN INSTANT THEY'D BE AFTER YOU AGAIN...THAT THEY'D BE UPON YOU BEFORE YOU REACHED THE OTHER SIDE...



...UNLESS...!



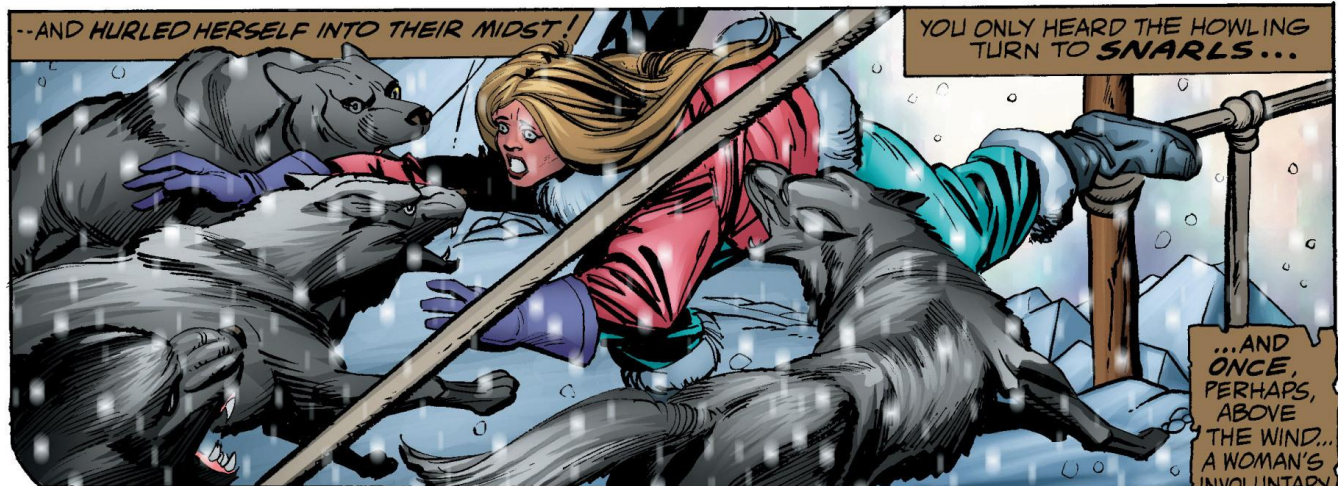
THE FEAR WAS WELLING UP WITHIN YOU THEN. THE FEAR FOR YOUR OWN BRIEF LIFE.

SO YOU NEVER NOTICED WHEN THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN FEET, SLAPPING AGAINST THE CREAKING BOARDS...

...BECAME THE ONLY SOUND THAT ROSE ABOVE THE BAYING OF WOLVES AND WIND.



YOU DIDN'T EVEN SEE HER, AS SHE TURNED--RACED BACK TOWARD THE RAVENING WOLVES...



--AND HURLED HERSELF INTO THEIR MIDST!

YOU ONLY HEARD THE HOWLING TURN TO SNARLS...

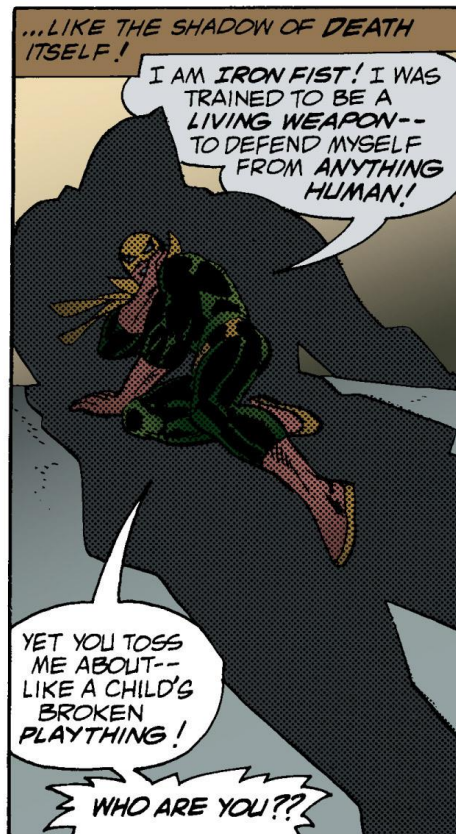
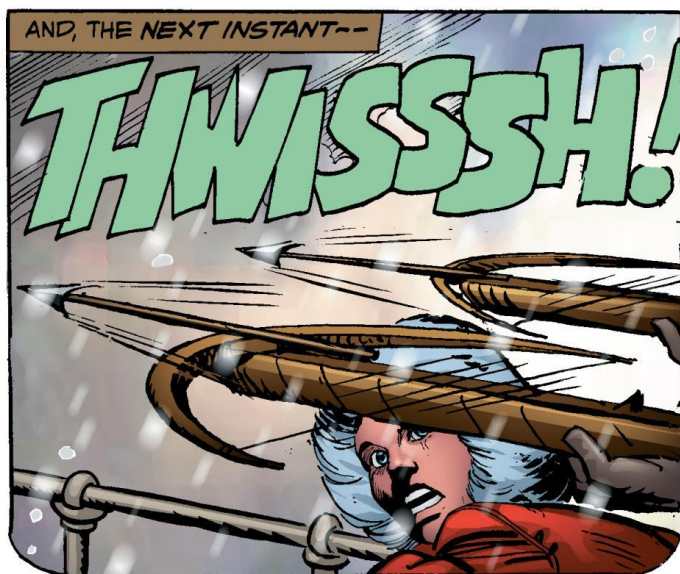
...AND ONCE, PERHAPS, ABOVE THE WIND... A WOMAN'S INVOLUNTARY SCREAM!



YOU PAUSED THEN--NOT QUITE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE. YOU TURNED, CONFUSED...

MOTHER...?

MOTHER!!





YOUR ONLY ANSWER:

A BLUR OF DEADLY MOTION, STREAKING FROM OUT OF YOUR TORMENTOR'S VERY HAND--

ZIP!

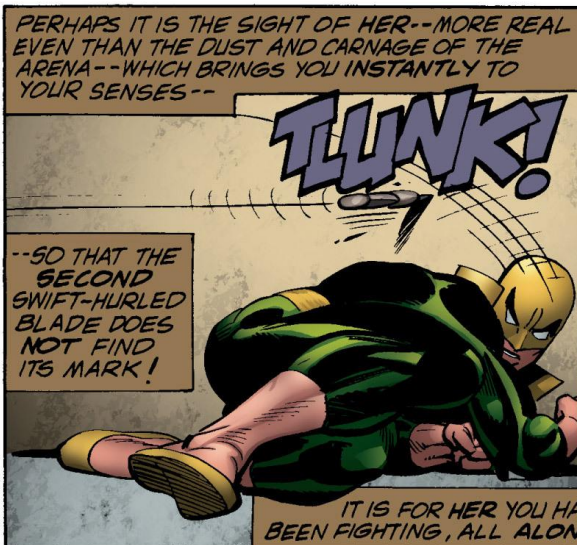


--TO TAKE SOLID FORM IN YOUR OWN PAIN-WRACKED SHOULDER!

THEN, EVEN AS YOU REALIZE AT LAST THAT YOUR OPPONENT IS NOT HUMAN--

THUK!

--SOMEONE ELSE IS MYSTERIOUSLY THERE!

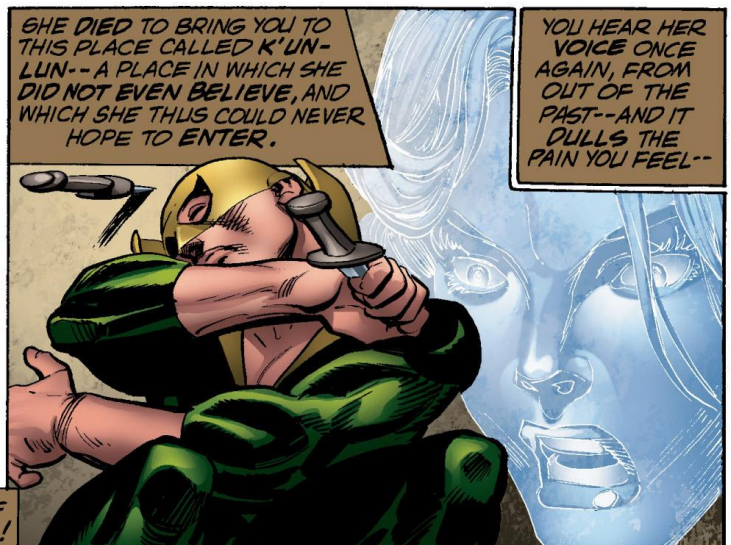


PERHAPS IT IS THE SIGHT OF HER--MORE REAL EVEN THAN THE DUST AND CARNAGE OF THE ARENA--WHICH BRINGS YOU INSTANTLY TO YOUR SENSES--

TLUNK!

--SO THAT THE SECOND SWIFT-HURLED BLADE DOES NOT FIND ITS MARK!

IT IS FOR HER YOU HAVE BEEN FIGHTING, ALL ALONG!



SHE DIED TO BRING YOU TO THIS PLACE CALLED K'UN-LUN-- A PLACE IN WHICH SHE DID NOT EVEN BELIEVE, AND WHICH SHE THUS COULD NEVER HOPE TO ENTER.

YOU HEAR HER VOICE ONCE AGAIN, FROM OUT OF THE PAST--AND IT DULLS THE PAIN YOU FEEL--



--DULLS IT INTO INSENSITIVITY, THEN OBLIVION.

NO LONGER DO YOU FEEL THE PAIN--

--AND THE BLOOD WHICH DROPS COULD AS EASILY BELONG TO A CHILD WHO PERISHED TEN YEARS AGO.



NOW, YOU ARE MERELY--
IRON FIST!

AND, YOU ARE AS WELL--
A MAN GONE BERSERK!

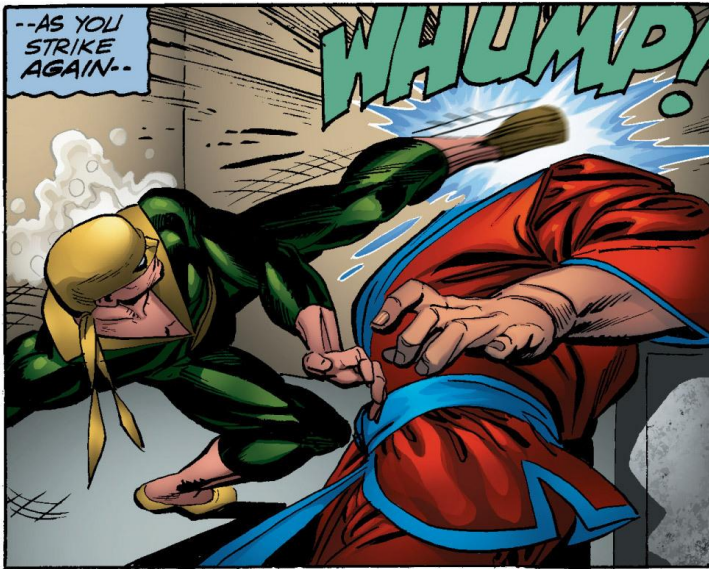
HAI--

--YAH!

DRAK!

YOU KNOW YOU FAILED BEFORE-- WITH BLOWS YOU THOUGHT YOUR STRONGEST.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, AS YOU LEAP ANEW INTO THE JAWS OF STEEL-FLESHED DOOM--

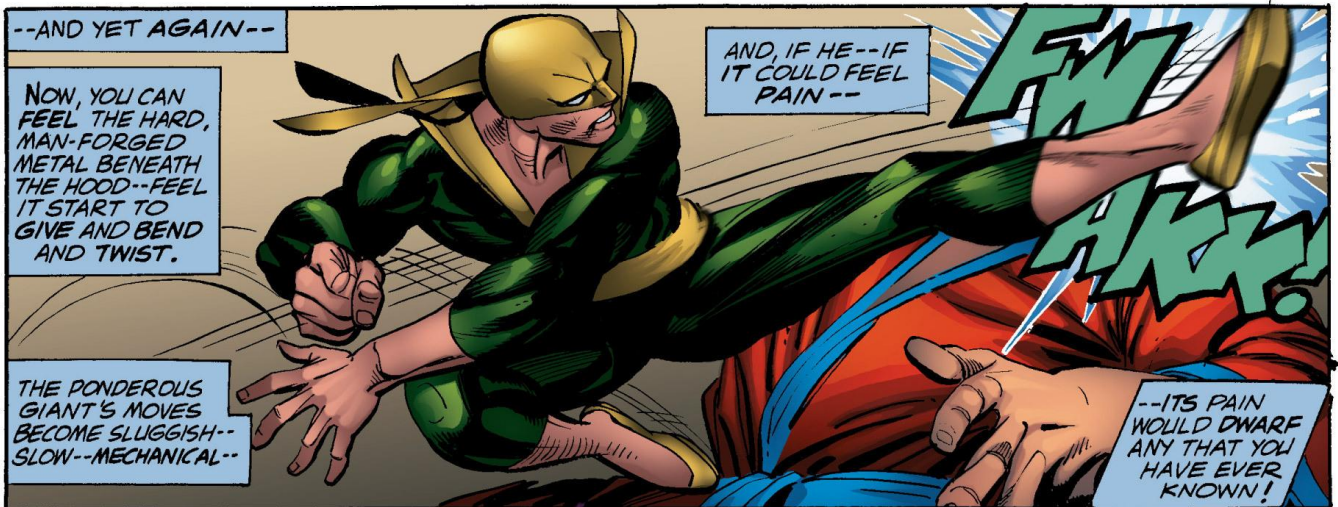


--AS YOU STRIKE AGAIN--

WHUMP!



--AND AGAIN--



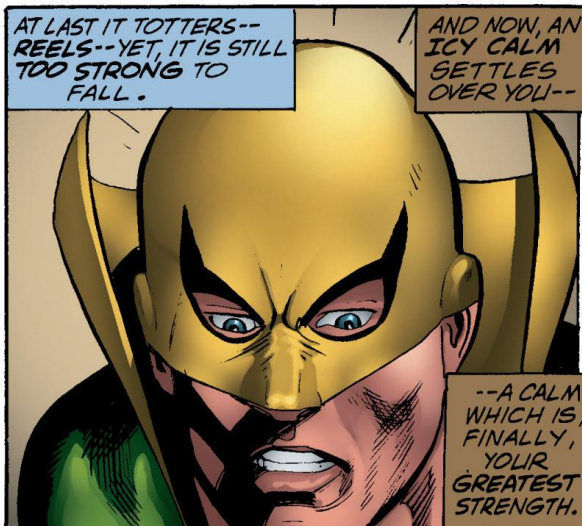
--AND YET AGAIN--

NOW, YOU CAN FEEL THE HARD, MAN-FORGED METAL BENEATH THE HOOD--FEEL IT START TO GIVE AND BEND AND TWIST.

AND, IF HE--IF IT COULD FEEL PAIN--

THE PONDEROUS GIANT'S MOVES BECOME SLUGGISH--SLOW--MECHANICAL--

--ITS PAIN WOULD DWARF ANY THAT YOU HAVE EVER KNOWN!



AT LAST IT TOTTERS--REELS--YET, IT IS STILL TOO STRONG TO FALL.

AND NOW, AN ICY CALM SETTLES OVER YOU--

--A CALM WHICH IS, FINALLY, YOUR GREATEST STRENGTH.



YOU CALL SILENTLY, INWARDLY, UPON THE INVINCIBLE WILL WHICH FORMS THE VERY CORE OF YOUR BEING.

UNFATHOMED RESERVES OF CONCENTRATION AND RESOLVE FLOW FROM YOUR BRAIN, YOUR SHOULDERS, YOUR LEGS, FROM EVERY PART OF A BODY HONED FOR TEN LONG YEARS--



--FLOW, MELD, AND MERGE INTO ONE PLACE--

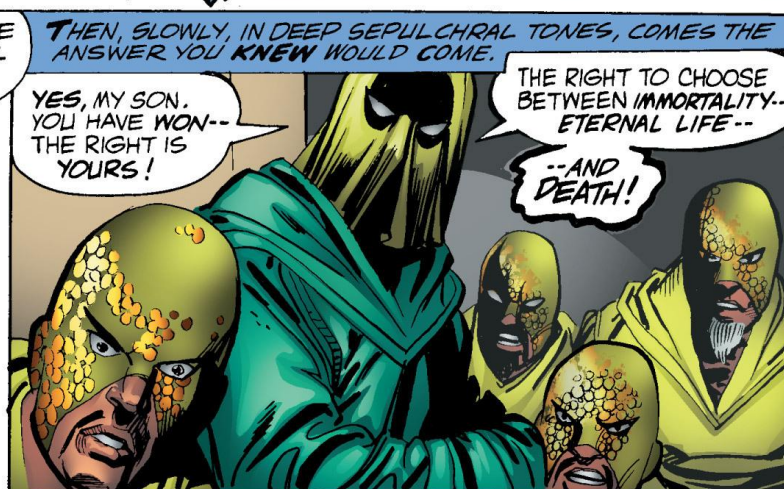
--INTO YOUR HAND--

--UNTIL IT BEGINS TO SMOLDER AND GLOW--



--UNTIL IT BECOMES LIKE UNTO--

--A THING OF IRON!



End of Chapter I.

MARVEL
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FEATURING

IRON FIST™



YOUR **KUNG FU**
FIREWORKS WON'T
HELP YOU, MASKED
MAN--NOT AGAINST
THE SCYTHE!



HE'S--RIGHT!
I CAN
BREAK CHAINS--
SMASH CONCRETE
WITH MY
BARE FISTS--

BUT IF HE
STRIKES ME WITH
THAT RAZOR-SHARP
BLADE--I'M A
DEAD MAN!!

JAWS OF THE DRAGON!

Chapter 2:

HEART OF THE DRAGON!

YOU ARE IRON FIST--
AND THE ODORS THAT
ASSAULT YOUR TENDER
NOSTRILS THIS NIGHT
FILL YOU WITH A
GROWING FEELING
OF REVULSION.

YOU HAVE HEARD MANY
STORIES OF THIS STRANGE
PLACE CALLED NEW YORK--
THIS CITY THAT IS HARDLY
MORE THAN A MEMORY
TO YOU--

--AND, UNFORTUNATELY,
IT SEEMS THAT ALL
THE TALES ARE TRUE.

STILL, YOU DRAW UPON
YOUR INNER RESOURCES--
CLOSE YOUR WELL-HONED
SENSES TO THE OFFEN-
SIVENESS THAT SURROUNDS
YOU--AS YOU CONCENTRATE
ONCE MORE UPON YOUR
MISSION--

--FOR YOU HAVE COME TO
THIS MUCH-BEGRIMED
METROPOLIS TO KILL A
MAN--AND YOU CANNOT
REST UNTIL THE DEED
IS DONE!

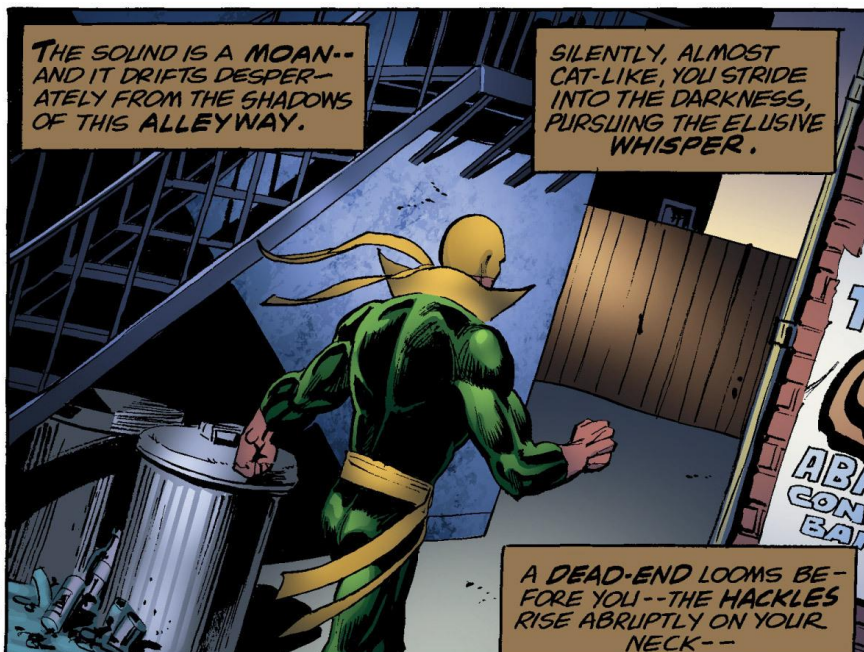


IN YOUR MIND'S EYE, YOU SEE HIS FACE--AND FURY GROWS WITHIN YOU AT THE SIGHT OF IT--



--BUT IT IS FURY CAST QUICKLY ASIDE--AS A SOUND INTERRUPTS YOUR GRIM REVERIE.

THE SOUND IS A MOAN--AND IT DRIFTS DESPERATELY FROM THE SHADOWS OF THIS ALLEYWAY.



SILENTLY, ALMOST CAT-LIKE, YOU STRIDE INTO THE DARKNESS, PURSUING THE ELUSIVE WHISPER.

A DEAD-END LOOMS BEFORE YOU--THE HACKLES RISE ABRUPTLY ON YOUR NECK--

--AND YOU CURSE YOURSELF FOR A FOOL TO HAVE WALKED SO WILLINGLY INTO A TRAP!

LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING, PAL?



YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR TYPE BEFORE--THE LOW, SLOPING BROWS--THE CRUEL TIGHTNESS AT THE CORNERS OF THEIR EYES...



THEY ARE CONFIDENT--PERHAPS TOO CONFIDENT--AND THUS THEY ARE VULNERABLE!

STEP ASIDE AND LET ME PASS, PLEASE!

YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS WITH ME!

WRONG, FRIEND--WE GOT TEN G'S WORTH'A BUSINESS WITH YOU.

SOME BIGSHOT PUT OUT A CONTRACT ON ANY DUDE WEARING THIS DRAGON BRAND--



--DEAD OR ALIVE, IT SAYS--



--AN', BUDDY, WE AIM TO COLLECT THAT DOUGH--ANY WAY WE HAVE TO!

THEY COME AT YOU WILDLY, WEAPONS FLASHING IN THE DIM LIGHT--



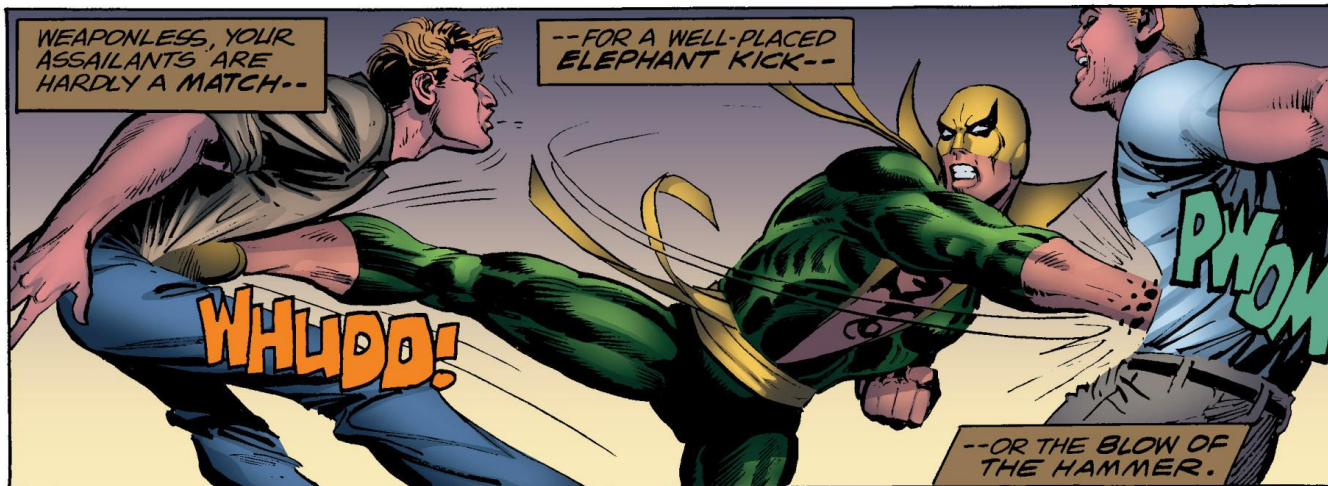
YOU CALM YOURSELF INWARDLY...



--THEN MEET SLASHING PIPE AND KNIFE-BLADE WITH THE SKILLS FEW MEN SAVE YOU HAVE MASTERED.

FKKK!

HOK



WEAPONLESS, YOUR ASSAILANTS ARE HARDLY A MATCH--

--FOR A WELL-PLACED ELEPHANT KICK--

WHUDD!

PWOOM

--OR THE BLOW OF THE HAMMER.



YOUR TWO ATTACKERS SPRAWL TO THE GROUND--AND ARE INSTANTLY REPLACED BY THEIR COM-PANIONS--

--BUT A LOCKING BLOCK TURNS ASIDE THE BAYONET STROKE OF ONE ...

--WHILE A BEAR THRUST STEALS AWAY THE BREATH OF THE OTHER.

CHUK!

THE SWORD HAND CONVINCES THE FINAL AGGRESSOR TO TOSS HIS BLADE ASIDE --



--AND PERHAPS HIS INVOLUNTARY SCREAM IS WHAT PREVENTS YOU FROM HEARING THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND YOU--



SPLANG!

--UNTIL IT IS FAR TOO LATE!



YOU STUMBLE TO YOUR KNEES, YOUR HEAD REELING FROM THE PAIN--

--AND THE MEMORIES
COME FLOOD-
ING BACK
UNBIDDEN.

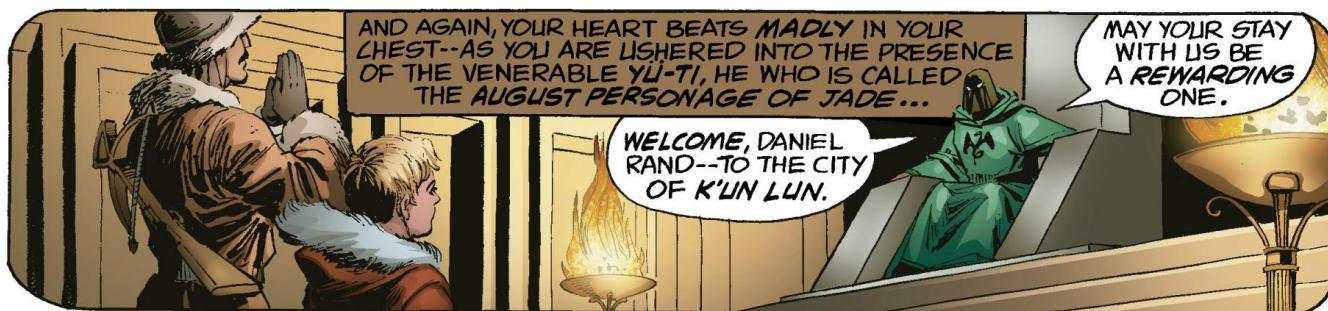
AGAIN, YOU ARE THE BOY
YOU WERE TEN YEARS
AGO. AGAIN, YOU ARE
AFRAID--

--AND AGAIN, YOUR
INNOCENT'S EYES
GROW WIDE AS
YOU FIRST BEHOLD
THE MOUNTAIN CALLED
K'UN LUN.



AGAIN, YOU
REMEMBER THE
AWE YOU FELT
FOR THE FIRST
TIME THRU THE
ANCIENT CITY'S
GATES--

--THE FEELING THAT YOU
WERE ENTERING NOT A
CITY, BUT A FANTASY--
AND THAT TO DISBELIEVE
IN THE DREAM WOULD
SURELY BE SACRILEGE.



AND AGAIN, YOUR HEART BEATS MADLY IN YOUR
CHEST--AS YOU ARE LUSHED INTO THE PRESENCE
OF THE VENERABLE YÜ-TI, HE WHO IS CALLED
THE AUGUST PERSONAGE OF JADE...

WELCOME, DANIEL
RAND--TO THE CITY
OF K'UN LUN.

MAY YOUR STAY
WITH US BE
A REWARDING
ONE.



WE KNOW OF YOUR FATHER'S
FATE, MY SON--AND THE FATE
OF YOUR MOTHER AS WELL--
AND OUR HEARTS GRIEVE
OPENLY FOR THEM!

TO LOSE ONE'S
PARENTS IS TO
LOSE THE ROOTS
OF HERITAGE.

STILL, WE SHALL TRY TO
MAKE YOU HAPPY HERE,
DANIEL!



IF THERE IS
EVER ANY-
THING YOU
WANT,
MERELY
NAME IT--

--AND IT WILL
BE YOURS!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING I
WANT, MISTER...

I WANT
REVENGE!!

YOU REMEMBER THE **SORROW** THAT SEEMED TO FILL THE AUGUST ONE'S EYES AS HE LED YOU FROM THE TEMPLE TO A SPRAWLING, SUN-LIT **COURT...**

YOU ASK THE ONE THING WE CANNOT **GIVE**, MY SON--FOR **REVENGE** IS A WEAPON THAT CUTS **TWO WAYS** AND CUTS **DEEP**. IT MUST NEVER BE GIVEN AS A **GIFT**.

BUT PERHAPS WE CAN GIVE YOU **ANOTHER** GIFT, MORE PRECIOUS AND MORE **LASTING** BY FAR!

THIS IS **LEI KUNG**, THE **THUNDERER**. IF YOU ARE **WILLING**, DANIEL, HE WILL **TUTOR** YOU--IN THE **WAYS** OF THE **MARTIAL ARTS**!

PERHAPS IN **STRENGTHENING** YOUR **BODY**, YOU WILL **STRENGTHEN** YOUR **SPIRIT** AS WELL--AND THUS **TURN** YOUR **HATRED** **ASIDE**.

YOU ACCEPTED YU-TI'S OFFER--**GLADLY**.

YOUR TRAINING WILL BE **VIGOROUS**, MAN-CHILD--

--EVEN **TORTUROUS** AT TIMES!

BUT IF, BY CHANCE, YOU PROVE **EQUAL** TO THE TASK--

--YOU WILL KNOW HOW IT **FEELS** TO WEAR THE **CROWN OF FU-HSI**... THE **KING OF VIPERS**!

THE NEXT YEARS SEEM TO FLY BEFORE YOUR MEMORY'S EYE: **LEI KUNG** DEVOTES HIMSELF TO YOU--AS YOU DEVOTE **YOURSELF** TO YOUR STUDIES--AND UNDER THE **THUNDERER'S** TUTELAGE, YOU GROW **SUPPLE**, **STRAIGHT**-- AND **STRONG**--

--AND THIS IS AS IT **SHOULD** BE--FOR YOU WILL **NOT** ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE ANYTHING LESS THAN **PERFECT**.

AT LAST, YOUR **SIXTEENTH BIRTH-DAY** COMES...

--BUT NEVER AGAIN AFTER **TODAY**.

--THEN YOUR EYES **NARROW**--
--YOUR HAND **MOVES**--

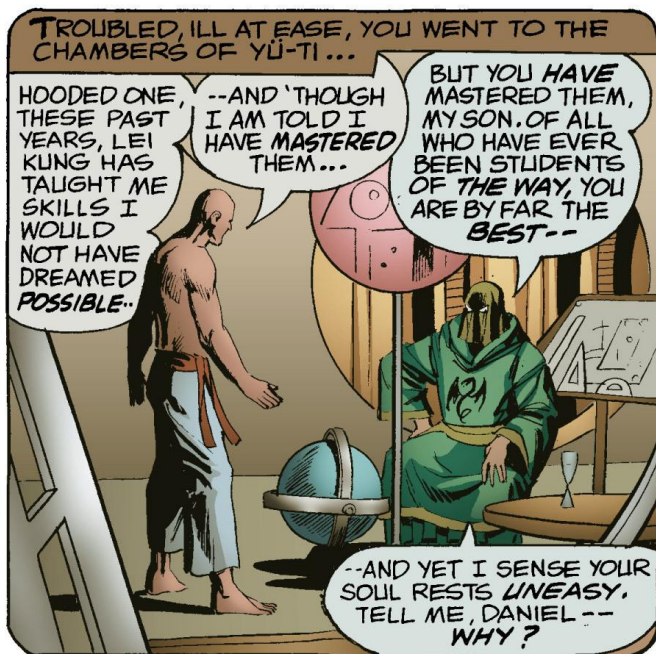
--AND YOU KNOW AT LAST HOW IT **FEELS** TO WEAR THE **CROWN OF THE KING**.

IT FEELS **HOLLOW**!

--AND YOU STAND SILENTLY BEFORE THE **GLOWERING SERPENT-KING**.

FOR YEARS, HE HAS SEEMED TO **MOCK** YOU--**SCORN** YOU--

RESPECTFULLY, YOU **ADDRESS** HIM--

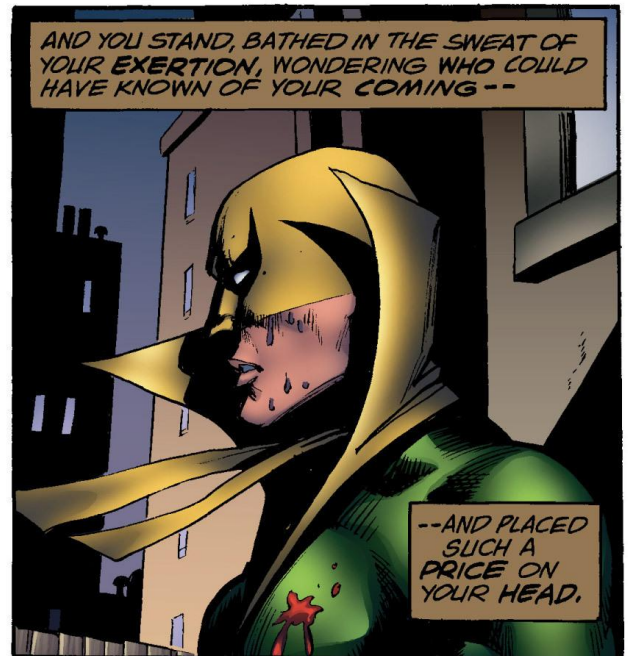




YOUR ASSAILANTS ARE NOT INTELLIGENT MEN--BUT EVEN THEY QUICKLY REALIZE THAT NO REWARD IS WORTH SUCH SKILLFULLY-INFLICTED PAIN.

THEY FLEE--

OKAY, FREAK, SCORE ONE FOR YOU--BUT YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!



AND YOU STAND, BATHED IN THE SWEAT OF YOUR EXERTION, WONDERING WHO COULD HAVE KNOWN OF YOUR COMING--

--AND PLACED SUCH A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD.



THEN, FINDING NO ANSWERS, YOU SURVEY YOUR INJURIES... BONES INTACT--BRUISES SUPERFICIAL--

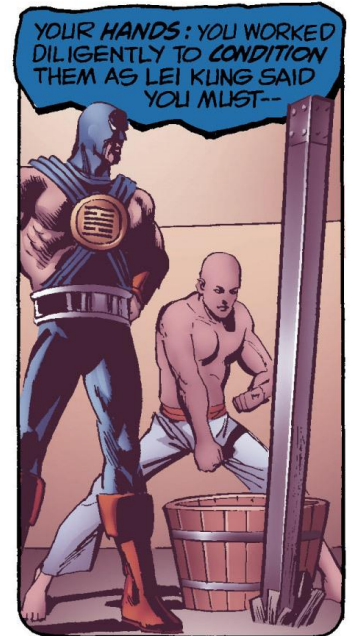


--AND, ALMOST ACCIDENTALLY, YOUR FINGERS BRUSH THE DRAGON BRANDED ON YOUR CHEST--THE DRAGON THAT MARKED YOU TO THESE MEN.



YOU CONSIDER THE DRAGON--THEN NOTICE YOUR WEAPON--HANDS--

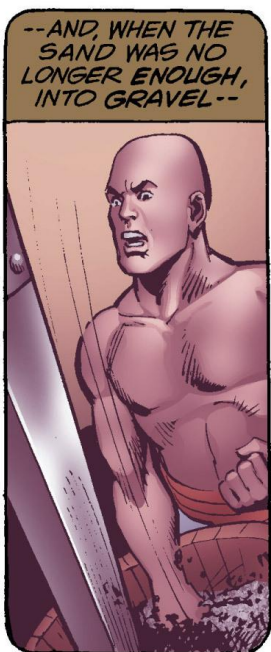
...AND AGAIN THE MEMORIES COME...



YOUR HANDS: YOU WORKED DILIGENTLY TO CONDITION THEM AS LEI KUNG SAID YOU MUST--



--THRUSTING THEM CEASELESSLY INTO A DEEP TUB OF SAND--TO BUILD THE CALLUS AND DEADEN THE PAIN--



--AND, WHEN THE SAND WAS NO LONGER ENOUGH, INTO GRAVEL--



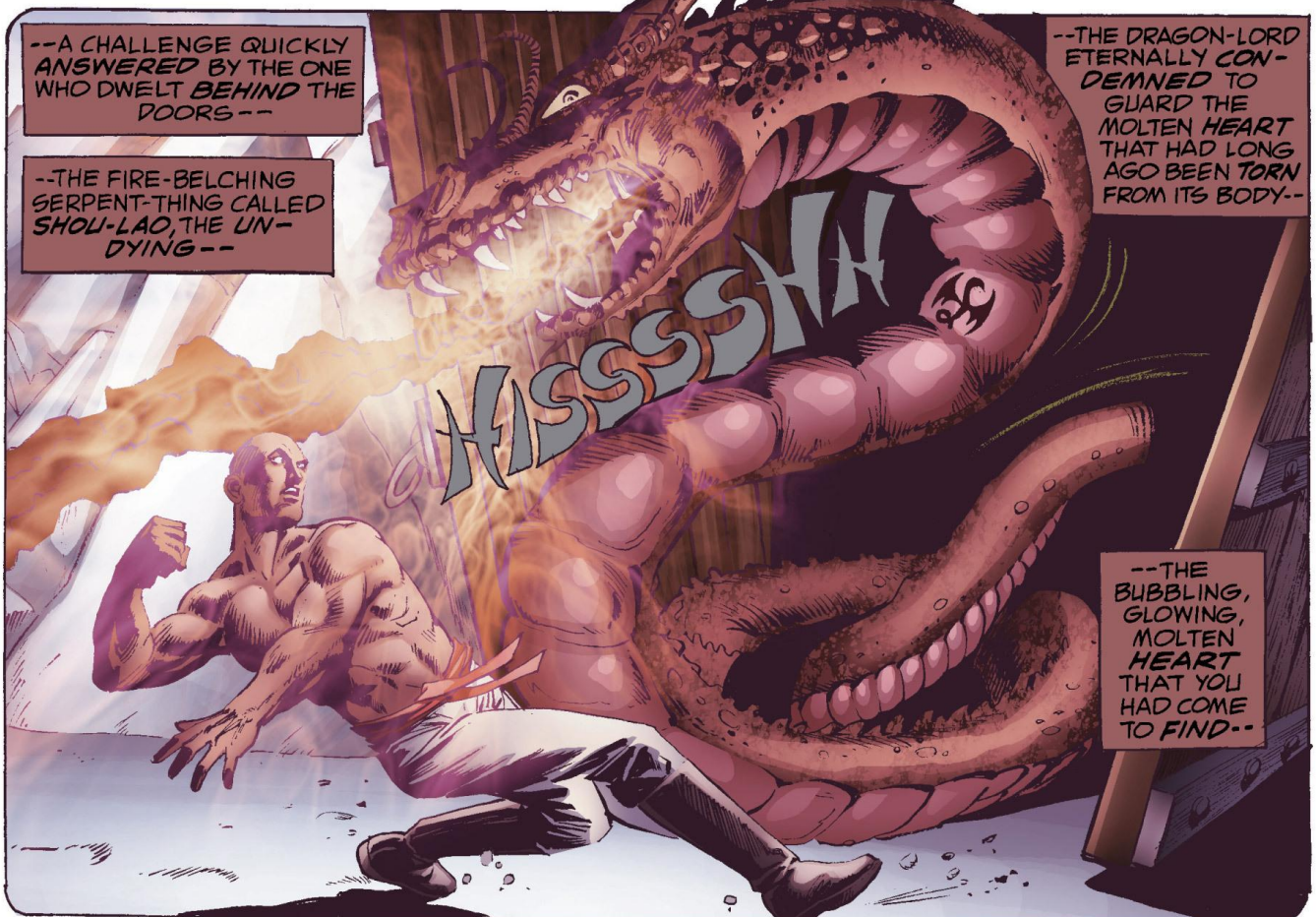
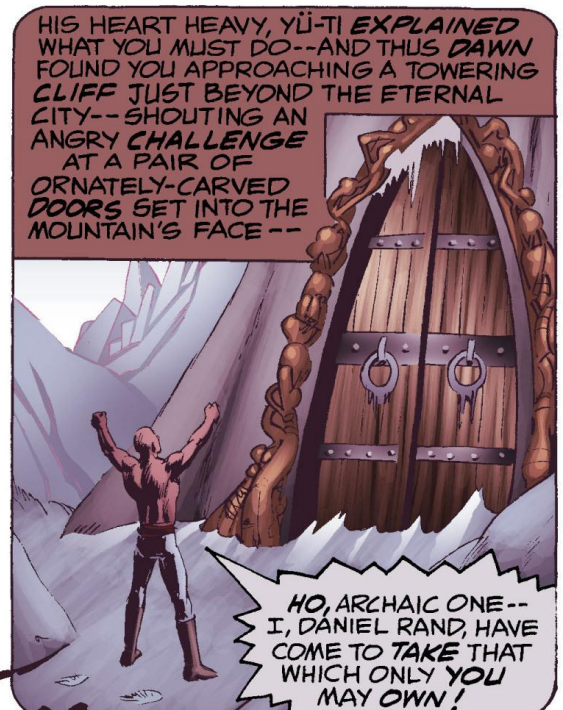
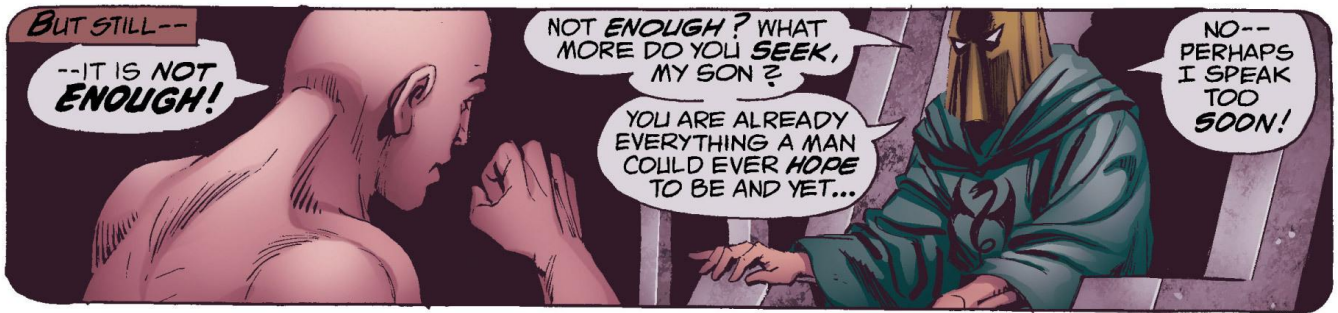
--AND, AT LAST, INTO BUCKETS OF ROCK--



--UNTIL YOUR HANDS BECAME AS THE ROCK--UNFEELING, IRRESISTIBLE--

HAI!

THRACK!



THE GREAT HORNED HEAD LUNGED FORWARD, UNBEARABLE **BREATH** SEARING THE FLESH OF YOUR **CHEEK**--

--AS YOU LEAPT TO ONE SIDE, DELIVERING A DEVASTATING **ROCK-SMASH BLOW**--

THUD!

--WHICH **STUNNED** THE UNDYING ONE AS INTENDED--

--BUT FOR ONLY AN **INSTANT**--

--AFTER WHICH YOU FOUND YOURSELF FACED WITH THE SAME NIGH-IMPOSSIBLE **PROBLEM**:

HOW DO I **DEFEAT** A CREATURE WHO CAN-NOT BE **KILLED**?

FOR A MOMENT, YOU **PONDERED** THIS--

--THEN, A SILENT **PRAYER** UPON YOUR LIPS--

--YOU HURLED YOURSELF BOLDLY AT THE STRANGELY-SHAPED **SCAR** UPON THE DRAGON-LORD'S **BREAST**--

--FOR IT WAS **THRU** THIS SCAR THAT SHOU-LAO'S **HEART** WAS TAKEN--

--THRU THIS SCAR THAT THE UNDYING ONE RECEIVED THE MYSTIC **EMANATIONS** THAT ETERNALLY **SUSTAINED** HIM--

--AND IF THOSE **EMA-NATIONS** WERE TO BE SOMEHOW **BLOCKED OFF**--

--BY A **BODY**, PERHAPS?--

--BY YOUR **BODY**--

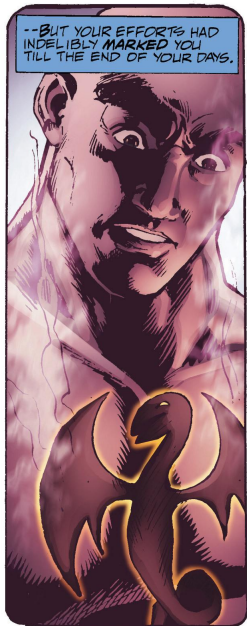
--THEN WHO COULD SAY WHAT MIGHT **OCCUR**?

THE **HEAT** POURING FROM THE SCAR WAS ALMOST **UNIMAGINABLE** AND THOUGH YOU COULD FEEL THE FLESH **BLIS-TERING** ON YOUR CHEST...

--STILL YOU **MAIN-TAINED** YOUR HOLD--

--UNTIL **UNCON-SCIOUSNESS** HAD CREEPED ALMOST UPON YOU--

--AND THEN--**ABRUPTLY**--YOUR PERSEVERANCE WAS **REWARDED**--



--BUT YOUR EFFORTS HAD INDELIBLY MARKED YOU TILL THE END OF YOUR DAYS.



STILL, YOU HAD TRIUMPHED-- AND THIS HAD EARNED THE RIGHT TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE!



THE CAVERN WAS NOT DEEP-- AND THE STENCH OF DECAY THAT POURED FROM IT SWEEP ACROSS YOU LIKE A WAVE!

DETERMINEDLY, YOU SHOOK YOUR HEAD-- TOOK ONE LONG LAST CLEAN BREATH-- THEN STRODE INTO THE DARKNESS--

--AND FOUND IT A DARKNESS BROKEN BY THE LIGHT FROM A HIDEOUSLY-CARVED BRAZIER STANDING IN THE CAVERN'S CENTER-- A BRAZIER THAT BUBBLED AND PULSED AS IF IT HAD A LIFE OF ITS OWN--

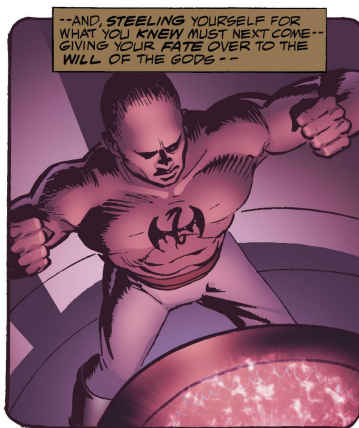
--AND, IN TRUTH, IT DID--

--FOR YOU BEHELD AT LAST, THE LIVING, BEATING SOUL OF SHOU-LAO, THE LINDYING--

THIS WAS THE HEART OF THE DRAGON!



RESPECTFULLY, YOU APPROACHED THE SEETHING MASS-- BOWED TO IT GENTLY-- THEN RAISED YOUR HANDS IN SALUTE--



--AND, STEELING YOURSELF FOR WHAT YOU KNEW MUST NEXT COME-- GIVING YOUR FATE OVER TO THE WILL OF THE GODS--



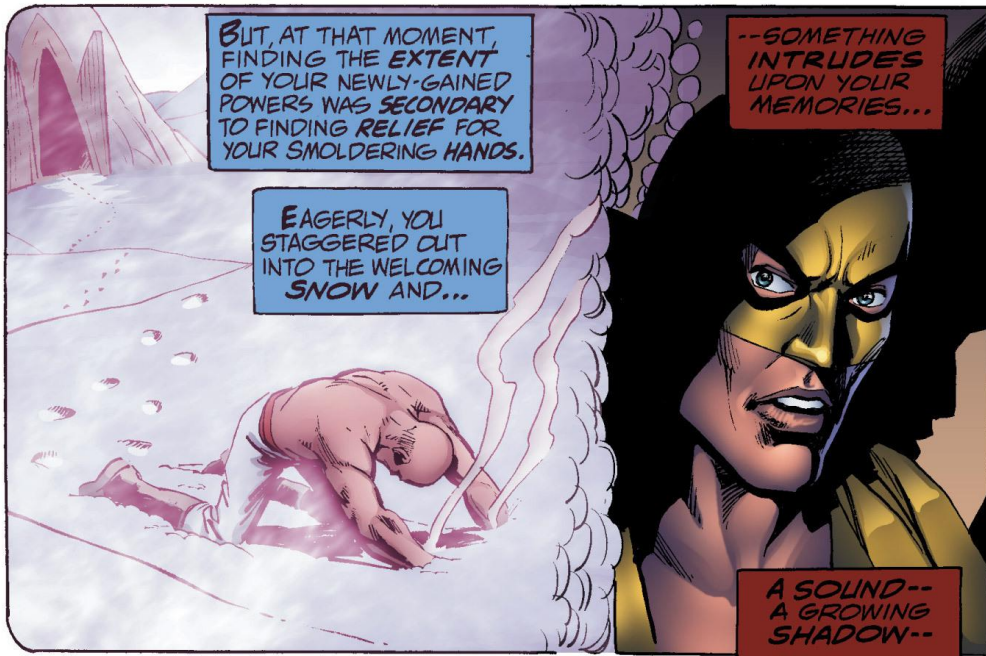
--YOU PLUNGED YOUR OPEN HANDS AGONIZINGLY INTO THE GLOWING MOLTEN ESSENCE--

--AGAIN--AND AGAIN--AND AGAIN--



--AND WHEN FINALLY YOU PULLED THEM FROM THE DRAGON'S HEART--

--THEY FAIRLY SEEMED TO SHINE!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, FINDING THE **EXTENT** OF YOUR NEWLY-GAINED POWERS WAS **SECONDARY** TO FINDING **RELIEF** FOR YOUR SMOLDERING HANDS.

EAGERLY, YOU STAGGERED OUT INTO THE WELCOMING SNOW AND...

--SOMETHING INTRUDES UPON YOUR MEMORIES...

A SOUND--
A GROWING SHADOW--



--AND YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE IN THE ALLEYWAY!



THANKS, JOKER-- FOR SAVING ME THE BOTHER OF HUNTING YOU DOWN!

THOSE OTHER PUNKS TOLD ME YOU WERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD-- TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID TO THEM--

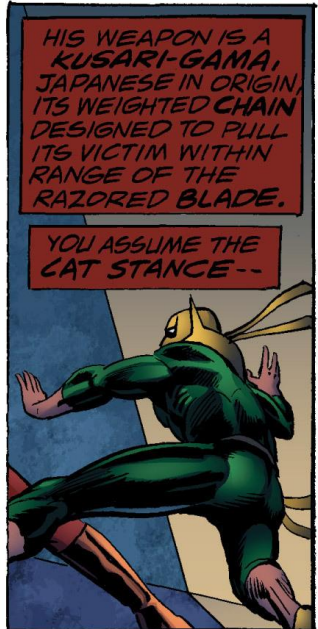
--BUT YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TRY YOUR TRICKS ON--
SCYTHE!

I DO NOT WISH ANY TROUBLE!



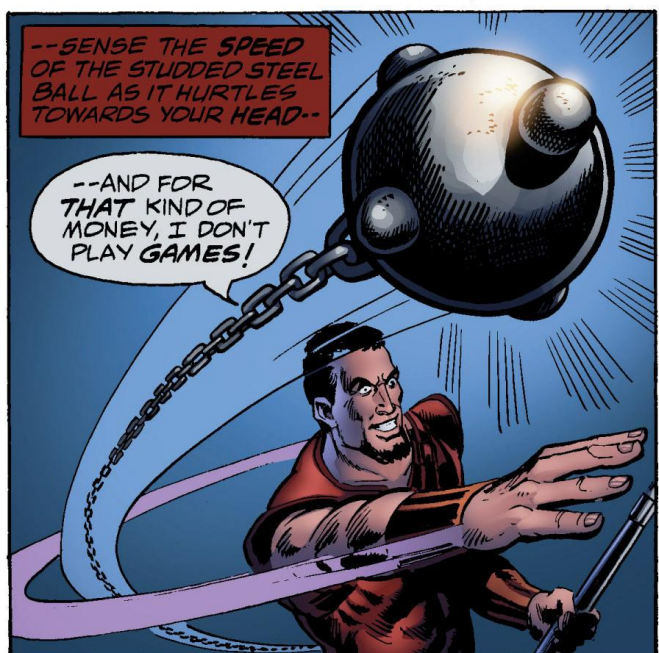
MAYBE NOT--BUT YOU'VE GOT IT!

YOU'RE WORTH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS YOU IN!



HIS WEAPON IS A **KUSARI-GAMA**, JAPANESE IN ORIGIN, ITS WEIGHTED CHAIN DESIGNED TO PULL ITS VICTIM WITHIN RANGE OF THE RAZORED BLADE.

YOU ASSUME THE CAT STANCE--



--SENSE THE SPEED OF THE STUDDED STEEL BALL AS IT HURTTLES TOWARDS YOUR HEAD--

--AND FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY, I DON'T PLAY GAMES!



--AND, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT, YOU SNAP YOUR HEAD ASIDE!



HEY, YOU'RE GOOD, JOKER-- EVEN BETTER THAN THOSE MUSCLE-BOUND MORONS MADE YOU OUT TO BE --

--BUT NOBODY CAN AVOID MY GRAPPLE-BALL FOREVER --



--AND JOKER-- THAT INCLUDES YOU!!

YOU SPIN AWAY--A FRACTION OF A SECOND TOO LATE!

THE WEIGHTED BALL CAROMS OFF YOUR SHOULDER--



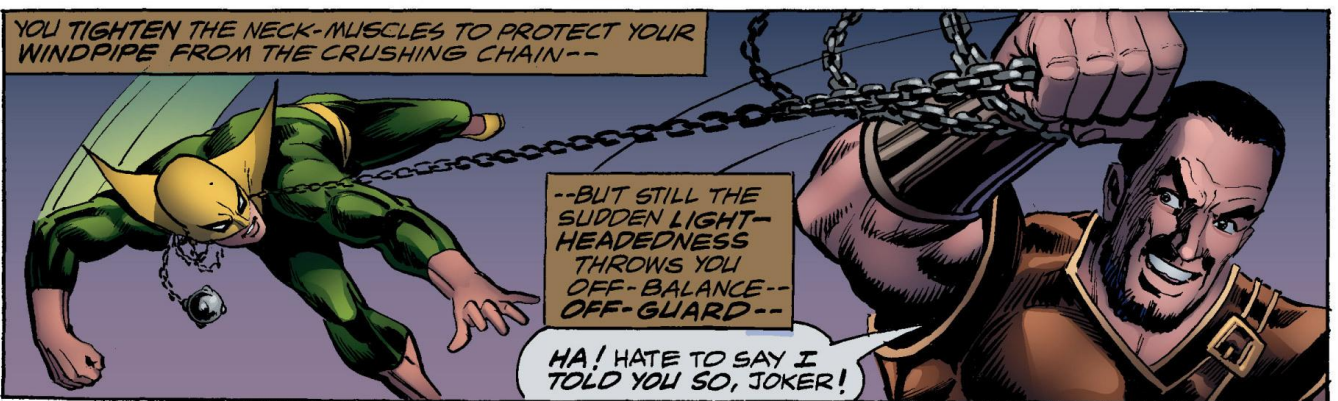
--AND YOU CONCENTRATE ON THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN --

--DULLING IT-- SLOWLY DEADENING IT COMPLETELY--



--A PROCESS WHICH TAKES ONLY A MOMENT--

--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, A MOMENT IS ALL THAT SCYTHE NEEDS!



YOU TIGHTEN THE NECK-MUSCLES TO PROTECT YOUR WINDPIPE FROM THE CRUSHING CHAIN--

--BUT STILL THE SUDDEN LIGHT-HEADEDNESS THROWS YOU OFF-BALANCE-- OFF-GUARD--

HA! HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO, JOKER!



--AND, AS DARKNESS THREATENS TO PULL YOU DOWN FOREVER, THE MEMORIES COME ONCE AGAIN...

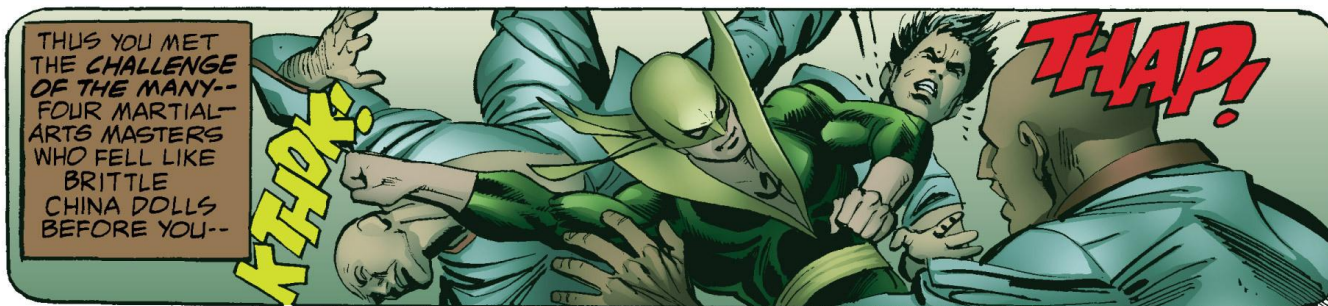


ONE WEEK PAST: IT IS YOUR DAY OF DESTINY. YOU STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF YÜ-TI AND THE LUNG-WANG-- THE FOUR DRAGON-KINGS-- AS THE AUGUST ONE ADDRESSES YOU--

ARE YOU READY, MY SON, TO BE CHALLENGED--

--TO PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF JOINING THE COMPANY OF IMMORTALS?

I HUMBLY AWAIT YOUR PLEASURE, O FATHER-- HEAVEN.



THUS YOU MET THE CHALLENGE OF THE MANY-- FOUR MARTIAL-ARTS MASTERS WHO FELL LIKE BRITTLE CHINA DOLLS BEFORE YOU--

KTHX!

THAP!



--THEN THE CHALLENGE OF THE ONE-- THE CHALLENGE OF SHU-HU, CALLED THE LIGHTNING--

SHKOW!

--REVEALED AT LAST TO BE A ROBOT-- BY YOUR AWESOME IRON FIST--



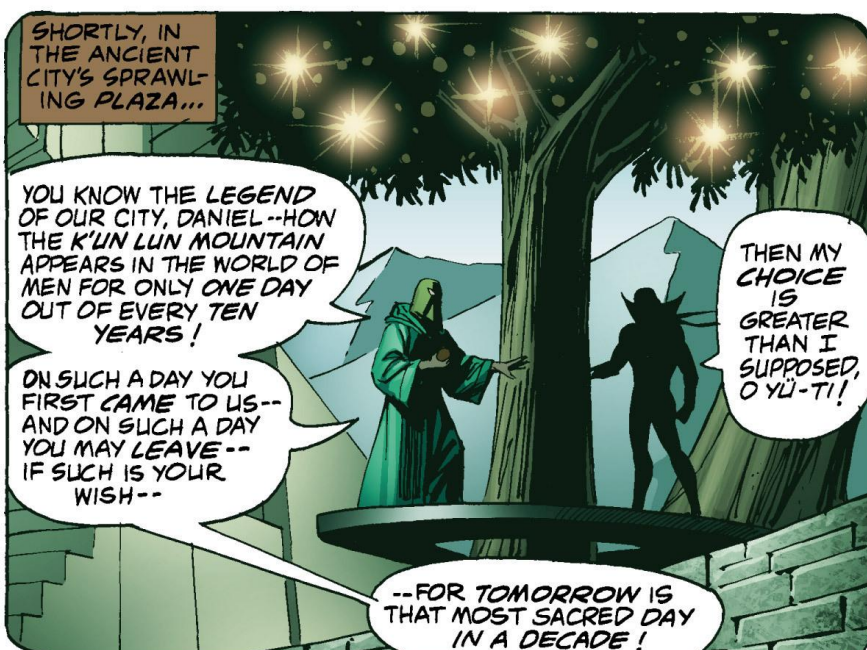
--AND FINALLY...

MY SON, YOU HAVE WON THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ETERNAL LIFE --AND DEATH!

--AND DEATH!

I AM READY, HOODED ONE!

THEN COME WITH ME, DANIEL RAND-- TO THE TREE OF IMMORTALITY!



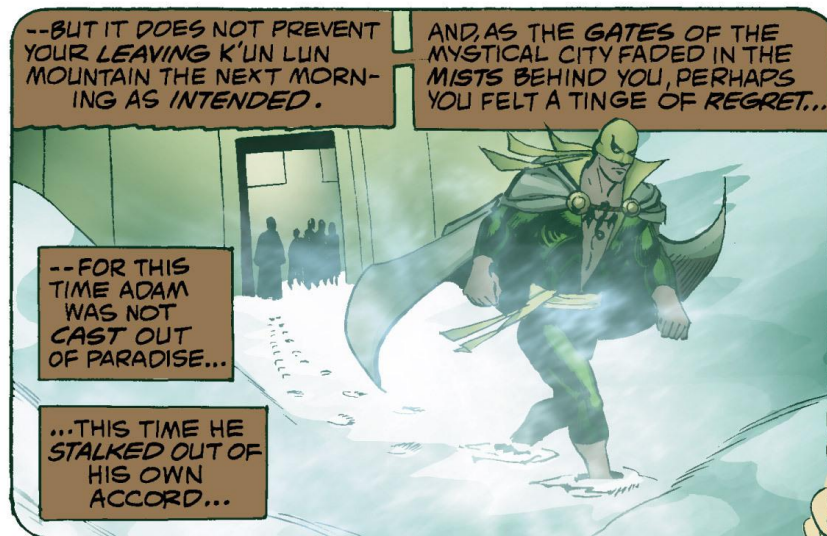
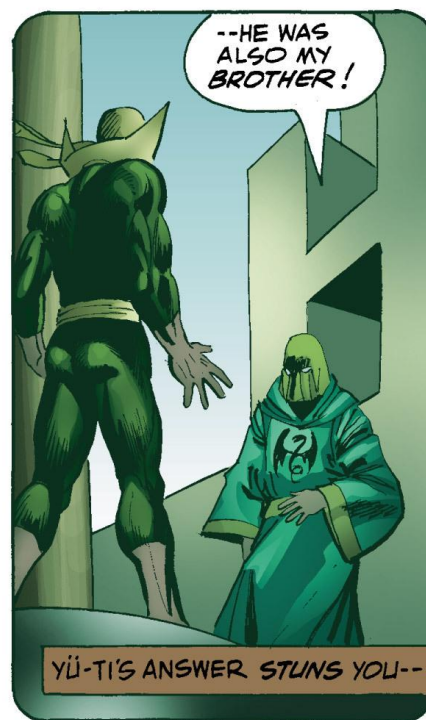
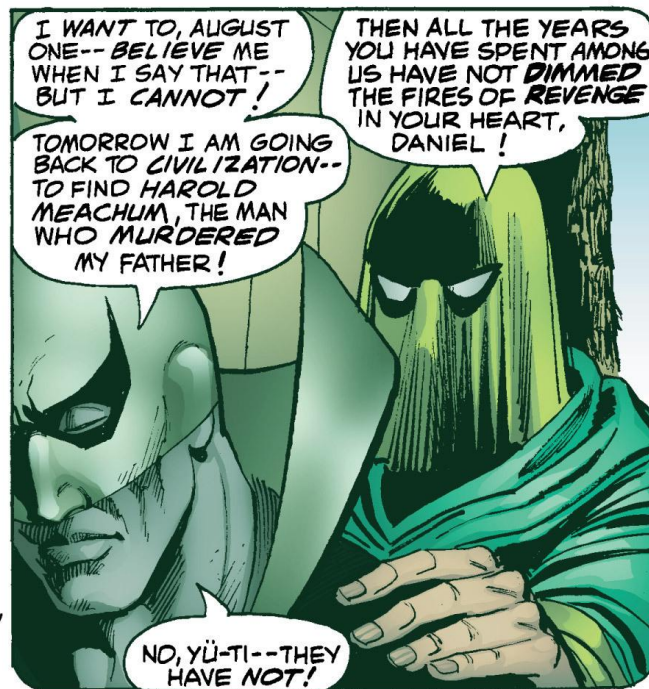
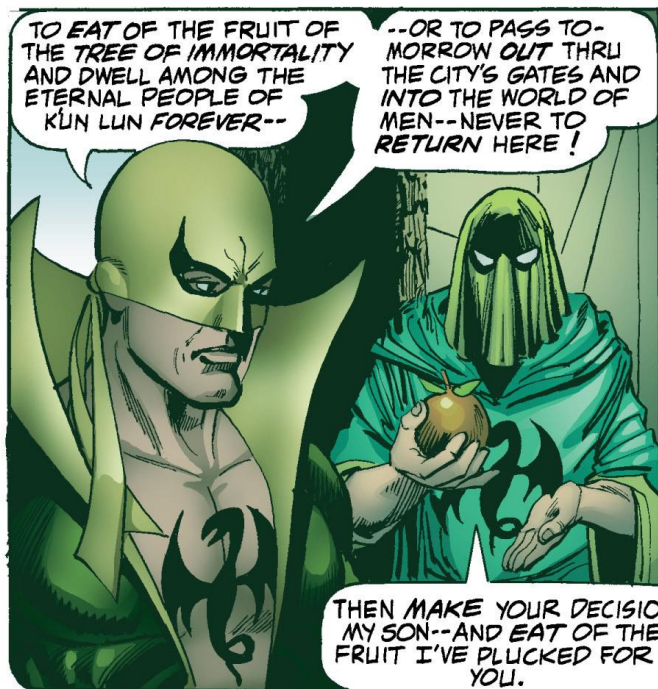
SHORTLY, IN THE ANCIENT CITY'S SPRAWLING PLAZA...

YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF OUR CITY, DANIEL-- HOW THE K'UN LUN MOUNTAIN APPEARS IN THE WORLD OF MEN FOR ONLY ONE DAY OUT OF EVERY TEN YEARS!

ON SUCH A DAY YOU FIRST CAME TO US-- AND ON SUCH A DAY YOU MAY LEAVE-- IF SUCH IS YOUR WISH--

THEN MY CHOICE IS GREATER THAN I SUPPOSED, O YÜ-TI!

--FOR TOMORROW IS THAT MOST SACRED DAY IN A DECADE!





YOU THRUST
OUT A
HAND--

--STEEL-CABLE MUSCLES
HALT THE DESCENDING
BLADE--



--AND YOU CONCENTRATE--
DRAWING THE BLOOD TO YOUR
BRAIN--FORCING YOURSELF
BACK TO TOTAL AWARENESS--

SMOOTH MOVE, JOKER--
DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD
THAT ONE STILL IN
YOU!

THEN THE MAN CALLED
SCYTHE TIGHTENS HIS
GRIP ON THE CHAIN--
AND THIS TIME YOU
ALLOW YOURSELF TO
BE PULLED OFF--
BALANCE.



FOR AN INSTANT, THE
TENSION ON THE
CHAIN GROWS SLACK--

THRUNCH!

--AND, IN THAT
INSTANT--YOU
ACT!



BUT YOUR LEATHER-GARBED OPPONENT
DOES NOT LET GO OF THE CHAIN!

MAN, YOU'RE JUST
FULL OF SURPRISES,
AREN'T YOU, JOKER?

WELL, I'LL JUST
HAVE TO MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T
PULL THAT ONE
AGAIN!

YOU
ANTICIPATE
SCYTHE'S MOVE,
YOUR ROCK-HARD
FINGERS
STRIVING
DESPERATELY
TO PRY THE
FORGED
STEEL
GARROTE
FROM YOUR
NECK--



--BUT YOUR
EFFORTS SEEM
ONLY TO PULL
IT THAT MUCH
TIGHTER!

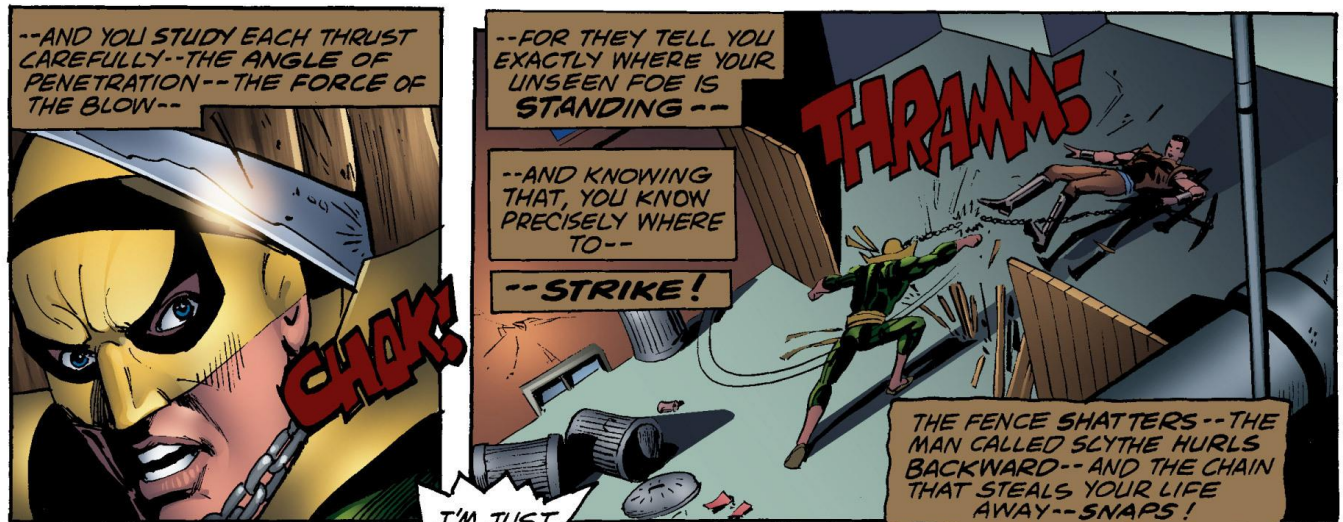


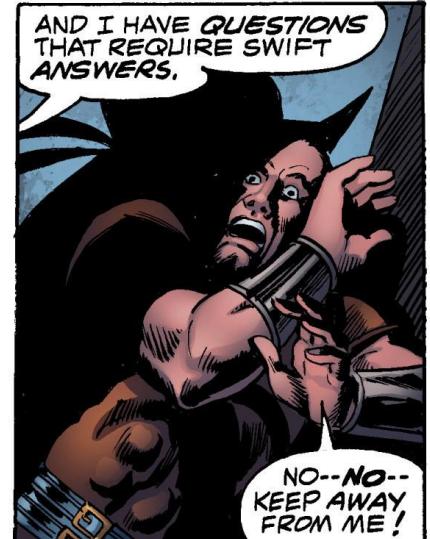
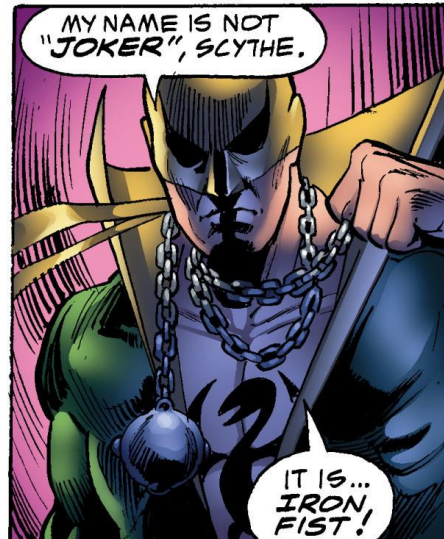
AN INVOLUNTARY GURGLE
ESCAPES YOUR CONSTRICTED
THROAT-- AND SCYTHE GRINS
AS HE WHIPS YOU INTO THE
SPLINTERED FENCE--

I LET YOU
GET THOSE
HANDS
ON ME--
AND I'VE
HAD IT!

--BUT THAT'S
A LITTLE
PROBLEM
I CAN EASILY
SOLVE!

THUMP!





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